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TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH VOLUME  
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*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*

# *The North American Review*

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NUMBER I

## Apéritif

### *Give Us Our Daily Theory*

DESPITE the recent uproar over "sound money," it seems preposterous that any really considerable number of people should become excited over the question whether it was more honest on our part for the pound sterling to be valued at \$4.86 in terms of our money in 1930 than it was in 1933; or whether the ratio, whatever it is, should be arranged by a gold-buying fund, by international agreement or by reviving Grover Cleveland. Beyond a doubt, some large portion of these conflicts of opinion must exist only in the minds of newspaper and magazine writers.

However, things come out incidentally in the so-called strife which do deserve attention. When, for instance, Dr. O. M. W. Sprague, in the first of a widely heralded series of articles, goes so far as to state that one of the primary objects of any attempt at recovery is to restore full employment, and gags at the partial curtailment of hours of employment under the NRA for his meaning of "full"—then there is sound reason to get down the muskets from the wall.

Economists are in the habit of blaming the speculative frenzy of the late 'Twenties for many of our evils, and doubtless they are right. But when they get to talking on other subjects they should at least remember what lay behind that frenzy—the fundamental antipathy that most men have against working for their living. Fifty or sixty hours of plugging every week may be sheer enjoyment for Dr. Sprague, but if that is an essential part of his programme he may find more earnest greenbackers around when he finishes arguing than when he began.

AT ABOUT the same time that Dr. Sprague burst out, another neglected eminence spoke his piece. The Honorable Alfred E. Smith denounced not only "baloney dollars" but the use of 130,000,000 Americans as guinea pigs for professorial experimentation. He preferred in no uncertain terms as leaders the men "who made this country what it is."

Now there is little to be gained here by trying to settle the perennial question, whether experimentation or conservatism had more to do with making this country great. Certainly more than



one kind of money and more than one kind of leadership went into making it whatever it is, and just as certainly experimentation is going to continue, whether Mr. Smith likes it or not, and whether the professors have anything to do with it or not. But since the question is in the air, there is another idea on it that may be worth a moment's attention.

Al Smith must be wrong in complaining at the making of guinea pigs out of Americans because they insist on doing it themselves, professors or no professors: it takes no more than mention of Prohibition or the automobile to prove that. But he may be right in complaining at the subjection of all 130,000,000 Americans to the same experiment at the same time. There is supposed to be, among scientists, a predilection for "controls" and some limitation on the extent of the laboratory. Perhaps what is needed is neither debate for experimentation nor outcries against it, but simply its modernization.

Why not establish, as a permanent thing, some area in the country for trying out the commodity dollar or industrial regimentation or any other social or economic measure that seems to deserve it? Plenty of experts in government have pointed out that we have too many political units; plenty of economists have pointed out that we have too much land in commercial farming, too many manufacturing units for the demand. Why not designate one of the forty-eight States for testing the theories of such men as Tugwell, Bishop Cannon, Sam Insull, instalment buying geniuses, tariff debaters and the thousands of others whose panaceas rend the air? Give them a chance to prove their arguments without involving all 130,000,000 of us in the misery if they fail.

On the heels of these somewhat rhetorical interrogations several others present themselves, such as the belligerent "What particular State have you in mind?" Mr. Smith, in consequence of its vote in 1928 and on Prohibition, might suggest North Carolina, but a more unprejudiced estimate would be needed. Matters of population, industrial development, resources and comparative lack of resistance to the idea would have to be taken into consideration. The State which averaged the qualities of the whole country would be the aim.

Another question is how, out of the myriad panaceas, experiments to try should be chosen. There would be little sense in attempting to inflict the commodity dollar and sixteen-to-one silver on the State at one and the same time, yet the proponents of various schemes undoubtedly would be more urgent even than they are in Washington, and as little willing to wait their turn. Still, perhaps by setting up a dictator (another panacea), some more or less orderly system might be devised.

Still another question is how the State chosen could be persuaded or forced, even under the "rubber" Constitution and even if a great many people thought the idea worth while, to undergo dissection for the good of the other forty-seven. This question is a good deal too complicated for answer in so short a space as this. In a later issue we may attempt it—and then again, we may not.

THAT there are advantages in such an experimental State, few would deny, although in the light of the Prohibition era just ended some might be inclined to wonder how often other States would act in a level-headed manner from its example—after all, a num-



ber of separate States experimented with Prohibition before the insanity enveloped us all. To these skeptics a ready answer is that attention would be focussed on the experiments of the new State in a fashion which would minimize the danger of repeating a folly of that sort. Prohibition was never considered an experiment before its adoption, or perhaps until Mr. Hoover uttered his most famous phrase; it was considered a kind of moral millennium toward which men looked with ecstatic fervor, or an ineradicable evil. That was its worst fault.

Most of the advantages are too obvious to need comment. Precedents would be established for anything under the sun. Legislators, in their noble striving to find the best course, would have endless new statistics by which to judge this measure or that project. Wishful-thinking agitators for untried causes would diminish greatly in number at the other State capitals and the national capital—though they would, of course, gather in multitudes at the experimental State capital. Progress in the country as a whole would tend to have a more

peaceful, steadier gait, instead of the tug-of-war motion it now assumes.

On a less exalted plane: the great host of innovations such as companionate marriage, progressive education, the newer forms of architecture, experimental fiction, emancipation of women, applied psychology, by a process of association ought really to find their inception in the experimental State, and so relieve the rest of us of many bitter trials. They would, of course, still furnish spicy reading in the Sunday feature sections of the papers.

Perhaps as good a reason as any for setting up the experimental State is the condition at this moment of the American national mind. Joggled out of its complacency by the last nine months' experience with the most violent experimentation ever seen in the land, it should be kept in a flexible condition at any cost. It appears that the pace in Washington must slow down soon, and the experimental State would come at an appropriate time to keep us from again becoming mentally muscle-bound.

W. A. D.



# A Word to the Republicans

BY OLIVER MCKEE, JR.

*To remake themselves into an effective opposition in Congress,  
with a chance for later control, they can not afford to  
reject the New Deal entirely*

ITS candidate for reëlection to the Presidency defeated, its representation in Congress cut to proportions such that, as a fractional segment, it can interpose no effective challenge to the will of the majority, many of the principles and projects which its spokesmen anathematized standing out, in the boldest of relief, as fundamentals of the New Deal, the Republican Party, in command of the Federal Administration for all but sixteen years of the period since the Civil War, finds itself, as 1934 approaches, in the wilderness. A land of plenty, of milk and honey, has become one of desolation as the G. O. P. surveys the wreckage. Nothing need be added here to the findings of the post mortem. Granted the decisiveness of the defeat, the incontrovertibility of the verdict, granted that under the stern, but essentially just principle of politics, the party in power must be held responsible for hard times, as it plucks dividends from prosperity, it also follows that the Republicans, turned out of office in the national vote against the depression, have become the opposition, charged with important duties in the formulation of leadership in a democracy. It is to the Republican

party, therefore, to which we must look this winter for a critique of the experimentation of President Roosevelt and his Brain Trust, and the correction of its mistakes.

As the opposition, the Republicans, of necessity, played a negligible rôle in the fifteen crowded weeks that came to an end when the President, after the adjournment of the special session, speeded to New England to hoist his pennant on the *Amberjack II*. Franklin D. Roosevelt became the thirty-second in the line of American Presidents under conditions that have no counterpart in the political history of our day. The second inauguration of Abraham Lincoln was not an exact parallel, for Lincoln in 1865 was a known quantity, and no transfer of party responsibility was involved. The cumulation of stresses and strains that seemed to threaten the progressive disintegration of the economic life of the nation reached their "high" early in March. As Mr. Roosevelt declared his bank holiday, the latent fears of an already frightened people broke through their controls. Envisaging the loss of their all, a total collapse of established values, the American people turned



quickly toward Franklin D. Roosevelt, as their only hope of salvation, with a confidence both complete and unquestioning. Obeying the popular mandate, Congress, in quick order, voted the Executive the vast powers which are now in his hands. Republicans in Congress were under the same compulsion to support the President as were the Democrats. Though dissenting to certain of the Democratic measures, for the purposes of keeping the record clear, and laying the foundation for a possible future assault, they acquiesced in most of the things for which the President asked. Reflecting the national psychology, and setting their sails to the prevailing winds, great Republican newspapers dropped the pen of partisanship, giving to the Executive some of the most effective editorial support that he has so far received. Unlike Mr. Hoover, who from the onset of depression faced much hostile criticism, in and out of the press, some of it merely subversive and obstructionist in spirit, and all of it tending to increase public hostility to the man and the measures he had employed to combat the slump, Mr. Roosevelt has had a "good press." Where the Republican opposition has broken its silence, to condemn or castigate the Roosevelt policies, or to bemoan the "gag rule," public response has been conspicuously lacking. Mr. Roosevelt, a shining knight in armor, has ridden up and down the field at will, spared the challenge of any political adversary capable of putting the skill and power of his lance to the test.

**B**YOND the popular faith in the New Deal, a faith that up to now has given the critic or challenger scant shrift, the Republican opposition labors under another handicap. Confronted as

we have been with social and economic problems not matched in our generation for their magnitude and complexity, the Republicans have had no adequate alternative to offer in place of the programme, frankly experimental though much of it is, that has placed President Roosevelt and his administrators in charge of the reconstruction of our national life. Congressional foes of the Roosevelt programme have spun the old-fashioned legalistic argument that this thing or that is unconstitutional, that the Federal Government, for example, under the Constitution, has no right to break its contract, and suspend the payment of its obligations in gold. They have condemned the public works bill, as a departure, indefensible and dangerous, from American principles of government; they have looked with doubtful eye at the creation of the Civilian Conservation Corps, established to put a quarter of a million men to work, and to ease by that much the strain of the labor market; they have conjured up the perils of dictatorship, and results that may be calamitous, they warn, will follow from the Agricultural Adjustment Act, with its control of acreage and production and its processing taxes, and the "militarization" of industry under General Hugh S. Johnson. Under conditions as desperate as those with which the American people were compassed about nine months ago, something more obviously is needed to rally popular support behind the opposition than the cry "This is unconstitutional" or "That won't work." The American people in March were in a mood for experimentation, for the launching of an attack, along new lines, against the forces of the depression, and public opinion, notwithstanding the revolt of the farmers against the AAA,



and the dissatisfaction of certain business men with the NRA, still seems to demand that the Roosevelt recovery measures be given a thorough test.

To throw into more pointed relief the weaknesses inherent in the Republican position: many a long cherished tenet of the Republican creed will go into the discard if President Roosevelt, by his bold experiments, carries the country back to prosperity. He has headed the Ship of State in the precise direction where the Republicans profess to see disaster. Take, for example, "sound currency," traditionally orthodox Republican doctrine. If the controlled inflation bill—labeled scornfully by Congressman Robert Luce of Massachusetts, the "Repudiation Bill"—and if the suspension of gold payments on Government obligations prove in retrospect keys that opened the door to another period of prosperity, what, we may ask, becomes of the Republican doctrine of "sound money" and the philosophy which has found its classic expositor in Ogden Mills, Mr. Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury? Take again the experiments against which the Republicans have directed some of the heaviest of their artillery—control of industry, public works to cost \$3,300,000,000, the creation of a Civilian Conservation Corps, paid by new taxes, and direct help for relief purposes to cities, States and municipalities. If the Roosevelt measures swing the country back to prosperity, if happy days are indeed around the corner, the political philosophy which inspired these attacks may have a vestigial interest for the historian, but no interest at all for the voter of tomorrow. Another shibboleth has already received its death warrant, one that in its day was a potent winner of votes: a Republican

Administration is no longer the guarantor of a full dinner pail. The memory of shattered lives, the sting of unemployment and broken households, and the casualties of the depression, the men and women who will never be able to regain their economic footing in society—these will remain long after prosperity is here in full stride to provide an effective answer to Republican orators who may revive the full dinner pail argument in their efforts to elect Republicans to public office.

To add to what can only be an incomplete catalogue of Republican woes, we must bear in mind another point—of prime significance in its political implications. Credit will go to Mr. Roosevelt and the Democratic party if the recovery drive reaches its goal. If the President can avoid snags in his plans for the regulation of industry; if business accepts as a step forward certain constructive reforms of the NRA, the suspension of the anti-trust laws, and the elimination of the marginal competitor, the sweat shop and unfair methods of competition; if the bank bill and the insurance of deposits put definitely behind us the era of wild-cat banking and finance; if, in brief, we are entering upon a period of industrial and economic stability, the Democratic party may win the preferred place in the business world that the Republicans enjoyed so long.

AN EXPERIMENTATION on so vast a scale as that on which the Roosevelt Administration has embarked necessarily contains elements of probable friction and maladjustment that may give trouble to the Democrats, bright as their prospects appear to be today. Republican strategists propose to take full advantage of any "bumps" that



may occur. Boldly conceived, and executed along broad lines, the recovery programme, in its inhibitions and its controls, reaches out to practically every group in our population. The Agricultural Adjustment Act, in its processing taxes, will exact its tithe from every household in the consuming area. To finance the gigantic public works programme, covering an authorization of \$3,300,000,000, new taxes went into effect on July 1. The increase in the public debt, to finance the relief and recovery projects, will add about \$250,000,000 a year to the interest charges—another burden on the buyer. A powerful political group has been hard hit by the Economy Bill, under which hundreds of thousands of veterans will either be removed from the pension rolls, or will suffer a substantial cut in their Federal compensation. On another influential group, Government employes, the economy axe has fallen with a resounding thud. Controlled inflation and rising prices may bear heavily on the creditor classes, including those living on fixed incomes, however advantageous the upward trend may be to the debtor classes. The unemployed, some 12,000,000, and the farmers, representing a population directly dependent on agriculture, of about 30,000,000, have been the two main recipients of the Roosevelt largess in its direct application. Expanded buying power and increased industrial production are counted upon to help other population groups. This may happen. Salaries and wages, nevertheless, tend to advance more slowly than the rise in living costs. The lag in wages and salaries even now has caused discontent among the "white collar" millions. The farmers are not quite the dominating element in American politics that they once were. In 1920,

for the first time in our history, the census showed that the urban population outnumbered the rural. The great consuming areas of the country, in a word, may prove a well-stored arsenal for the Republicans when they begin their search for ammunition for the 1934 and 1936 campaigns. For the New Deal has yet to confer its benefits on the consumer, and the white collar group.

Beyond the possibility that it may eventually touch the "pocket-book" nerve of powerful groups, the recovery programme, under the microscope of Republican analysts, because of its infringements on American individualism, will lead, they prophesy, to a rebellion against the party in power. A vast bureaucracy is in the making at Washington, they warn us, and the country stands on the threshold of a regimentation that will leave little of our ancient liberties. Spokesmen for the G. O. P. predict that the revolt against this new Federal bureaucracy, once the period of "hysteria" is over, will be as sweeping and as compelling as that which has sealed the doom of national Prohibition. The Washington administrators have vast powers. They regulate the operation of industry, fix wages and hours of labor, control farm acreage and production, coördinate and may soon run the railroads, they supervise the issuance of securities and control the banks—Congress even went so far, in the projection of government into the affairs of private business, as to prescribe that in future, in air and ocean mail contracts, no agreements can be made with companies paying one or more of its officers a salary in excess of \$17,500 a year.

Under General Hugh S. Johnson, the National Recovery Administration



carries the regulating hand of the Government into more than 9,000 individual trades and industries. The plan of control is much the same as that which Messrs. Wallace and Peek are using to regulate farm acreage and production. Yet in the veins of the average American still runs the blood of the frontiersman. So vast are the powers that have been centralized in the Washington administrators, so wide their authority, so many are the points at which the New Deal rubs against the individual, and so large are the boots that have been given to Mr. Roosevelt as dictator of the new social order that Republican politicians are convinced that a reaction toward "normalcy" is inevitable, a swing back to what is known as "conservatism."

Successful though President Roosevelt has been to date in giving his party the outward semblance of solidarity, the cleavage between the two wings of the Democratic party is sharp and fundamental. Contrast for example the political and economic philosophy of David I. Walsh of Massachusetts and Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, of Carter Glass of Virginia (who broke with the President on his monetary policy) and Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, or Huey P. Long. The party label covers fundamental divergences in political and social thought. Much of the radicalism that of old sent its recruits under the Republican banner, in the person of the elder LaFollette and his school, has now gone over bodily into the Democratic camp, to the visible concern of many of the conservatives in the party. To build a wall between the White House and the conservative men in his party may involve Mr. Roosevelt in hazards as great as those that will face him if he drives the Western radicals

into the wilderness. As the honeymoon ends, his own party will present a special problem to Mr. Roosevelt. To fortify himself for the future he must not only assure the conservative East that he will not rock the boat, but at the same time he must hold to his standard the agrarian and radical West. If he fails to devise a formula that will keep both sections in line, the Republicans may be able to drive a wedge into the Democratic party.

THE confidence of the American people in Franklin D. Roosevelt, still unshaken, and the marked improvement in national psychology will not only place formidable obstacles in the path of any Republican candidate for Congress, who seeks election on a platform of opposition to the Roosevelt policies, but it leaves the party, for the moment, without any issues compelling in their appeal to large portions of the electorate. Prohibition has passed from the picture, as a national issue, and there are grave dangers, in the present state of the national temper, in espousing, as many Republicans in Congress have done, the cause of the veterans' groups who by the restoration of the old pension system are seeking to nullify the reforms made by the President.

Leaders of a commanding stature are also lacking. The death of Calvin Coolidge took from the party's councils the greatest of its elder statesmen, one, furthermore, whose hold on the "plain people" had roots both firm and deep. Had his life been spared, and his health permitted, the rush to Coolidge in 1936 might have crowded out of the picture all other aspirants for the nomination. Herbert C. Hoover is still the titular leader of his party. As the country looks back in retrospect to his generalship



during the depression, he is due, in the natural sequence of events, for a certain measure of rehabilitation. A larger perspective will deal more charitably with his shortcomings, the inflexibility of his mind, his political ineptitude, his failure to grasp the real magnitude of the economic disintegration that began in 1929, his overeagerness to tell the people that happy days were just around the corner. Yet the rehabilitation is not likely to reach the point where the Republicans will again choose him as their candidate for the Presidency. His defeat was so decisive, the repudiation of his policies so complete, there was so much bitterness and venom in the attacks of his foes, that the shrewd practical politicians who will frame the party's platform, and pick its candidates, will probably be disposed to look elsewhere in 1936 for the standard bearer than to the gallant gentleman at Palo Alto, who himself is not the least of the casualties of the depression.

Collaborator with Mr. Hoover in framing many of his policies, his principal adviser on monetary and economic questions, Ogden Mills, former Secretary of the Treasury, is regarded as the choice of those Republicans who intend to fight for a vindication of the Hoover policies. A man of great wealth, with a logical mind well stored with facts, an aggressive fighter for those things in which he believes, Mr. Mills early attacked the New Deal, particularly its financial policies.

Republicans in Congress offer five possibilities for national leadership. In the House, Republican leader Bertrand H. Snell has made a name for himself as minority leader under conditions of unusual difficulty. In the Senate, Charles McNary, of Oregon, who is *persona grata* to the Western radicals,

and on reasonably good terms with the Old Guard, has led the Republicans, but up to date has been guarded in his criticism of the Roosevelt policies. Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan is regarded as a possible compromise between Eastern and Western Republicans. David I. Reed, of Pennsylvania, too closely identified with the Mellon interests, too much of a "political aristocrat" to make him a popular candidate, has come into prominence for his verbal assaults on the Democratic Administration, his condemnation sparing few items of the Administration's legislative programme. A former Senator, now Representative, James W. Wadsworth, of New York, an early martyr to the anti-Prohibition cause, is another Republican in Congress who may move forward to national leadership. An upstate farmer, identified neither with the "money power" nor as one of its officeholders with the Hoover Administration, with a long experience as a legislator, Wadsworth has a militancy and forthrightness in his personality that appeals to many of the younger men in the party.

The State governorship has been the spring-board that has carried many men to a place on the national ticket—to mention but a few, the two Roosevelts, Calvin Coolidge, Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson. Few States have Republican governors and none of them as yet have become national figures, but in New York city, Fiorello LaGuardia, by his defeat of Tammany and Mr. Farley's candidate, Joseph V. McKee, has moved forward to the front of the stage. A candidate who can appeal successfully to the West is desirable, for the Roosevelt farm policies, if they fulfill the hopes of their sponsors, will restore prosperity to millions of



farmers, most of whom, of old, voted the Republican ticket. Even more to be sought, if the Republicans wish to offset the popularity of President Roosevelt, is the type of man so pithily described by Representative Ernest Gibson, of Vermont: "Let me warn my party leaders that they can not regain favor through men who are out of step with the ideals of the day. We must take the next Republican candidate for the Presidency from Main Street. He must be a man who knows the needs of the people, and whose heart beats in sympathy with them."

Reconnaissance officers from Republican Headquarters have already staked out the lines of future battle, apparently forgetting that it is the people and not the politicians who pick the issues. By projection its leaders envisage a battle next election between collectivism and the forces opposed to it—a choice to the voters between a continuation or a rejection of the new Federal controls. Said Representative Bertrand H. Snell on June 26, with an evident regard to his party's future prospects: "This Congress has set up the most elaborate system of bureaucratic dictation that has been known to the civilized world outside of Russia, and in some respects equal to that of Russia." In October the Republican National Committee issued its pamphlet, "Let's Look at the Record," a smashing attack on the New Deal, and this fall many Republican stalwarts, including Jim Wadsworth, James M. Beck, former Senator Jim Watson, Senator David I. Reed and L. J. Dickinson, have emerged from their dugouts to attack the NRA and lambaste the projects and principles of the New Deal.

In their search for battle positions, the Republicans, plainly enough, are

moving to a place where they will become the champions of the Jeffersonian principles of individual liberty and State's rights, and the foes of centralization and Federal bureaucracy. For the Democrats, having under President Roosevelt launched the country on a programme of Government regulation, must of necessity continue to defend collectivism, even though it may involve a sharp departure from some of the ancient traditions of the party. Note for example the significant words of one of the best known members of the Brain Trust, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, R. G. Tugwell: "We are turning back on the policeman doctrine of Government, and recapturing the vision of a Government equipped to fight and overcome the forces of economic disintegration. A strong Government with an Executive amply empowered by legislative delegation is one way out of our dilemma, and forward to the realization of our vast social and economic possibilities." It is the conception of government as an interferer and regulator that the Republican party proposes to challenge, if it follows the course charted by those who now speak for it. It will be a contest between those who place social welfare first, and those who give primacy to individualism.

AS THE opposition party, the Republicans, even with the many handicaps under which they now labor, can render the nation great service. An effective opposition is needed, numerically far stronger than it will be in the January session of Congress, if the Roosevelt experimentation is to proceed along safe lines, if there is to be a searching examination of its projects, if the excesses of paternalism are to be



avoided, if the administrators are to be held up to high standards of fairness, and if the trend, now so marked, for the States and cities to dump on the Federal Government responsibilities which properly belong to them is to be checked by an aroused public opinion. "On to Washington" is a popular cry, and past history shows that a bureaucracy, once rooted at the Capital, is all but impossible to dislodge. For political and other reasons, Mr. Roosevelt, perhaps against his better judgment, may seek to continue Federal regimentation on its present vast scale, and may countenance the assumption by the Federal Government of local responsibilities, long after the emergency need has passed.

In their zeal to come to grips with their traditional foe, the Republicans face a serious hazard, that, in formulating their battle plans, they will fail to adjust themselves to the conditions of the times, that they will fail to acquiesce in and accept those elements in the Roosevelt programme that prove their durable worth. With the collapse of the post-War boom, revealing as it did certain glaring weaknesses in our national economy, and the vices inherent in the philosophy of "rugged individualism," an era in our history came to an end. The New Deal is the symbol of a vast

change which foreshadows a new relationship between government, on the one hand, and business, finance, agriculture and perhaps the individual on the other. If the Republicans are to look forward with any confidence to a return to power, rejection of the Roosevelt programme, lock, stock and barrel, barring its total collapse, is a road that offers little hope of reaching the objective; similarly with a policy of obstructionism that places unnecessary obstacles in the path of the President and his recovery programme.

They must do more than accept those elements in the New Deal that prove their value by the pragmatic test. They must recognize that Mr. Roosevelt received his great popular mandate to enable him to find a remedy for the many evils in the body politic; a solution for unemployment, a better distribution of wealth, a fair return to agriculture, and a curb on the predatory activities of the money power. In offering to the American people an alternative programme, in asking for a later restoration to power, the Republicans must establish to the satisfaction of the voters that a return to "normalcy" will not bring with it also the social and economic evils for which the present Administration is seeking a permanent cure.



# Secession from Comstockery

BY VIRGINIUS DABNEY

*The South breaks its shackles of "clerical kaiserism," not only regarding Prohibition, but in other things as well*

IN THE past three or four years the prevailing Southern attitude toward *divertissements* formerly adjudged wicked by a large element of the population has undergone a major transformation. This is perhaps not fully evident to those living in other sections of the country, but it is fairly clear to those on the ground. After long years passed in the sober garb of a vestal virgin, the South is beginning to put on the habiliments of sin. There is more than a trace of scarlet in its cheeks, and vine leaves are budding in its hair.

The sudden and dramatic plunge of Alabama, Arkansas and Tennessee into the repeal column last July was, of course, striking evidence of a marked change of sentiment in Dixie. It indicated that something fundamental had happened to Southern attitudes, not only in the realm of liquor control but in other fields as well. For when those three States at one swoop heaved the Anti-Saloon League and all its works incontinently overboard, they jettisoned an organization whose philosophy had dominated the entire region for decades.

But while the country as a whole can hardly have failed to note so extraordi-

nary a spectacle as the repudiation of the noble experiment in territory deemed a year previously to be safely dry, it is perhaps unaware of other recent departures from the path of rectitude laid out for the South in late years by its ecclesiastical hetmans.

This is not to say that the action of the three above-mentioned States in approving the Twenty-First Amendment was a phenomenon of only minor importance. On the contrary, few more significant things have occurred in the South during the Twentieth Century. But it should be emphasized that this victory for repeal is merely one of a number of signs and portents which close observers of the cis-Atlantic skies have descried of late.

Take, for example, the case of North Carolina. Although the voters of that great moonshining State joined with those of South Carolina in marring the symmetry of the repeal picture—thereby adding new piquancy to the historic remark reputed to have been passed by the governor of the one to the governor of the other—the North Carolina General Assembly, which met earlier in the year, revealed a quite different temper. This despite the fact that the Old North State contains no large cities, and its



legislators are almost at the mercy of rural and small town theologues of the type which ordinarily secures the enactment of laws both dry and blue.

Yet the assembly not only legalized 3.2 beer early in the spring by a vote of about three to one in both branches, something which nobody inside or outside the boundaries of Tarheelia would have regarded as even remotely possible twelve months before, but it authorized six counties to have pari-mutuel horse-racing when the citizens of those counties vote affirmatively in a referendum held for the purpose, and it weakened the divorce laws. These things were done over the protest of pastors, Bible class teachers and members, white ribboners and other spokesmen for the "moral forces." For once their protests fell on deaf ears.

In 1931 legislation providing for racing with pari-mutuel accompaniments had been introduced, but it failed to pass. As the *Raleigh Times* expressed it, the bill was defeated when "a few good ladies and clergymen who had never ridden anything more spirited than hobbies came along to say 'Boo!'" This year the legislation not only passed, but at this writing Polk County has voted by better than two to one to have the pari-mutuels. In Pasquotank, the other county which has held a referendum, there was an anti-racing majority of only twenty-three.

So much for the session of the General Assembly and the results which flowed therefrom. There is also the startling fact that the Charlotte City Council voted recently to allow Sunday baseball. Those who are unfamiliar with the attitude of Charlotte in the past toward matters deemed to involve "moral issues" will not grasp the full significance of this episode. But those

who recall that the "Queen City" was for years a veritable citadel of stern Calvinism will raise an eyebrow or two at the news that it has capitulated at last. Also worth mentioning is the fact that New Bern held a popular election not long ago in which a heavy majority was cast in favor of Sunday baseball.

In the autumn of 1932 similar action was taken by the Alabama legislature with regard to Sunday amusements in Birmingham, Montgomery and Mobile. That body passed over the governor's veto a bill to legalize Sunday baseball, motion pictures, vaudeville, golf and tennis in those three cities. It also repealed, over the veto of the executive, the State's famous law which forbade the possession or sale in Alabama of anything which "tastes like, foams like, smells like, or looks like beer," whether alcoholic or not. This statute had been on the books for seventeen years, and all previous assaults upon it had failed. But the lawmakers finally grew tired of clerical dictation and of the ridicule which was heaped upon their State because of this comical piece of legislation, and they overrode the gubernatorial veto by better than two to one.

The trend toward emancipation from sacerdotal rule has not only made itself manifest in the upper South, as exemplified by North Carolina, and the deep South, as exemplified by Alabama, but it is equally manifest in Texas, the southwestern corner of Dixie.

The Texas legislature was in session for several months this year before the liberal resurgence made itself clearly apparent. In fact about thirty days before adjournment there were jeremiads from the Lone Star State over the assembly's failure to enact certain measures deemed requisite by the more sin-



fully inclined members of the populace. But in the closing weeks there was a reversal of sentiment. A bill legalizing betting on horse races seemed beaten, and W. T. Waggoner was threatening to move his elaborate Arlington Downs racing plant, costing millions of dollars, to another State, when the measure passed. At the same time prize-fighting was made lawful and machinery was set in motion making possible legalization of 3.2 beer and a vote on repeal of national Prohibition. Since that time the machinery has been utilized to good effect, and Texas, long dominated by such fire-eating brethren as the Rev. J. Frank Norris and other bombastic and reactionary zealots, takes its place alongside the other Southern States which are breaking the shackles of ecclesiasticism.

**B**UT what of that other blight on the civilization of the South, its blind and unreasoning prejudice against Catholicism, a prejudice which burst forth with such fury in 1928? True, there were evidences of a similar attitude in other sections during the Presidential contest of that year, but it was generally recognized that the feeling was most intense below the Potomac.

Although some Southerners are of the opinion that there has been no appreciable change in the sentiment of the region on this question in the past five years, there is nevertheless reason to believe that such a change has taken place. The Most Reverend Richard O. Gerow, bishop of the Catholic diocese of Natchez, Mississippi, made some highly interesting observations on the point in an address delivered in Washington, D. C., during the past summer. Bishop Gerow sketched the history of the South's attitude toward his church

since the earliest settlements, and found that attitude to have been generally one of hostility, except in portions of the Gulf States, where Spanish and French influence predominated. But he announced the interesting conclusion that prejudice against Catholicism in the former Confederacy is now less intense than ever before because of the campaign of 1928. The hatred of his co-religionists engendered in that bitter contest has largely disappeared, he declared, and the region is now a promising field for laborers in the vineyard who desire to bring in converts to the Roman Church. In this connection the bishop said:

"Eight or nine years ago it would have been practically useless to attempt to convert the South. The people were rabidly anti-Catholic. Then came the Presidential campaign of 1928. This campaign, besides revealing the bigotry of the South, helped the Church. In order to defend the Catholic candidate, the party supporting him had to explain Catholic doctrines. As a result, through speeches and articles the South came to realize for the first time the real meaning of Catholicity. Today Protestant ministers and people are seeking the friendship of Catholics."

Certainly the admirable manner in which the Catholics behaved in 1928 in the face of the deluge of venomous and slanderous propaganda loosed against them by the Ku Klux Klan and kindred bodies was calculated to win friends for their church. The quiet dignity with which they endured these insults was commendable from every standpoint. One of those who obviously was impressed was Colonel Horace A. Mann, reputed generalissimo of the anti-papal forces in the South during the contest in question, who himself



joined the Roman Church last spring.

But even more striking evidence of the South's waning antipathy to Catholicism than Colonel Mann's conversion is to be found in an episode which occurred in North Carolina in August. The State School Commission received an application at that time from the Catholic orphanage at Raleigh for inclusion in the Raleigh school system. The local school committee already had approved the proposal, and the State commission did likewise, with the usual stipulation that the course of study offered be identical with that in the public schools of Raleigh.

A similar status had been given a Methodist orphanage a short time before, and there would have been no logic in a denial of the petition of the Catholics. But during the Nineteen-Twenties the logic of the situation would not have entered into the decision. In fact several years ago, when difficulty was experienced in getting nurses for a sanatorium for tubercular patients, the secretary of the North Carolina State Board of Health suggested that the positions be offered to Catholic Sisters of Mercy. Instantly there was a great outcry from those who objected to placing Catholics in a State institution, and the plan was dropped. But when the Raleigh orphanage applied last summer for incorporation in the State school system, a much more advanced step than the employment of Sisters of Mercy in a sanatorium, there was hardly a murmur from the Kluxers and the application was granted almost as a matter of course.

The fact that this occurred in North Carolina is particularly significant, for until recently anti-Catholicism was especially virulent in Tarheelia. Prejudice against the Roman Church in any

given area seems to be in inverse ratio to the number of members of that communion to be found there, and fewer than 7,000 Catholics live in North Carolina, the smallest number listed for any commonwealth in the Union. During the Hoover-Smith campaign it was noteworthy that in regions where few, if any, Catholics had ever set foot it was easy for the anti-Smith poison squad to talk convincingly of artillery emplacements in the basements of Catholic basilicas and of the Pope's plans for taking up his residence in the East Wing of the White House after the election. That is doubtless one of the chief reasons why Mr. Hoover carried North Carolina by 61,000, a larger majority than he received in any other Southern State except Kentucky, which had gone Republican in 1924.

Yet the strong hostility felt by North Carolinians toward the Vatican a few years ago apparently has diminished to an extraordinary degree; and if such a thing has happened of late in one Southern State, it seems reasonable to assume that it has happened in others. This is one more indication of the decline of evangelical influence below the Potomac, for the Protestant pastors were leaders in arousing religious prejudice against Governor Smith. Considered in connection with the wave of anti-Prohibition and pro-beer sentiment which has been sweeping over Dixie, together with the action of various Southern lawmaking bodies in abrogating blue laws and other restrictive legislation, the phenomenon is doubly striking.

IT is impossible, however, to appraise accurately the extent of the set-back sustained by the Southland's ecclesiastical rulers unless we bear in mind that



until the very recent past, the Anti-Saloon League was confident that it could hold the Southern States, even though national Prohibition should be repudiated overwhelmingly in the rest of the country. But the referenda have shown that the long reign of the evangelists is drawing to a close.

Of course the urban regions have returned even larger majorities against retention of the Eighteenth Amendment than the rural areas. It should not be forgotten, on the other hand, that while some of the Southern cities have always been hostile to the noble experiment, many of them at one time were nestled within the Prohibition fold.

Consider the case of Atlanta, for example. The Georgia metropolis, which has just repealed its Sunday blue laws, was represented in the national legislature from 1919 to 1927 by that ranting apostle of the unco guid, the Honorable Willie Upshaw, author of the autobiographical gem, *Earnest Willie*, and other inspirational works. Upshaw carried every ward in Atlanta in the primaries of 1922 and 1924.

Yet in 1932 Mayor James L. Key asserted that Prohibition was a farce and defied the parsons to do their worst. Ousted as the teacher of a men's Bible class in a Methodist church, because of his views on this question, Mayor Key announced that he would teach a class of his own in a local theatre, free from "the dictatorship of any pickle-headed preacher." He did so, and the attendance was several times as large as it had been in the Methodist church.

The professional dries began sharpening their knives for him, and they launched a movement to have him recalled. After strenuous efforts they were able to obtain only 1,500 signa-

tures on the petition for a recall election, whereas 5,000 were needed. The recall movement was in a state of apparent collapse when the mayor offended organized labor. The unions accordingly joined with the dries, and the necessary signatures were obtained. But when the election was held, the wet and anti-clerical Mr. Key won a decisive victory. He received 17,178 votes, whereas the opposition mustered only 11,743.

Another Southern city recently gave an equally remarkable illustration of the decline of Prohibitionist sentiment. That city is Richmond, which in past years has sent numerous dries to the State legislature, and which for nearly a decade was represented at Washington by a man who was careful to give no offense to advocates of the Eighteenth Amendment. But last summer a campaign was waged for the six seats in the Virginia House of Delegates allotted to Richmond. Thirty candidates announced themselves, and twenty-nine of them openly espoused the cause of repeal. The lone dry, a young attorney, apparently was in a most advantageous position, for every one assumed that he would get the solid Anti-Saloon League vote, and that he was virtually sure to win one of the six seats, if not to lead the field. But the Anti-Saloon League vote in Richmond has seemingly shrunk almost to the vanishing point, for when the ballots were counted, it was found that although the wet vote was split twenty-nine ways, the dry candidate was eighteenth from the top with a total of fewer than 2,400 votes.

Richmond, Atlanta and a number of other Southern cities permitted the unrestricted sale of 3.2 beer during some or all of the past summer, although



such sale was in conflict with the laws of their respective States. The attitude of the authorities in these urban centres seemed to be that one-half of one per cent was a hang-over from a bygone era of fanaticism, and that since public sentiment no longer supported such Comstockery, there was no sense in trying to enforce the law. It is true that the South is not taking to beer with as much gusto as the Northeastern seaboard, but that is due to Dixie's known predilection for "cawn likker," rather than to any conscientious scruples on the part of the natives. Many "Southrons" have always regarded beer as sadly lacking in the necessary "authority," and have felt that a more salutary uplift was to be had from whiskey or brandy. Kentucky colonels, partial to the Bourbon of the Blue Grass State, were wont to refer scornfully to beer in days of yore as "belly-wash."

Thus the South, which until recently was capable of almost any indecency in the name of Prohibition, has its former ecclesiastical masters on the run. When stern-visaged officials of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals or ladies of the W.C.T.U. appear on the screen in Southern movie palaces nowadays, they are greeted with hoots and jeers, instead of the applause which formerly was theirs. Similarly, the gentlemen of the Lord's Day Alliance provoke disrespectful guffaws from cinema audiences in Dixie.

Pastors who formerly were wont to deliver weekly assaults upon the Rum Demon from their pulpits, and who denounced Thespian and terpsichorean diversions as satanic in the extreme, have been strangely silent of late. Incredible as it may appear, dances are being held with pastoral approval in

the basements of Methodist churches down South.

BUT if the ex-Confederacy is exhibiting a startling change of front in its attitude toward amusements heretofore deemed to involve a decided element of turpitude, it should not be inferred that the region is any less religious, in the proper sense of that term, than formerly. It has cast off the yoke of the political parsons, but it has in no wise turned against those ministers who have kept their heads through the turmoil of recent decades. These clergymen are, indeed, more influential than ever before, for the Southern people are beginning to appreciate the dignity and restraint which characterized their behavior during the years when so many of their *confrères* were indulging in what a Virginia governor who was not one of Prohibition's elect termed "clerical kaiserism." The South has revolted against its clerical kaisers. It has not revolted against its spiritual leaders.

This fact is particularly deserving of emphasis, for the great majority of the Southerners who have been most prominent in overthrowing the rule of the Puritans would be seriously concerned if they felt that their activity was assumed to have its origin in hostility to the ministry as such. They are vigorously antipathetic to those ecclesiastics who have strayed from the path of religion into the realm of politics, and who in many instances have employed methods unworthy of their high calling. But they have as much admiration for genuine spirituality as they ever had.

It is noteworthy, too, that these leaders of Southern opinion are aware of the dangers inherent in the trend which is manifesting itself currently in the



Southland. They realize that the pendulum may swing too far in the direction in which it is now traveling. Parimutuel gambling, for instance, is hardly an unmixed blessing. It brings evils in its train, not the least of which is the immense political power wielded by the racing element when the parimutuels become firmly established. Southerners of substance and standing desire to avoid the excesses which may result if their fellow-citizens are carried too far on the tidal wave of libertarian whoopee which has engulfed the nation.

The fact that it has engulfed the nation is, of course, one reason why it has engulfed the South. That is not the whole story, however. As has been intimated above, the South was confidently expected to stand firm against all the assaults of Beelzebub, no matter what the rest of the country did. But it too succumbed.

Its change of front on the specific issue of Prohibition undoubtedly has been due in some measure to the presence of staggering deficits in the treasuries of most of the former Confederate States. The voters grew tired of paying high taxes and of seeing important State functions crippled while the large and flourishing liquor traffic contributed nothing to the public coffers.

But the fact that Southern opinion also has shifted markedly with regard to various related issues which do not involve the matter of revenue is convincing evidence that the motives of the electorate are by no means wholly mercenary. One factor which certainly has played a leading part in ushering in the new era is the improvement in public education. The Southern illiteracy rate for both races is still far beyond what it should be, but it has been reduced substantially in late years. The average

inhabitant of the region is no longer as vulnerable before the thaumaturgy of the political preachers as in earlier days.

And while it might appear to the superficial observer that the professional drys and their cohorts reached the pinnacle of their power in Dixie immediately following the Presidential campaign of 1928—when Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and Texas were carried by a Republican candidate for the first time since Reconstruction—such a diagnosis is not borne out by the facts. It is true that the Anti-Saloon League and kindred bodies, under the leadership of the ineffable Bishop Cannon, won what appeared to be a great triumph when they broke the “solid South.” But paradoxical as it may appear, their prestige was severely damaged in the process. In other words, they “won the battle but lost the war.”

The explanation lies in the fact that the tactics they employed in the political contest in question were clear proof of their willingness to stoop to devious and despicable methods to attain their ends. Such a thing would have been bad enough if the anti-Smith element had not set itself up as the “moral forces,” but under the circumstances it was intolerable.

The methods to which they resorted are too well known to require much elaboration. Suffice it to say that the Anti-Saloon League and its allies pretended to be fighting Governor Smith because of his wetness, whereas actually their strategy in the South was built around his Catholicism. Every possible means was used by Bishop Cannon and his lieutenants to arouse prejudice against the Democratic nominee because of his religious affiliations. Unpardonable slanders concerning the



rites and practices of Roman Catholics were circulated, together with a stream of disgusting falsehoods relative to Mr. Smith's public and private life.

It is true that hundreds of thousands of Southern Democrats swallowed this mendacious mess, but it is also true that at the present time large numbers of them are heartily ashamed of having done so. Apparently they see the issues in their proper perspective now. No doubt this is at least partially attributable to the titillating revelations made in recent years concerning the man who led the armies of righteousness in the Armageddon of 1928. It has been shown that Bishop Cannon was officially pronounced a flour hoarder during the World War, and that subsequently he dealt extensively with bucketshops. Four ministers of his own church filed serious charges against him, of which he was acquitted, and his campaign expenditures in the Hoover-Smith campaign have been the subject of a prolonged investigation by the Federal Government.

**B**UT whatever the precise cause, the South is obviously tired of the meddlers who have been preying on it for so many years, and it is proceeding to put firecrackers under their coat-tails. Although this element did not come into complete authority in the area until about two decades ago, the trend below the Potomac for over a century had been in the general direction of a more rigid Sabbatarianism and more pietistic social usages.

Under the beneficent rule of the Anglican Church, with its easy-going priests, the prevailing mood of Southern society in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries had been gay and rollicking. The clergy themselves were

frequently not averse to attending cock fights, tasting the flowing bowl, or treading a minuet. But with the disestablishment of the Episcopal Church in the late Eighteenth Century, the prestige of other sects was greatly enhanced. This was especially true of the Methodists and Baptists, who soon outstripped the Episcopalians in numerical strength, and whose influence grew steadily. Their moral standards were more rigorous than those of the communion which previously had been dominant. It was inevitable, therefore, that the tone of Southern society should have been substantially modified. The more riotous forms of wickedness became less fashionable.

The situation remained fairly static until the Eighteen-Nineties, when, with the establishment of the Anti-Saloon League, the Methodist and Baptist churches went into politics with a view to regulating the national morals by legislative fiat. In a short time the "thou shalt not" philosophy became dominant in the Southern States. It remained so until a few years ago.

Then came the inevitable reaction. It began slowly, but later it swept into the anti-Prohibitionist and anti-clerical camp thousands of members of the very churches which had led in securing the enactment of vast quantities of ultra-puritanical legislation. The Prohibition poll conducted by the *Literary Digest* early in 1932 showed the direction of the wind, and then the referenda held by the States in 1933 provided conclusive proof that the deluge was upon us.

Thus the politico-ecclesiastics have been routed and the former Confederacy is exhibiting propensities which it has not exhibited for many a long day, namely, a definite and unmistakable trend in the direction of libertarianism,



and a pronounced concern for the restoration to Southern social life of some of the gaiety and *insouciance* which distinguished it in the Colonial era. The metamorphosis in Southern attitudes is already so remarkable that almost anything seems possible. With the entire area on the verge of revolt against all forms of fanatical extravagance, it seems not unreasonable to predict that the next few years will witness the repeal of the anti-evolution laws which have so disgraced the states of Tennes-

see, Arkansas and Mississippi. These farcical enactments are not enforced, but they should be wiped from the statute books at the earliest possible moment. When that is accomplished, the worst remaining blot on the escutcheon of the South will have been erased, and the *coup de grâce* will have been dealt those zealots who made the region for decades the happy hunting ground of un-Christian spokesmen for organized Christianity and the lush pasture of intemperate seekers after temperance.

## The Woodland Orchard

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THESE apple trees were lost for good  
 When the little house which stood  
 Nearby to keep them safe and sound  
 Sank mouldering into the ground  
 And the children went away.  
 The waiting forest won the day,  
 And came and took the orphaned trees  
 Upon its dark and kindly knees.

The sun comes down more golden here  
 Than it comes ever in the clear;  
 The grass is greener for the wall  
 Of the forest round it all,  
 There are no feet to tramp it down,  
 Except the little ones in brown  
 Beneath a deer that comes to stand  
 And wonder at this tame, sweet land.

You might say this was a spot  
 Where tame and wild for once forgot  
 Their old hate; the partridge feeds  
 On fruit sprung of men's tended seeds  
 And pecks the apples touched by frost.  
 But these are trees that have been lost;  
 Here one draws a careful breath,  
 This loveliness is so like death.



# Down with the Golden Calf

By **COGNOSCO**

*Mr. Roosevelt kicks an idol around, smashes tablets and breaks heads—still in the football style*

WASHINGTON

“**M**ONEY is gold and nothing else!” Thus, on December 19, 1912, before the Pujo Committee, did J. Pierpont Morgan, with smashing force and clarity, sum up the creed of the right wing of American economic thought. If today we had some one with the gigantic stature of the elder Morgan to carry on the fight for an orthodox economy, some one worthy to tilt with Franklin Roosevelt, there would be no confusion or lack of clarity in the issues involved. In place of the great Morgan, we have today an assortment of pusillanimous self-styled leaders of orthodoxy who, without any positive creed, attack our new leader with a feeble barrage of “noes” and “don’ts.”

As I see it, there has been no lack of forcible exposition of a definite economic policy on the part of the President, particularly concerning money. There has, however, been much vacillation and shifting of position on the part of the opposition. Prior to March 4, the cry was “We must maintain the gold standard at all costs.” By the middle of March, there was an enthusiastic endorsement of our departure from gold and an equally vigorous opposition to

devaluation of the dollar. Since then, the orthodox have again shifted their position. Most of them now endorse a devaluation of the dollar but insist it should be definitive and immediate.

Compare such inability to determine upon a course of action with the President’s succinct and forthright statement of October 23:

“I do not hesitate to say in the simplest, clearest language of which I am capable that . . . I am not satisfied . . . with the amount or the extent of the rise (commodity prices), and that it is definitely a part of our policy to increase the rise and to extend it to those products which have as yet felt no benefit. If we can not do this one way we will do it another. Do it, we will. . . .

“Some people are putting the cart before the horse. They want a permanent revaluation of the dollar first. It is the Government’s policy to restore the price level first. . . . To guess at a permanent gold valuation now would certainly require later changes caused by later facts.

“When we have restored the price level, we shall seek to establish and maintain a dollar which will not change its purchasing and debt-paying power during the succeeding generation. I said



that . . . last July. And I say it now once more."

He then outlined his gold-purchasing policy and added: "My aim in taking this step is to establish and maintain continuous control. This is a policy and not an expedient." It is clear how one might readily take issue with this policy, but mystifying how any one can attack the President on the grounds that he is not definite and specific.

Professor Einstein has yet to express himself on the Roosevelt economic policy. Just as Al Smith discussed the monetary programme in terms of his favorite "baloney," Professor Einstein would probably analyze the situation from the viewpoint of "relativity." The good Professor might conclude that those who have accused the President of changing his policies and objectives were judging him from their own inconstant viewpoint and that if they would but maintain their mental equilibrium, they might discover not only the Administration's oft-repeated objectives, but also discern the route over which it was traveling.

MANY weeks before election, Governor Roosevelt was discussing his policies with a group of friends at Hyde Park. Said the Governor: "I believe we are at the threshold of a fundamental change in our economic thought, that in the future we are going to think more about the consumer than the producer; we can not inject health into our ailing economic order, unless we bring about a more equitable distribution of the national income." It does not require a detailed analysis of this thought to discover therein the germ of our monetary policy, the NRA and the Civil Works Administration. Some time after this conversation, in a campaign speech,

the Governor, again referring to "a fundamental change in our economic thought," made this prophecy: "Yet many of faint heart, fearful of change, sitting tightly to the rooftops in the flood, will sternly resist striking out for this objective, lest they fail to attain it. Even among those who are willing to attempt the journey; there will be violent differences of opinion as to how it should be made. So complex, so widely distributed over our whole country, are the problems which confront us, that men and women of common aim do not agree upon the method of attacking them. . . . We need to correct, by drastic means if necessary, the fault in our economic system from which we now suffer. We need the courage of the young."

In regard to "disagreements as to methods," the President always invites the frankest discussion of divergent opinions within his official family and among his advisers. He objected, however, to the Treasury Department's becoming the fountain-head of anti-Administration propaganda through the deliberate dissemination of official secrets and false information. He is reliably reported to have used in this connection the term "sabotage." Secretary Woodin's leave of absence was entirely due to his failing health and his consequent inability to protect the President against the disloyalty of some of his Treasury subordinates. The Secretary did not find loyalty to his Chief and honest criticism *within* the official family incompatible.

The President is constantly emphasizing the importance of keeping the objectives of the New Deal always in mind. In one of his most important speeches, he postulated this creed. "Let us not confuse objectives with methods;



too many so-called leaders of the nation fail to see the forest because of the trees; too many of them fail to recognize the necessity of planning for definite objectives; true leadership calls for the setting forth of the objectives and rallying of public opinion in support of these objectives."

What are these objectives that the President has in mind?

(1) To put the unemployed back to work. This naturally takes precedence, under the President's dictum, "First things first!" When this article goes to press, there will be about six million more men and women employed than on March 4 last.

(2) To keep them there. This objective is one of the reasons for the National Recovery Act, the limitation of hours of work being one of the methods of making more permanent the emergency jobs now being distributed. The President can not be rightfully accused here of undue radicalism in his desire for shorter hours for labor. One of the earliest recorded legislative acts limiting the hours of work was enacted by Count Witte in Russia in 1896 under the Romanoffs.

(3) To redistribute wealth so that a

more widely diffused and greater purchasing power will give employment to all those who are able and willing to work.

(4) To increase the income of the farmer in relation to the cost of what he must buy.

(5) To stabilize the dollar, not in terms of gold, but in terms of purchasing power; more simply expressed, so that a widow with a fixed income in dollars will be able during her entire life to purchase a definite amount of food, clothing and shelter, and not a definite number of ounces of gold.

"Money is gold and nothing else!" That is the creed of the reactionary. Gold which may be piled in great vaults or hidden in stockings or mattresses.

Money, as the President sees it, is the conduit through which may flow the golden grain of our wheat fields to the tables of every home in the land. It is the medium through which all shall have an opportunity to share in the fruits of our joint industry.

In short, though money may once again rest on some form of gold standard, that standard shall be always subordinate to a higher standard based upon the necessities of humanity.



# Manufacturing Ideal Law

BY BARTLETT H. STOODLEY

*The American Law Institute constructs a panacea*

D RAMA is not often associated with law. Lawyers, judges and other gentlemen associated with the legal system in the United States are viewed by most as inexplicable cogs in an insane machine. That there is considerable humor in the operation of the law most people will agree, but the possibility of drama seems remote because drama demands life and motion. But, despite all this logic, the law recently has produced drama. And it is momentous drama, for upon it hinges the future of the American law.

On February 23, 1923, a group of men convened in Washington. Representatives of all sorts of associations were invited to this meeting. There were officers from the bar associations, representatives of the National Conference of Commissioners Upon Uniform State Laws, delegates from the American Judicature Society and the International Law Association. There were also professors from the leading law schools of the country, and lawyers who, with nothing else to do at the moment, had dropped in to see what it was all about.

To be sure, no one knew what it was all about. But most conventions that accomplish anything do so upon the

spur of the moment. The American Constitutional Convention had no intention whatever of making something of a nation out of an alliance of sovereign states. The English Parliament didn't really mean to do away with Charles I, but there was, as it appeared, nothing else to do at the time. Similarly the French National Convention thought of cutting off Louis' head only at the very last moment. If some one hadn't thought of this diversion at a time when the convention was plainly becoming bored with itself, Louis would have lived to a ripe age.

So it was with this meeting of protest which was attended by almost every one of legal consequence. Just what the protest was about no one was quite certain, but that it was essential and made this convention a convention of destiny. When it was over these judicial gentlemen with nothing more serious to think of in the world than the trial of a few cases and the writing of a few judicial opinions had voted to form a corporation and get busy on making over the law!

That was drama. It also was a miracle. Making over the American law! Did these gentlemen realize what they were about to do? Did they realize that the American law had grown out of the



English law and that the English law started far back in the Freudian subconscious of the early progeny of John Bull? Did they realize that the Common Law was an irreconcilable maze consisting of the worst thoughts of innumerable men? Certainly they realized all these things. These gentlemen lived upon and contributed to this very monumental tangle. They must have known what they were letting themselves in for. Yet, instead of dropping the whole matter like gentlemen and lawyers, they actually voted to face this enormous problem. Certainly no such action could have been remotely contemplated by the majority of those who attended the meeting. Some inexpressible and unfathomable urge came to that assembly which was quite independent of its members: we might go Spenglerian and term it "macrocosmic pulse." Whatever it was, under its influence the members of this meeting determined to make themselves a new system of law.

WHEN the assembly had voted to form a corporation to be called the American Law Institute, which was to proceed seriously with the overhauling of American law, it also voted for, and elected, a Council of twenty-one members (this number was later increased to thirty-three) to supervise and direct the work of the Institute. Then the meeting adjourned, doubtless a little surprised at itself and perhaps somewhat repentant.

But the harm had been done. Although the assembly was now a thing of the past, its single offspring, the Council, remained. Had the Council not been organized with such celerity, there would have been time to forget. But the Council had been told to act,

it was formed with definite purposes in mind: it was dedicated to action and so act it must.

The very first thing that the Council of the American Law Institute became acutely aware of was a lack of funds. This would never do for a corporation that proposed to annihilate an institution. So the Council appealed to the Trustees of the Carnegie Corporation for a grant of funds to carry on the work. The Trustees responded generously and the corporation came to life.

At about this time the Council of the American Law Institute must have been visited with some qualms. The madness of the initial meeting had worn off, the various delegates had returned to their homes, and there remained only twenty-one forlorn men to serve as the butt of the imaginative excesses of the group. Twenty-one wise and worldly gentlemen to revise a system of thought that spread through forty-eight States and a foreign Empire! To be sure, Samuel Johnson had written a dictionary by himself, but writing dictionaries was sport compared to revising methods of thought. And while the leaders of the American Law Institute were intelligent as intelligence goes, they were not by nature cut out for Herculean labors. So, sitting down around their official table and looking into each other's official eyes, they must have felt at least a single, stray doubt somewhere among them.

The most obvious solution to the problem that faced them was to pass it on to some one else. So it was that the Council of the American Law Institute, in solemn conclave assembled, decided to divide the subject of law into a few parts and parcel out the parts to those who might be able to do something with them. These gentlemen whom we may



call the recipients of the buck were known as reporters. They were authorities within their field. Instead of having the whole field of the law to cover they had only that part of the entire field in which they were experts. But the Council must have decided that this was a little too much of a good thing. There was a chance that these reporters might feel that they were being imposed upon. Furthermore, this savored too much of Fascism or Hitlerism, or something. These reporters weren't supposed to create law, they were to digest and explain the existing law. Give them too much of a free hand and the American Law Institute would effect only a compilation of idiosyncrasies. Accordingly, the Council provided for a check upon the powers of the reporters in the form of advisers. These advisers were men who hung around waiting for the reporter to accomplish something. When he did, it was their business to disapprove of it. When finally a draft had been completed which satisfied both the reporter and his advisers this draft report was submitted to the Council of the American Law Institute. If the Council approved, the draft report was sent to the committees of the State Bar Associations for their approval and to the individual members of the American Law Institute. Criticisms from these quarters were sent back to the Council and a final rough draft was made by the Council and reserved for the consideration of the Institute at its next meeting in Washington. The Institute analyzed, criticized and finally approved, and a portion of the Restatement was finished.

The Restatement of the Law of Contracts has already been completed by the American Law Institute. One suspects that Professor Samuel Williston,

reporter for this section of the law, although restricted by a series of checks and balances, made his quietly dictatorial nature felt. In his mind there was doubtless little use in fooling around with a number of inferior and officious advisers. He dashed off the Restatement in a spare moment and dared any one to change it. So the Restatement of the Law of Contracts has become an actuality and reposes among the new books upon the desks of the law libraries. It is the self-expression of one of the law's master minds.

Other Restatements will follow in the next few years. There will finally exist a Restatement of the entire field of the law. Before considering what the effect of this may be upon the existing American law it may be well to consider what the Restatement consists of.

I HAVE said that the purpose of the American Law Institute is to restate the Common Law. This is not entirely correct. Before there can be a restatement there must be a statement. And there is no statement of the law. It must be remembered that when I speak of the Common Law I do not refer to the hundreds of thousands of statutes that have been passed by the legislatures of the forty-eight States and the Federal Congress. Tremendous as is the bulk of this legislative law it is small in comparison with what is known as the Common Law. This Common Law is the great body of decisions that have been handed down by judges since the Assizes of Henry II.

Some legal theorists believe that God gave the Common Law to the judges as he gave the Ten Commandments to Moses. If this is true then Deity was at least unnecessarily abstruse in His exposition.



When Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., wrote his book *The Common Law* a few decades ago, he displayed a legal acuteness not often found in members of the bar. He said this of the Common Law: "The life of the law has not been logic: it has been experience. The felt necessities of the time, the prevalent moral and political theories, intuitions of public policy, avowed or unconscious, even the prejudices which judges share with their fellow men, have had a good deal more to do than the syllogism in determining the rules by which men shall be governed. In Massachusetts today, while on the one hand there are a great many rules which are quite sufficiently explained by their manifest good sense, on the other, there are some which can only be understood by reference to the infancy of procedure among the German tribes, or to the social condition of Rome under the Decemvirs."

There is an implication in Mr. Holmes's book that the Common Law is progressing toward a degree of sanity. This view is based upon the scientific fallacy that prevailed when Mr. Holmes formed his opinion, and which to some extent still prevails. He assumed that what continues to exist continues to improve. That this is not true of the Common Law may be shown by a single example.

In the early days of the law, when there wasn't much of it to confuse anybody and people weren't so much influenced by reason as by emotion, it was common to blame the immediate cause of an event for its occurrence. This tendency has been called animism by the present-day psychologists. The Fourteenth Century Englishman was more concerned with the stone that hit him than the man who threw it at him.

Legal action, consequently, was primarily action against the stone, or immediate instrument of injury. It was turned over to the injured person and he proceeded to torture it at will.

The Fifteenth Century Englishman made a discovery that now appears obvious—that there was very little satisfaction gained from punishing an inanimate object. So the idea spread of going behind the object to some person who could resent punishment. And thus the custom arose of suing the owners of property.

This rule was not applied to animate objects such as dogs. They could be made to suffer and thus they completely satisfied the instinct of vengeance. But now, while the Fifteenth Century Englishman had exhibited an unusual precocity in distinguishing between animate and inanimate objects, he was led astray by figures of speech and a pretty sentimentality. Ships were placed in the animate class, presumably because they moved and thus possessed the principal attribute of living things. So, with ships as with dogs and other animals, the action was directly against the thing itself, while in the case of objects considered purely inanimate you sued the responsible human being.

One is inclined to dismiss this early whim of the law as of antiquarian and historical importance only. But the fact is that even at the present time the Supreme Court of the United States, in common with every other court in the country, treats ships as responsible human beings!

To Mr. Chief Justice Marshall was this situation first presented in the case of the *United States v. The Schooner Little Charles*. He held that an action could be brought directly against the ship and expressed his opinion in these



words: "This is not a proceeding against the owner (of the vessel); it is a proceeding against the vessel for an offense committed by the vessel; which is not the less an offense and does not the less subject her to forfeiture, because it was committed without the authority and against the will of the owner.

"It is true that inanimate matter can commit no offense. But this body is animated and put in action by a crew who are guided by the master. The vessel acts and speaks by the master. She reports herself by the master. It is therefore not unreasonable that the vessel should be affected by this report."

Not only the decision but the reasoning of Mr. Chief Justice Marshall has been approved many times by the Supreme Court. Judge Story quotes these very words with approbation, and in the cases of the *United States against Two Gallons of Whiskey*, and the *United States v. Five Thousand Two Hundred and Ninety Cigars*, his point of view has been expressly adopted.

It is obvious from the development that has been sketched that something might well be done to prevent the law from marrying ships off to each other.

THE Restatement has been started to prevent just such possibilities. The Council of the American Law Institute very well argued to itself that if the American judge of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries was not going to forget the foibles of the Fifteenth some one would have to forget for him.

And so the experts have set to work. Betrayed into a task that no one could ever have dreamed of starting, these experts, representing the best legal minds of the country, have plunged into their work during the last five years and have been *manufacturing* law. His-

torical absurdities of the kind sketched above have been weeded from the law where no ground existed for their retention for other reasons.

But it is not this alone that has made the Restatement a manufactory of the law. However numerous the absurdities in the law may be, they are completely outnumbered by its contradictions. For many years forty-eight States with exalted delusions of sovereignty have been building their own law upon an English foundation. The superstructures erected are of necessity analogous but they are far from identical. It is comparatively seldom that a principle of law applies throughout the entire country. Even bordering States often have conflicting Common Law rules that make it extremely desirable to apply the law of one State rather than the law of the other to a given case. But we must not forget that there is not a separate Common Law for every State, but that the law of the whole forty-eight States constitutes the Common Law. Accordingly then, for perhaps the first time in history, we see classical logic refuted. For in the Common Law it is well established that what is, is not.

So it becomes evident that the experts of the Law Institute are not restating the law; they are making it. For they are free to choose from a number of alternatives and which one they select depends upon their conception of what the law should be. And it is this fact that best explains the work that has been expended on the Restatement. Ideals, panaceas are forever tantalizing mankind. In the mind even of a lawyer the thought persists that were he given the control of things he could make a world considerably more desirable than the one fashioned for him. What Mr. Spengler has termed the "Faustian



mind" is particularly magnetized by perfections. These experts, then, who in all their previous legal experience have been expounding their views before a disinterested judiciary, or haranguing the upturned faces of a bewildered group of law students, suddenly were presented with a real opportunity for self-expression at the expense of the Carnegie Corporation.

Within five years this self-expression of the experts will have been completed. A compact, intelligent, practically idealistic code of law will have been completed. Napoleon and all his men had not the practical wisdom of these gentlemen who will have produced the Restatement. But even these experts will in time pass on to their divine cogitations, and a few weighty volumes termed "The Restatement of the Law" will alone remain to bear witness to their dreams. And how long will even they remain?

WHEN Jeremy Bentham cried out for codification of the law in the early Nineteenth Century, he no doubt had in mind a code that somebody would use. The idea of a code as a fresh start when law has become too complicated is an old one. Outside of the unique system of law that we have inherited from England, we find codes as far back as the Babylonian code of Khammurabi. A few centuries later came the Roman code of Justinian. The most famous modern code, the Code Napoleon, still forms the basis of the law in France.

These codes were drawn up at the behest of sovereigns. It appears that the perpetuation of one's name in a law code is a favorite sport of kings. Khammurabi, Justinian and Napoleon had very little to do with their respective

codes and it was just as well. Nevertheless, before the Restatement there never was a code that did not emanate from a sovereign's mandate.

English jurists, among whom Bentham was foremost, wasted a great deal of time arguing for something that they must have known was theoretically impossible—a codification of the English law. The very basis of English law is its indefinableness. It permeates, penetrates and covers all. It is not a known thing, but something deep, unfathomable, existent mainly in the morality of a people, that rises to perception only in decided cases. To codify such a law is at least difficult. It becomes impossible when there is no sovereign with power to force a codification for the purposes of his own immortality.

I have already pointed out that in the Restatement of the Law the impossible is to some extent being realized. But, now that this is about to be done, and all available data are about to be published in the comprehensive Restatement, the lack of a sovereign or patron becomes embarrassingly evident. This new American Code can not force its own application, nor is there any one who can compel its use in the ordinary legal channels. I have before me now an advertisement of the Restatement of the Law of Contracts. The advertisement says this of the Restatement: "It does *not* have the authority of the judicial precedent. It does have the authority of the Institute. . . ." This can only mean that the Restatement has no authority whatever behind it, and that it exists, like most panaceas, *in vacuo*.

There is a remote possibility that the Restatement may work its way into legal practice through the medium of some liberal State court. But investigation discloses that at present there is no



liberal State court. There are courts that have, at one time or another, exhibited a marked breadth of view, however, and if they can not be termed liberal they can at least be called periodically progressive. Among these courts the New York Court of Appeals stands foremost: when Mr. Justice Cardozo was a member of it, it was, without question, the most brilliant court in the country. Were Mr. Cardozo a member of that court today, it would be reasonable to hope that the Restatement might be practically applied under its inspiration. But this possibility is now negligible. For, with Mr. Cardozo in Washington, and doubtless a little ill at ease, the New York court, while still capable, has not the flexibility that Mr. Cardozo lent it. It has sunk to the level of the other better courts in the country which are sound, consistent, conservative followers of the Common Law. Through such courts as these the Restatement can never hope to attain a practical application.

Political and social optimists may say that there is a great deal to be expected from public opinion in this matter. It is true that we are at present experiencing a period of what might be termed the exploitation of the popular will. Politicians have discovered an unusual unanimity in public sentiment and the experience of the last Presidential election has taught them the wisdom of bowing temporarily to the common will. But the people, as a whole, have not experienced any feeling of their tremendous power. Lean pocketbooks merely led them to cast their ballots for a change. And since that time a flood of propaganda has convinced them of the wisdom of their action. Popular will could be the sovereign to inflict the Restatement upon the vested interests

of the country, but it is neither sensitive enough to the factors working for its good, nor acutely enough aware of its own power, to force such unorthodox action. The people are flattered by their sense of the proprieties when, in fact, they lack the virility necessary to effect a change. When public sentiment is sufficiently massed to force the application of a new law, we will have not renovation but revolution.

There is, I think, no agency which may be depended upon to bring the Restatement into practice and free us to some extent from the legalistic foibles of our English cousins and the SS on the collar of the Lord Chief Justice of England. Of course there is no reason why we should cling to the present law. Spengler was right when he said that Western law embodies the social economy of ancient Rome. Not only is this true of the Common Law existent in the United States but it is true also that this law is strange to us. Sometimes there is joy in the mere peculiarities of personality, but the Common Law can not appeal to the American humor any more than *Punch* or Yorkshire Pudding.

If there is ever to be an adequate law we must begin anew and forget Coke and Littleton and Blackstone. The dead must be left to bury the dead. The Restatement has accomplished this at least partially and there is every reason for its adoption in a fairly complete form. But the Restatement is a code without influence or affluence. It grew upon no theory; if it had it would have been hopelessly pedantic. It was written at no compulsion; if it had been it would have been haphazard. It was written, and is being written, by a group of essential idealists, and to remain ideal appears to be its fate.



# The Snowslide

BY GERALDINE SEELEMIRE MACLEOD

## *A Story in Two Parts: Part I*

THE long whiteness endured. Cora Turner, looking between the little peaks of snow like a miniature mountain range climbing her window, thought suddenly of yellow butterflies. She remembered Martin's saying that if you saw yellow butterflies in the fall, ten days later the trees would be the color of the butterflies. But not in this country, she thought. That might be true in Martin's Kentucky mountains of the South. She didn't know—but she *did* know that the weather did as it pleased here, regardless of man's readings. The leaves and the butterflies were both gone long before they ought to be, and nothing was left now but stripped trees, between whose spread limbs she could see across the white valley to the vast mountains of snow that were the Teton. She ought to be grateful for the spruce, she thought. She could still see their green under the piled snow.

Down in the flat nothing had moved for weeks—not even a coyote. The boys' traps had seemed to cure even *that* snooper's audacity. Nothing occurred down there even in the summer time—but the leaves of cottonwood and quakin' asp kept her from knowing it. Since seeing out brought her up against mountains, she preferred not to see out at all.

And now, in March, when back home in Iowa thoughts of plowing were making folks restless, and spring was only a matter of a morning's rain or shine (either would bring it), snow had fallen again—a whole nightful of it. And from the look of the sky there'd be a dayful as well.

This winter had been a lonely one. The boys had persisted all day at their traps, and Ellen Lou had gone too, bringing in her share of deep-furred pelts. But the last had not been so good. It was getting toward spring, they said—and yesterday Bert and Fred had made their last trip on skis to town to mail their booty to Omaha. Through the earlier part of the winter they had to go on snowshoes, but after a few days of thaw and nights of freezing, they had set gaily out on their skis, satisfied with the thin indication of spring that they saw in the glittering crust.

And yesterday morning, watching them, she too had tried to feel that spring was on its way, hurrying like her sons across the hard shine that lay over the earth.

But last night it had snowed again. The boys and E'Loo had had to dig their way to the cows and horses and chickens. They'd have to dig their way back again, she thought, glowering out



the window at the sky, if they didn't hurry.

She heard the crunch of feet on the path and porch, and turned from the window to take up breakfast. From the corner of her eye she glimpsed a black something moving against the far snow of the flat below. Only a branch, her thought said. And then, as the door swung back to let in her two tall identical sons and her daughter—a panting boy too, except for the long braids—and Rover to plant his paws in her stomach, and a rush of cold like a fifth body to wrap its ghost-arms around her, she cried, "Why, there's somebody coming across the flat!" She was surprised into pleasure. They all came to look, the boys crowding against her as if they were seven instead of seventeen, steaming the window with their breath till none of them could see. She smeared the steam to wetness with her apron.

"Wonder if he's comin' here."

"Wonder who it is."

"Wonder where he's goin'."

"Wonder what he's doin' there."

"Wonder, in this weather. . . ."

He was headed in their direction. They could distinguish his arms and legs now, and now even his head from the rest of his body. He did not use his long pole. It swung on a horizontal balance in his right hand. They watched, holding their breath a little, while the stranger, lifting one great webbed foot after the other, came on.

Suddenly Fred was aflame. He swung round at his family, snapping his teeth. "It's Winslow!" he whispered.

They stared at him, and Bert, drawing his face away from Fred's, groaned, "Aw, for Chris' sake, Fred, what next?" But he looked again at the black figure walking on the soft snow, lonely and small and lost in the dull morning.

"That's a gun he's got," Fred persisted.

"Well, what if it is—you carry one yourself, don't you?"

"Well, what's he doin' out there?" Fred's voice was a petulant whine. "Nobody with any right business goes wandering over the flat in the dead of winter."

"You come across there yourself just yesterday."

But Fred paid no attention. "And in this weather—he's hiding out, and by night his tracks'll be covered."

Mrs. Turner and E'Loo were still, watching out the window. E'Loo's mouth corners tucked in contemptuously at the argument just behind her, but her ears sucked in every word, and her eyes sucked at the stranger with excitement and pushed at him with fear. Her mother's mouth- corners were also tucked in, held there by the worn dimple. Her white cheeks, a little too heavy for the bones, the heavy jaw, were still. But her eyes burned under their lids like Fred's.

And then Fred was across the room, clattering at the guns in their rack.

"You-all get back!" he ordered. "You get and hide—get into the bedroom!" He shoved at his mother and E'Loo.

Mrs. Turner made no resistance to his impatient hands. Her face had driven its muscles into indifference. She said, glancing away to the breakfast on the stove, "No need, Fred. He ain't comin' here. He's goin' on by."

"It's only old Jim Anderson anyhow," Ellen Lou said, disgusted. "Look, you can tell it's old Jim Anderson by the way he lifts his stiff leg. He must have had to go to town. Wonder what for." She craned her neck to watch him out of sight. She turned, flinging a braid like a long ripe barley ear over her



shoulder, and wrinkled her nose, speckled with freckles the color of her hair.

Fred looked, and his hunched shoulders relaxed. He glanced quickly at his mother, but she had gone to take up the breakfast.

"Well, my God!" exploded Bert, as if his breath could not stay in him any longer. "Of all the—"

Fred justified himself petulantly. "You can't tell with a man like that, what he's liable to do!"

"A man like *what*?" Bert spit at him.

"Like *Winslow*!" Fred defied Bert's contempt. "Like a low-down murderer—a dirty skunk that goes out and shoots his neighbor in the back just because he don't want no neighbors!"

"Well, my—"

"Come to your breakfast!" Mrs. Turner slammed a plate on the table.

"Well," Bert defended, "he knows as well as I do they sent Winslow out to prison three months ago!"

"Did you ever hear of anybody *escapin'* from prison?" Fred sneered. He turned and clattered his rifle back into the rack with the others.

"We'll all have to do some *escapin'* if he don't look how he puts his gun up." Mrs. Turner's voice warned that the matter was closed.

Bert subsided reluctantly. He set himself before his plate, and the hard forward swing of his jaw relaxed as he blew a whisper of whistle over his round underlip. But Fred stared at his breakfast sulkily, not recognizing his egg, bringing a crease up one cheek with his teeth, bringing a stubbornness like a pale reflection up his face from his chin to his eyes. As if it had never been, the likeness of the twins disappeared. Fred's eyelids, hiding the luminous dark sparkles of his eyes, twitched at the corners. He forked his bacon into his mouth stif-

fly as if he were among strangers, and a slow red burned his ears.

Silently they ate their biscuits and bacon and blew at their coffee; and outside the snow came softly down again. The air as well as the earth and sky grew white, and old Jim Anderson's tracks were filled and covered over with the gentle, endlessly repeated starlets that floated rather than fell.

Fred hunched his shoulders and sneezed.

"Sneeze at the breakfast table, and somebody's going to di-e-e," chanted Ellen Lou, breaking their silence.

"Come across with the molasses, will you!" Bert ordered.

Fred wiped his nose on his blue handkerchief, and his face slowly relaxed its stiffened jaws, and screwed itself into a black scowl meant to cover his chagrin.

## II

A NEW warmth lay in the foothills. The smell of earth was escaping like mist, so that the air was a little more than air, even though snow was still a part of the world, even though March had come like a lion. The storm had cleared, leaving a calm behind, too white, too still for eyes or thought to look upon. But even though at night the whiteness and stillness froze till there would seem to be no way for the stiff intensity ever to relax, and the morning was only a hard brightness wedged in the sky, by noon the presence of earth would be in the air, creeping up through the snow like an incense, haunting the nostrils, stirring the senses like something out of a dream.

Ellen Lou opened the cabin door enough to peer out into the early morning. A lining of frost formed in her nostrils. Rover forced his way out, pushing her knees aside. He stepped out into



the stiff silvery world and hesitated. It would be a long time yet till sun-up; the side of the hill was blue. But down in the flat, Ellen Lou could see that the blinding glitter had already begun.

She opened the door a little wider, enough to let herself out. A log in the wall snapped. "Rheumatics," her mind said to itself. And she stood still to look at the slender skis standing against the cabin. Bert had finished them only last night. They were smooth and yellow and long, and their heels stood sturdily upon the snow of the porch, their noses turned gracefully out from the dark logs. How they would slip across the crust! New and unsplintered. It could hardly be called skiing—not if a girl had *these* on her feet. . . .

The boys swallowed their oat-meal and sugar and cream, and lapped up their thick hot pan-cakes swamped in syrup, as if they didn't know it was food. E'Loo pushed her breakfast about on her plate, and shoved it into her mouth as if it made her sick. She stared at her brothers sulkily.

Bert sent a last forkful of pan-cake skating around his syrupy plate, forked it into his mouth, and snapped at a drip of rosiny sweetness. He thrust himself up away from the table. He looked down at the part tracing the middle of Ellen Lou's bent head. Her face was tucked down between the thick wheat-head braids.

"We'll take you next time, sure, Ellen Lou. You know yourself today would be too hard a day for you."

"*Next* time." The words worked in her throat. "There won't *be* any next time," she said bitterly.

Bert shifted a foot guiltily. This *would* be their last real trip this spring. All the other traps were in.

"We have to hurry, E'Loo, to keep to good skiing. The crust'll be gone before noon. And you could never keep up."

"You know as well as I do that I can out-ski both of you!" She stared into the dark of his eyes with her own yellow fire.

"For short distances, you sure can, E'Loo. You got lots more quickness and cleverness." Fred deserted his breakfast to help quench the spark in her eyes. "But you got to have dumb bull-strength for a trip like today."

"You better forget about skiing and take your time on your snowshoes," their mother advised, coming from the stove. She lifted the edges of the cakes on the plate with her turner to see if there were enough. She raised her long soft heavy face with its gray eyes to convince Bert, but he pushed his chair under the table impatiently. "Gosh, Ma, there's no fun in that when you can *ski*. We'll make it all right, and be back by noon."

The mother tipped her face aside, and sat down before her clean plate. But she kept the turner by her hand, as if she could not lay the implements of her work aside long enough even to eat.

"I'll watch the rest of them, Ma, you eat your breakfast." Ellen Lou got up from her chair, and stood heating her stiff mad face over the stove.

Fred hurried another cake onto his plate and buttered it vigorously. The skin of his face gleamed, stretched tight with eagerness, and his eyes glowed dark. Bert got into his jacket and cap and went outdoors.

The storm had kept them all shut in for a week, and then they had had to wait almost another week for a thaw. The boys were like wild things in their joy of escape. They gnawed at the minutes of delay. Ellen Lou watched them



from the corners of her eyes, but *she* had only herself to gnaw at, like a paw in a trap.

Bert clattered at the latch outside, thumping the rubber toes of his overshoes against the door as if he could not wait for it to open but must burst through its very wood, and swung the door back, letting in the cold of all outside. "Jeeminy!" He cracked the word in the middle as if one half of it were a man's, the other a boy's, "Jeeminy, but that's a pretty pair of skis! Smooth as a willow!" His face thinned and glowed. "They're the prettiest yet. I guess by rights they're E'Loo's." He turned toward her. "After today you can have them for yourn!"

Ellen Lou rearranged a white bubbling cake on the griddle. "I ain't so handy with the skis," she said, and did not look up. She flopped the cake with a little sputter, her thoughts closing on the two slim straight yellow wands leaning against the house.

Fred went out, and the others followed, Mrs. Turner and E'Loo to watch the boys away.

Fred had taken Bert's skis from against the wall, and laid them on the crust above the path, ready for the start. His own pair, older, and with the yellow shine faded away to gray, lay beside them, but his hands were upon Bert's as if he were caressing their bright smooth length. He said, without looking up, "They sure are pretty, Bert."

But Bert could not hear him for words of his own. "What're you doing there with my skis! Just because E'Loo don't want them, you needn't think I'm going to give them to *you*!" he teased, and he slid them out from under Fred's hands.

Fred's eyes, looking at Bert, widened around the irises that seemed the color

of the blue hill-shade, and little hollows sucked in his cheeks. He turned abruptly and strode around the corner of the house.

"When you learn to guide that tongue of yourn the way you do your skis," Mrs. Turner accused heavily.

"I never meant anything," Bert grumbled, drawing himself up the bank and adjusting the elk-hide straps of his skis. His lower lip sulked, but his eyes held only the new skis.

Fred came back around the corner of the dove-tailed log-ends, a high pile of split wood in his arms.

"Hurry up, Fred," Bert urged, ready for peace.

"Hurry up yourself, and help carry in a little of this wood." And Fred slammed the wood into its box by the door.

But the blood sang loud in Bert's throat, impatient for going. "Aw, come on, let E'Loo carry the wood—it'll help work that scowl off her face!"

But Fred's set face went by for another load of wood.

And then they were straightening up from their skis, and Bert reached down to snatch his rifle from the bank where it leaned, and they were off, propelling themselves ahead, clinging with stiff strides along the slant of the hill. "Go back, Rover! No, you can't go!"

Fred had forgotten his rifle. E'Loo's call rang in the still, sharp air, and she ran into the cabin. "Wait, I'll bring it—don't turn back!" she cried, running out. But Fred had turned, setting each long knife of a ski at a careful angle against the hill.

Ellen Lou ran over the hard crust, her braids skimming behind like two skis. "Why'd you turn back?" she panted.

Fred took the rifle. "Look out!" he



shouted, and aimed it up the hill past Bert, who waited a little ahead. Bert waved and ducked, and the short whirr of a bullet passed him by and snapped like the snap of something frozen, as if the cold air had cracked, and the crack were running away into the hill.

"Wha'd you do *that* for?" E'Loo stared at Fred.

"For luck," he said, his eyes shining preoccupied with the morning ahead, and snapped the empty shell from the rifle on to the snow.

"Anybody'd think you two was beginning a trek clean through to Oregon!" But her envious sarcasm was lost in Fred's shout.

"Bring us a little luck!" he called to Bert, and Bert's voice sliced back through the new stillness, "It'll scare your luck across three counties!"

Then they were off, Fred hurrying a little, with quick, stiff-legged steps, holding his balance against the hill as if he were digging in with his toes, Bert sliding slowly in the lead.

Ellen Lou stood in the blue shade, watching them steer among the dark, stiff, pointed spruce, watching the swing of their eager bodies and arms till they were gone among the trees. Rover crept up beside her, and peered deep into the timber, his black nose quivering.

She turned back to the only bright spot in sight—her mother standing watching after her boys, in the red-checked gingham Bert had brought her last fall.

### III

IN THE flat, at the river's edge, their traps and rifles thrown down on the crust, Fred and Bert leaned above the black hole they had broken in the ice. And the gaunt, gray, leafless cottonwoods, standing sparsely along the

bank, leaned above them, peering down at what they were doing, peering up into the sky, testing the cold a little with their brittle knotty fingers, quiet and resigned to the frost in their roots, resigned to winter and the pale sky, gaunt and alone and forgetful of spring. Around them the flat lay white and shining as a lake bewitched and silent: eastward to the foothills the boys had come out of; westward to the black timber that rose up the side of the Tetons.

Bert hauled a great rusted trap out of the water, and with it a stiff, dark, dripping beaver that clung to a chunk of broken ice as if it were alive. "The old meat-pot," he approved. "She always brings in one thing or another, no matter where you set her."

Then Fred leaned above the hole, and the dark disturbed water caught at his face, distorting it into a swirl, sucking it under, as if to avenge the disturbance Bert had made, as if it too could not tell one brother from the other. Fred drove his arm into the cold wet clinging blackness, feeling beneath the shelf of ice for the trap's moorings.

"God *damn!*" He jerked up a blue arm and hand with a long scratch too cold to bleed.

"Here, *lemme.*" Bert shoved him aside with a shoulder and brought the chain up with a yank, the rusted links dangling broken. "Well, there she is, anyway," he said.

"Got a paw like a she-bear, ain't you," Fred taunted, reluctantly admiring.

"Did you cut deep?" Bert answered, and helped himself to Fred's hand. Fred yanked it away.

"Naw, not to mention. Here, let's spring this here, and have a look at what we got. That fur don't seem so poor, considering." He tested the stiff pelt with his toe.



As if Fred's resistance rather than the scratched hand were the attraction, Bert ordered, "You hold on now," and snatched up the hand again.

"Don't bite in *too* deep," Fred taunted the open, white-toothed mouth that descended on his wrist. And for an instant, Bert's face, stooping to suck at the scratch and spit pink at the snow, reflected the taunting flicker of light in Fred's face, like a mirror that catches a twist of mouth or a pucker around the eyes and gives us back another in ourselves. But in a moment Fred was scowling his face into obedience again, forcing his brows into a fierce black line.

With his wrist at last tied up in a stale blue handkerchief that Bert dragged up out of a hip pocket, Fred turned to the trap on the bank and set a foot on one end. "If this here is any good, it's yours by *my* count," he offered the catch to Bert, and lunged his weight on the spring. As if he had not heard, Bert stamped on the spring at his end of the trap. But he carefully lifted the beaver, stiffly broken-backed, off the great teeth that had been designed for bear.

"The fur's *good*," he said.

"Pelt's ripped."

"The old mouse-trap turns a little onery at times all right. Like Pap's old forty-five-seventy. Gets what she goes after, but tears it all to pieces doing it. Well, it ain't *her* fault—*she* can't tell a beaver from a grizzlie." Bert snapped the yawning teeth shut upon emptiness.

The beaver skinned, they left the corpse for some hungry coyote, and Bert stuffed the pelt into his pack with the rest. The boys took up the other traps that had been gathered along the way, and stepped into their skis. Bert stooped for a coyote's severed sharp-nosed head lying beside its own blot of blood on the

crust. The rifles were more than ever in the way now.

"Why the hell they can't be satisfied with a brush or a paw—why they must have a head—I can't see," Bert argued, stowing away the pointed awkward skull that must be presented for bounty.

"I can smell a chinook comin' sure as you're living. We better be mosyin'." Fred slanted his squint from the earth's shine leaning up from the crust on all sides, up to the glare of naked sun and sky. "It's ten o'clock right now," and this time he thrust his skis away in the lead.

"Yeh, Ma'll be starting that worry of hers if we ain't right on the dot," Bert complained.

Noon was crowding the sun across the southward sky as Bert, with Fred behind again, edged himself up the last of a long slant, and stood at the top for a breathing spell. The flat lay shining far out below, and above and beyond them a white head of cliff sparkled under the sky as if it were hot. Its blue shadow clung close to its northern side.

Bert stared after a fleeing camp-robber whose wings crackled and rustled up out of their quiet and darted along the hill. He watched the bird go and looked back. But Fred lagged behind, blind as a bat to Bert and his camp-robber, staring out of his long thin face at nobody knew what.

"Wool-gathering again!" Bert supposed, and snorted through his nose and squared ahead and thrust out a ski in a long impatient stride. He forgot Fred, keeping an eye cocked for something that would move. His lips relaxed and parted a little.

"Hey, push on it!" Bert bawled back down to the slow one climbing a zigzag below, dragging his short shadow. He



mopped the shine from his upper lip with a quick lick of his tongue. "Be to hell-an'-gone before he'll catch up!"

Fred, clinging with his skis, his teeth set as if he clung with them too, helped himself up the last plunge with the butt of his rifle in the crust. He stood beside Bert looking down the long scantily treed slope that should be worth half a mile to them. His cheeks drew in against his teeth, leaving his chin long and a-jut, and his nostrils sucked and flared as he kept them to the hurt of breathing, clenching his mouth shut against the panting that fought to escape from his chest. He glanced at Bert, standing erect against the traps strapped on his back, breathing unconcernedly, frowning a little, looking down the world. Fred shifted the iron-hardness of his own pack from one shoulder toward the other. "It's gettin' sticky," he said. "Go ahead."

And Bert, thinking, "Hell, he's winded already," flung out his arms and dived down the slope as if the time of day didn't matter and his belly were full, as if the morning were only beginning and he hadn't been doing the same thing for the last eight hours.

Fred had to admire the long swift flight as Bert descended with arms flung wide to the wind, his rifle aslant like a rudder against his going. Fred set his own rifle against his leg to shout a long halloo through the hollow of his hands. He heard Bert's echo come back.

After it came a sound that shut a trap on his throat. He stared up out of a face drained and bleached as bone at the slanting cliff above Bert, letting loose its hold, crumbling.

The insecurity under his feet might have been his own dizziness, but it was not. The roar in his ears might have been his own blood draining away, but

it was not. It was a hillside of snow slipping away from its hill, rending and mumbling—shoving. It was a mountain of snow plunging down to Bert with a loosening thunder and growl that shook the hills around. Fred tried to scream. But he could only stand in a white world as if he were asleep between the white sheets of his own bed staring and gurgling with a dry throat at a dream.

He saw Bert look back and up as if he too had heard; saw him spin his arms, as if he were trying to slow the flight of his skis. He leaned aside. He was trying to turn away from the path of the slide. But he was flying too fast to change his course. The new skis sped on, carrying him downward, straight in front of the vast, gathering, piling mass that rolled forward under a flying spray. A great pine standing in the path screamed and fell in a wide arc, rending and splitting, its final crash spattering snow high in the air. It leapt and plunged, tortured and alive, and was buried under the torrent and lost. A whole grove disappeared beneath the swelling descending turmoil of snow that seemed to draw even the surrounding hills in toward its power. Only a spruce that leaned with the mightier strength struggled erect again, stripped and scarred and alone; the stubborn breeds were torn up by the roots, hurled headlong, sucked under. The young aspen and smaller spruce scattered along the slope snapped and crackled as if a fire sped over them. And over all was the tearing and splitting and crash! crash! crash! of the lodge pole pines, the white flying spray, and the jarring continuous thunder that seemed to grow louder the farther the slide drew away.

Fred leaned above, his whole body a pressure back of his eyes, straining Bert on, straining against the terrible weight



of the slide for his escape, trying to see him gain away, diminished and alone, far down the hill.

Bert shot out onto a level. *There* he could turn! He was safe!

But he dipped again, straight on, and the great falls, gathering speed, in the open now, with nothing to halt their advance, blotted him out as if he had never been, and plunged on, blotting the scattered trees, drawing the snow on either side, sucking brush and rock and scrub pine into their roiling current.

Fred stood as if he were dead, watching it spread away into a great tree- and boulder-littered fan on the lower level, sighing away into stillness. He shifted his eyes to its trail down the near hill—a gash strewn with boulders and mangled earth and shale, spruce and aspen and pine bent and broken and uprooted.

Stiffly he kicked off his skis. One of them tipped over the curve of the hill, unnoticed, and slid away on a long swift adventure of its own. Bent double and clumsy-kneed, as if he were crippled, he started a zigzag down the hill toward the spot where he had last seen Bert.

## IV

“O CHRIST, O Christ, O Christ,” Fred was running downhill, sobbing between his teeth, holding his breath; sliding and falling down the crust, clinging with his eyes to the place where Bert must be, till his eyeballs seemed drawn out of his head. He stumbled into the path of the slide, but going was better on the crust. The heavy pack of traps bounced on his shoulders, bruising him, breaking his balance. He jerked at the straps, twisting out of them as he ran, and hurled the burden aside. He ran straight down until his body was only an ache hurtling too fast for his blood, and the white glaring crust at

each step split to a chasm to take him in. But he must not lose the spot where Bert had gone under. His eyes pulled at it, aching as if they were pulleys, drawing it into their sockets. And then his feet could no longer keep up and he plunged on his face and slid head downward till the little teeth of the crust had eaten his cheek to the bone.

He stopped himself, he did not know how, whether he caught at some bush or boulder, or whether some tree stood suddenly in his way. But he stood on his feet. The fear in his throat ran like fire up his face. His whole body was a terrible stinging fear. But he knew only that he had lost the place that meant Bert. The air hung empty and serene over the desolate litter. His eyes, snatching at every brush and rock and broken object they found, rejected it, seeking frantically farther. *Where* was the place?

The upturned roots of a tree were suddenly familiar as if he had been looking at them for weeks. Then the black tentacles stood up like some monster he never had known existed.

He steadied his dizzy body. It must be that tree-root—it must be *that* he had tried to mark as the place. He stepped, but the mountain rose under him. He crawled up and across the pile of broken snow that lay dumped before him. He squirmed around the blasted tree-roots and rocks jutting into his way. He scrambled across the hard-packed jumble on his hands and knees.

“Bert!” he called. “Bert!”

His own breathing was so loud that the whole mountain might have been stirring under the snow.

Some part of his mind rewrought a story he had known: of Hans Bergman, who was caught in a snowslide on the Pass; and of how he waited there,



buried, for help. His breath had melted a little hollow around his face, and he dug at the place with his pipe-stem until he had bored a small hole up to air. Then he waited, able to breathe, and warm in his deep-covered nest, till the others who had somehow escaped came, hearing his voice from somewhere, finding his little hole. . . .

"Bert!" Fred held his breath, and a wave of silence spread up the mountain like a wind. He twisted about to look behind him. Stillness—it lay everywhere, leaned out of the empty sky, hid behind the trees, watching. . . .

A long time ago he had tried to call. He could hear the word echo far back in his mind.

His eyes alighted suddenly on a thin yellow ski sticking up out of the snow. He scrambled away from his root and clutched the ski. If Bert's foot were still caught in the strap! He pulled at it gently, and a broken half-ski came away in his hands. He stared around, hunting some other sign of Bert, but his eyes found nothing they could recognize.

He dropped to his knees and tried to tear away the snow with his hands, digging at the narrow little hole where the ski had stood. But the wet-packed snow was like rock. He snatched off his mittens and clawed with his bare fingers. He caught up the ski and prodded with it. But it bent limberly. He'd have to have something to dig with! Where was his rifle? He looked around, but it was not there. He could not remember what he had done with it. He poked and dug at the piled snow with the thick end of a broken branch, scooping it away with his hands and feet, kicking and scratching it out of the hole. But no hint of Bert was there, nor even the rest of the ski. He dug farther, till it seemed he had cleared the litter away for miles.

But when he looked it was only a place to lie down in. And here he had piled the snow higher! Bert might be under the pile! He might be burying him deeper!

Burying him! That's what any one coming over the ridge, looking and seeing him down here would think! He began to tear at the pile he had built. They'd think he'd killed Bert and was hiding him—burying him out here under a snowdrift. Fred could feel the black figure leaning above, silent, and peering down—a black thing—a man—like the trunk of a tree.

For an instant he stared up from his frantic work, searching among the trees on the ridge. But the white bright hill was silent, the trees on the ridge stood unnoticed, the world around was untenanted. And consciousness of himself flowed like a hot wind back down the hill to Fred.

He tore at the harsh snow till it grew pink under his hands. He thought of how one spring at school he had jumped off the roof into a pile of snow that had slid, and had stuck so that he could not move. And the others had come and pulled him half in two, and had finally had to shovel him out.

If only *he* had a shovel. If he had *anything* to dig with! For a second he stopped and stared at his tingling, stinging hands. Where the skin had been scraped away, the raw flesh of his finger-ends showed, chopped by the little knives of the snow. He snatched up the branch again and pried at the snow until he fell forward. . . .

Damn such a night! Where had Bert yanked the covers to *this* time! He reached for the covers. His hands felt like stumps.

Gradually the cold in his body and



the numb immensity of his face and hands brought him their reminders. He pushed himself up and opened his eyes on a twilight world. The wreck of the slide spread around him as if it had carried and hurled him there and left him to waken. Beyond, the snow spread smooth and gray along the hill, among the scattered trees, up to the black rim of pines. And the gray sky came down to the black of the pines, down to the gray snow, down to the nightmare slide and Fred, closing the pines and the hill and the snow away, bringing the winter night. He could almost see the darkness move, feel it upon his face like the touch of a cold hand. His waking nightmare expanded around him in the darkening stillness.

The dusk was filled with Bert—as if Bert's spirit covered the hill; and Fred started up with the thought of Bert like a coldness bathing his skin. But his bones felt broken, and frozen into their brokenness. His knees would not bend; and what had been the sweat of his frantic terror was ice against his skin.

How long had he lain there? With Bert perhaps dying within his reach! He saw the marks of his clawing in the snow. Why hadn't he gone for help!

He straightened his stiff body, and pain thrust through it like icicles. He ran as if he were floating, dangling over the broken waste of the slide. His feet touched the surface numbly, he scrambled and slid, his hands pawed at the snow. But when he reached the crust, his feet sped more easily, his brain spun dizzily homeward.

If Fred, hurrying himself through the blind dark, chilled with fear and cold, could have looked into the lighted window for which he watched through the trees so anxiously, he might have

thought that he had suffered only a bad dream. For there sat his mother and Ellen Lou close to the black hulk of the range that breathed out its warmth like a great animal. And under the quiet hands of each lay a bit of work, as if they had just finished, or were stopped to follow some thought along its way. And through the window Fred could have seen that the table was set for supper, with the lamp and the syrup pitcher in the middle, and he would have known that he and Bert were expected in from their choring.

But then he would have seen Ellen Lou burst from her chair, and the look of her face, her words seeping dimly through the log wall: "I'll bet *they* get a good rakin' over the coals when *they* get home. Stayin' out all day and half the night"—a spiteful sniff—"them two!" And his mother's unanswering face would have jarred his thought back into its pain. Seeing E'Loo snatch the dim-burning lantern that waited beside her chair, he would have hurried around the corner of the cabin to meet her, coming out.

But Ellen Lou, on the porch, lifting the lantern a little, staring at the dark, saw only the dark. She heard Rover's claws and whining at the door and turned back to let him out. Her mother sat, straight-backed, where she had left her, starting her chair into a fit of nervous rocking.

"What's the matter with her?" Ellen Lou worried. "She ain't opened her mouth to say more than three words all evening." Like an answer, like an echo, the thought wavered again in E'Loo's mind: "That slide we felt rumble this morning, shaking the cabin—and Ma standing, looking far away, listening." She pulled the door to softly and followed the snowpath around the corner



of the house, still feeling her mother's motionless sitting in the dull flame of the light between the close log walls. She took the crusted bank behind the cabin at a run with Rover stepping on her heels. At the top she swung her lantern, and released a long throaty call into the night.

She held her breath to listen. Rover listened, too. But her call seemed not to have found even an echo. She looked down at Rover's small pricked ears, his bright intense stare. He glanced up into her face letting his ears relax for a second. He shifted his feet and whined. He listened again.

"What is it, Rover—are they coming?"

He yapped a quick yap, and trotted out into the dark. Ellen Lou waved her lantern again in a slow arc. She might as well walk on along—if that was them Rover heard, she'd soon hear them too.

"I guess they're comin', Ma. Rover hears something," she turned to call down to the cabin-bulk in its nest of snow, and she tried the crust carefully for a few steps.

"I'll hear the skis soon now, the boys' skis makin' their whine-and-sing-song comin' along," she comforted herself.

Walking in the little uneasy circle of dim yellow that her lantern cast on the wide dark of the hill, Ellen Lou went between the trees, and every tree a little farther on was Bert and Fred. She stood still, thinking, "You could sharpen your teeth on the cold of this night," thinking, "Those two's noses'll be worse than no nose at all," trying not to think, "Oh, I wonder—I wonder—*why* don't they come?"

From out of the empty darkness ahead came Rover's bark. And Ellen Lou shouted—but she got no answer.

She went toward Rover's barking until it stopped.

"I spose he thinks he's got something treed—the fool—the fool—" But she waved her light again, and here was Rover grinning and plunging into her and tearing away again.

She could hear a walking on the crust.

"Bert?—Fred?—" she called sharply, and felt a little cold wind of fear pass over her body at the quiet she got for answer. But Rover was back now with his panting, and a hard breathing was coming behind. Steps were close. The feet were within her little circle of light, but she could not recognize the dim face until it was almost upon her, saying in a cracking voice, "It's Bert! He's caught in a slide!" And with a sob that sounded like, "We gotta get back there," he caught the lantern out of her hand and lurched rather than ran down the slant toward the cabin.

Running behind, Ellen Lou saw the lantern go out as it went over the bank, heard it strike against something as if it had fallen, but she caught up only in time to see a dark figure stand in the lighted door.

Inside she stared at Fred's scraped and frozen face, and for a second's surprise as she listened, thought, "Why, I thought he said he was Bert!" and looked close for an instant not knowing what she was doing, hearing the sobbing breath and the orders, "Shovels, and something to bring him to—we gotta hurry—you don't seem to understand!"

Ellen Lou was getting out the other lantern, fighting it, trying to get it to light, and half-thinking, "He'll have to eat," when her mother's voice broke in. Ellen Lou realized that her mother had not spoken before. The harsh quiet of that voice made her aware of herself snatching and pulling at everything in



sight; of Fred screaming his wild insistence till nobody could hear.

"Settle down now, settle down, you!" And the mother waited for Fred to subside, waited until under her heavy stare he could only stare helplessly back, stirring the air a little with his frozen hands.

Then her long white face stirred in its flesh to say, "There's no use you getting excited—Bert's dead."

And Ellen Lou, looking out of eyes that blazed as bright as Rover's, could not think of what she had heard for the sudden quiet that spread through the cabin and her body and reached out into the mountains and the dark, white valley. She stared at her mother's gray face like dough; at Fred standing there as if he had had the marrow sucked out of his spine.

## v

FRED's sore hands were in use again. He had carried them about like two bundles for a week—but this morning his mother had snipped the bandages to still his complaints. She squatted with him now in the afternoon sun on the cabin porch, helping with the chicken-coop patching his insistence had begun on. She handed him a nail, a board, she drove a nail herself to save his healing hands. But Fred let her small attentions go by, his teeth clamped on a ten-penny nail, his brows clamped on a scowl. His spotted healing cheek glistened in the sun. He drove the nails in with sharp fierce blows.

"Killing snakes," his mother's mind said to itself wearily, and she looked away aslant the hill with its blue climbing tree-shadows, its streaks of white glare. Fred couldn't even drive in a nail without thrusting out his elbows and getting mad as a game rooster. He al-

ways had his elbows thrust out at something. Bert was so easy-going and good-natured—for all his teasing.

How would Fred manage things now without Bert? It had been all the two of them could manage—the *four* of them—with the plowing and seeding, the irrigation, the haying, the butchering, the race against winter, even though the race covered only a hundred and sixty acres—not even that. Less than a hundred acres down in the flat were cultivated. How else could it be? They were only boys. But they had had each other, and what one lacked, the other somehow provided. Bert's slipshod haste was carefully harrowed in by Fred's thoroughness. And if Fred would have spent a whole summer seeding a ten-acre patch just so, Bert took the oat sack out of his hands and strode down the field, spinning the bright seed each way—whizz, whizz, whizz—and let Fred expend his pains on irrigating the alfalfa, which took some doing.

Thinking of Bert, she looked at Fred's sore tense face. Every time she looked at Fred she thought of Bert. Fred was a constant hard reminder—but Bert was in her mind all the time anyway. *Why* had it had to be Bert? She caught at the bitter thought and jammed it back where it had come from, down through darkness; but her mouth-corners held a little of the bitterness, as if she had swallowed what would be vomited. And an arguing clamored in her: "You'd feel the same if it had been Fred instead—you'd be squatting here like a fool-hen hating Bert." And a far corner of her mind whispered an ugly comfort: "It's better to hate Fred than Bert." She cleared her throat, drowning out the sounds of her thought.

Fred glanced up at her suddenly. That small hacking sound released him



from the vice of his own quiet. Instinct remembered that relief had always followed that little sound in his mother's throat—he had never heard it when she was stubborn or mad. But his eyes found her look upon him, gray and strange in the chill sunlight. A thought stung him as if he had been struck on the back of the head, making his sight a glitter—if she thought he'd killed Bert!

In his sleep that night Fred again saw Bert sucked under a torrent of foaming white fury, and sat up screaming into the dark until his mother shook him awake. He lay down again as cold and wet as if he had been asleep in a snow-bank.

Mrs. Turner crawled back into bed beside Ellen Lou, silent as if she thought the girl still asleep, and they lay, careful of their breathing, staring into the dark, listening to Fred's plunging.

He lay with his arms wrapped around his head until the bed ate into his flesh, when he must plunge to a new spot, to a new twist of position. And his thoughts scurried up and down his body like squirrels up and down a pine tree, till he must fight them back and lunge away again. And as he tried to clear his mind it seemed to him that he had been only half-awake the last week. Why hadn't he gone back to Bert that night? Why hadn't he gone—shoved his mother aside and gone? She'd said Bert was dead, and he had believed her and gone to pieces like a two-year-old. Stood and stared and let them hustle him into bed as if he had no mind of his own. And Bert was under a ton of snow, trying to dig out, trying to get his breath, maybe with his back broken, waiting for him to come, thinking, "He'll be here now—Fred, he'll be here in a minute—"

And Fred lunged and groaned and dug at the night with his stiff-scabbed hands. He'd killed Bert—that's what he'd done—left him buried under a slide.

Tearing at the pillow with his teeth, he let a choking escape from his jaws. In a moment he felt the warm bulk of his mother weight the bed-edge. "There, there, Freddie—there—there—"

Like a little boy he pushed his head into his mother's stomach, and cried in a choking high shrill wail. She'd called him Freddie—and he realized she hadn't since that night. He hugged her close. "O Ma, O God, I let him die! Why didn't you let me go back that night? Oh, why didn't I go? I might have saved him. It's like I'd killed him."

"There, there. There, there now. You couldn't have done anything. He's gone, and none of us can help it. You'll have to brace up. We'll have to get over it. We'll have to—forget—about Bert—"

But Fred writhed in his tortures of remembering, until he saw Ellen Lou standing in her long white night gown in the shadow of early light from the window. He gripped his throat on a sob and held his breath. He thrust himself from his mother as if he could not bear her touch and stretched away to his pillow. "You try to get some sleep, you better," he said thickly, and turned his swollen face into the covers.

But in the morning his mother set his breakfast before him without a word. She didn't call him Freddie again. And E'Loo and she were so quiet-faced that he thought his mother's comforting in the night must have been only a dream.

"If it had been me instead of Bert," he thought sulkily, "they wouldn't have



hated Bert for killing *me*,"—and cringed from his own thought. "I didn't kill Bert!"—he had almost said it aloud. He pushed himself back from his breakfast, snatched down his cap and jacket and went outdoors.

Noon and Mrs. Turner had each an eye on a man who skied across the flat below the Turner cabin. The sun may or may not have been a comfort to his going—but he could not have been aware either of Mrs. Turner's eye, or of what stood suddenly in that eye around his image.

She choked her alarm, thinking, "Fool, I'm worse than Fred," and turned back to the table where the two young ones sat over their dinner, silent except for a "Pass the sugar," "Pass the slaw." But a second thought said, "No use to take chances." She glanced out the window again. "If he *is* coming here."

She sat down. In a minute she said harshly, "There's some one comin' up the flat." Her thought stumbled, unsure which way to take. Fred was at the window. E'Loo stared up from her food with her mouth full. "If he comes by this way," the mother hunted out the words, "our business ain't any of hisn."

She waited for Fred to say, "He's coming," or, "He's not coming," but Fred stood silent, looking out.

He turned his stare to his mother's long, flushing, wrinkling face at her shrill scolding: "And you two can get in the bedroom and keep out of the way—standin' around with your mouths open like dummies!"

But they only stared at her, and when the mother looked out the window again, the man had skied himself far up the flat.

Ellen Lou looked suddenly from Fred to her mother, and could not swallow what she had in her mouth.

*(Concluded next month)*





# Dollars Across the Sea

BY C. H. BRETHERTON

*An Englishman comments on some of our more recent gyrations*

THE burdens of adversity are never so heavy when one has a companion in misfortune. For that reason alone—and there are others—America and Britain are drawn nearer together today than at any time since the War. The sound of Uncle Sam splashing convulsively in the consommé has gone far to console John Bull for finding himself in the soup. Contrariwise, John Bull's recuperative groans must have gone far to reassure Uncle Sam when he seemed to be going down for the third time.

By such tribulations a lasting bond is engendered. England today—one is expected to say "Britain" on all relevant occasions to please the Irish and Scots, but actually the Englishman is the only one in the British Isles who really matters—has got both feet back on *terra firma*. That is as it should be. The slump hit us first and it is right that we should be the first to recover. At the same time we realize that we shall never do business at the old stand with quite the old vigor unless that old huckster, Jonathan, is peddling his contemptible wares across the street. We want America to be up and doing again—a slightly chastened and accommodating America, but an America as prosperous as ourselves.

Let me say frankly that when we were first plunged over ears in the slough of economic despond America was a little hard to bear. I have before me a large volume entitled *America Conquers Britain*. I will not mention the author's name lest for very shame he go out and commit *hara kiri*, but there lies his massive contribution to current economic history, a monument more enduring than brass to the unescapable truth that pride comes before a fall.

I will not dwell on its contents. Enough that it depicted Uncle Sam sitting unassailably on top of the world, with nothing more to reach for but the stars and the reasonable right to buy alcoholic refreshment, while John Bull, all his ill-gotten economic plunder wrested from him by the more powerful organism, sat up in the mud and wondered what had hit him.

I do not suggest that all Americans felt quite so cock-a-hoop in 1929, but a great many did and the annoying part of it, from the Englishman's point of view, was that they had every apparent reason to do so. Distance, as represented by the Atlantic, may have lent enchantment to the prospect of American prosperity but at any rate there were no obvious cracks in the plaster. Europe



felt dimly that there must be a catch in it somewhere—it did not seem possible that one hemisphere could dance on the rainbow of prosperity while the other wallowed in the slough of depression—but what the catch was even our “distinguished” economists—mostly distinguished for the rapidity with which they changed their ideas to meet the facts—could not tell us.

John Bull never had any doubt about what hit *him*. Even the economists were agreed upon that. Extravagant public expenditure, mountainous taxation, loss of foreign markets, unemployment, the flooding of English markets with the dumped products of foreign countries with low wage scales and shattered exchanges—all these things took J. B. “in the abdomen” with a fiercer impact than any piece of old red sandstone flung by the Calaveras County Geological Society, and it was only because, as the copy books tell us, the bulldog breed never knows when it is beaten, that the subsequent proceedings interested him any more.

It had been reasonably obvious at the close of the War that the foreigner would not again buy from Britain the many commodities that the War had taught him to make for himself. That being so, Britain’s only hope was to make up for these lost markets by shutting the foreigner from her own, or at any rate by insisting that whatever country she took her foodstuffs and raw materials from should buy from her in a like quantity.

It took thirteen years and a hair-raising wobble on the brink of national bankruptcy to make the British, always a conservative people, change over from Free Trade to Protection. Naturally the Liberals and the Socialists, whose several passions for Cobdenism and

state-supplied incomes for all had brought the trouble to a head, held out against the change, but the British electorate, having at last made up its mind to change, made a good job of it and swept the Socialists and the Samuelite Liberals (the Simonite Liberals having gone over to tariffs) into the discard.

The National Government came into power, the budget was balanced and tariff walls were hastily thrown up, to be followed by *quid pro quo* trade agreements of which the biggest and most important were, of course, the Ottawa Agreements. Since the National Government came into power John Bull, if he has not exactly galloped forward, has at any rate not looked back. No longer an easy optimist, he is telling himself that he is not out of the wood yet, but in fact he is. Why, there is actually talk of something off the income tax next April!

**B**UT what, in the meanwhile, hit Uncle Sam? We did not know then and we do not really know now. There was a sudden crash and a loud squeal and almost the next thing we knew there was Dr. Roosevelt putting plasters on the swellings and exclaiming, “It’s lucky for you I happened along when I did.”

What did it all mean? Apart from those triumphant assurances that America was sitting on top of the earth with the Star-Spangled Banner in one hand and the *Saturday Evening Post* in the other, we English had all been taught by the economists to believe that nothing serious could really happen to a self-contained country with vast natural resources and thirty-nine people to the square mile that trusted in God and collected in cash from everybody else.



We were told that the United States could not, indeed, expect to maintain, in the overindustrialized post-War world, the export trade she formerly enjoyed, but that was no great matter because the Americans could very well dispense with their trips to Paris and the large consignments of more or less Old Masters, Cotswold farm houses and Mittel-European princes that had previously been imported.

If three or four years ago you had informed Mr. Keynes or Sir Josiah Stamp that they would soon be seeing Kansas farmers lined up in the bread queue and hearing New Yorkers asking each other to spare a dime, they would have laughed you to scorn. So we all would have done. America, the land of bilk and money, as your foremost author puts it, in the soup, with 14,000,000 unemployed, credit frozen, banks blown out of business like chaff before the autumn gale and even the Los Angeles real estate men denuded, for the first time in American history, of their roseate optimism! It was unbelievable.

Here, we told ourselves, is a vast country which raises more than enough food for itself and can easily turn out enough bedsteads, building material, cotton pants—anything, in fact except marmalade and Old Masters—to supply itself twice over. What *could* have gone wrong? Naturally we looked to America for an explanation—and got a dozen. There were Hooverites who said it was world depression and Technocrats who said it was too many machines and other people who said it was faulty distribution or too much Wall Street or too little optimism. One evangelist from the Middle West assured us in no uncertain voice that it was because God didn't love Americans any more.

Now as we English see it, what hit America badly was not that 14,000,000 Americans should find themselves out of jobs—it's the easiest thing in the world for a highly industrialized nation to overproduce itself out of a job, especially when it can buy the whole earth and the fullness thereof for ten dollars down and the rest in monthly instalments spread over five years—but that you had no apparatus ready for paying the unemployed enough to live on and charging it up to the taxpayers. When President Hoover was invited to consider setting up a national unemployment insurance scheme he replied haughtily that he was not going to pauperize Americans. Europe, of course, had long since set up such apparatus, being shamelessly of the opinion that it is better to pauperize the worker to the extent of letting him draw his dole at the Labour Exchange than to have him selling apples on the street corner or begging in a more forthright manner.

Now the beauty of our unemployment relief system (which, incidentally, could be greatly improved upon) is that (a) it keeps the jobless man from feeling that he is down and out and (b) it keeps the taxpayer, who has to find the money, not only alive to a sense of his responsibilities but ready to move heaven and earth to get the dole-drawers back on the payroll again. Americans may not find it easy to grasp the psychology of the situation but the point, put briefly, is that the citizen is ten times more teachable in his capacity of taxpayer than in his capacity of manufacturer or merchant or farmer or whatever else he may be. While the goaded British taxpayer in his extremity instinctively did the right thing, i.e., kicked the politicians, the goaded



American manufacturer merely ran round in circles kicking himself. It is true that he kicked out Hoover but it was with no real expectation that Roosevelt would be greatly different.

When the British electorate put the National Government in power it knew, and told them, exactly what it wanted done. Get off the gold standard, it ordered, balance the budget and give us a tariff wall the same as every one else. When the American electorate put President Roosevelt in power it had not the slightest idea what it wanted him to do. It just hoped for the best.

**H**AS it got the best or anything like it? It is much too soon to be asking that question. What we do know is that in inviting Franklin Roosevelt to the White House America started something that isn't going to stop for a long time yet.

The trouble with America, as it looked to us at this distance, was that in order to sit on top of the world you have to get financially all swelled up. It only requires everybody to be a booster to create artificial wealth and even before the War the value of nearly everything in America that was not subject to world competition was raised out of all proportion to the value of staple commodities. That meant that everybody had some "stage money" in his pocket except the poor farmer.

Real estate led the way and long before the War business sites in Los Angeles, which had never produced anything but salvation and sunshine, were selling at prices approximating to those of similar sites in Amsterdam, Paris or the City of London. The factory's chance to swell came when the hire-purchase system became popular. It sold in one year what on a cash basis

would have been the output of five, and the water thus pumped into its artificially inflated capital value was immediately translated, like the hot air pumped into the real estate, into bank loans or watered capital stock.

Then the moment came when, for no accountable reason, every man said to his neighbor: "Prices must come down. Let us defer buying (or building or replacing machinery) until they go lower," and almost overnight, as it were, the whole façade of paper wealth threatened to come down with a crash.

The normal process would have been to squeeze the water and the waterers out of the business, or to foreclose on the mortgage and start again, but you can not start squeezing the water out of the wealth of an entire nation without wrecking the banking system and leaving the business community with nothing to do but buy up its own bad debts. That process was already getting under way when Hoover was President and his idea was to let nature take its course. President Roosevelt said that the depression already in existence was nothing to the disaster in store if giant America, dropsical with figmentary wealth, were to be "slimmed" by the most drastic remedies to normal proportions.

President Roosevelt took the other course. Instead of capital wealth being deflated, he decided, prices must rise until they stood in just proportion to it. The first thing to do was to go off the gold standard, not as a necessity, as in Britain's case, but as a precaution. Some people in this country thought that President Roosevelt's forthright harpooning of the World Economic Conference was a trifle abrupt but nobody seriously questioned the wisdom of it.

But how to raise prices? There are



any number of ways of raising the price of manufactured goods, and the National Recovery Act is a sort of *mélange* of most of them. To raise the prices of primary products that are already being overproduced and whose price is largely fixed by international competition is another pair of shoes altogether.

NRA has raised the price of manufactured commodities, though without reviving business to anything like the extent that was hoped, but it has left the agriculturist and the raw material exporter worse off than he was before. Now there is one way and one way only by which the primary producer can be helped and that is by inflation, and the trouble with inflation is that it is a deal easier to start than to stop. Only carefully controlled inflation can be resorted to with reasonable safety and even then it is better to call it by some other name or to pretend that the cart is pulling the horse and not the horse pulling the cart. President Roosevelt publicly spurns open resort to the printing presses. He is also, according to the latest advices, buying gold at prices above the par value in dollars, which is inflation, call it what you will. But that will not be enough. If the Reconstruction Finance Corporation were to buy all the gold in the United States giving ten dollars in paper for every five-dollar gold piece, it would not cheapen the paper dollar enough to do any good, for the simple reason that everybody would know that this method of making two dollars grow where one grew before must quickly be exhausted. It is no good starting the ball rolling when everybody can see it is only going to roll a few feet. What is to be the next step? The simplest plan would be to pay the farmer a subsidy, say fifty cents per bushel of wheat, to be applied on his mortgage if he has one,

the money to come, not out of the taxpayers' pockets but right off the printing press.

Would that send the dollar diving down much lower than the President and his advisers wish it to go? It is quite a question. America's credit is mighty good and if the maximum of deflation were clearly stated beforehand the world might well be willing to accept the paper dollar at exactly the new value assigned to it.

It goes without saying that we in England are anxiously speculating on the outcome of what looks like an effort to make the face of the watch move round the hands instead of vice versa, also that we are considerably puzzled. Our economists, always the little gentlemen, praise the President for his comprehensive courage, but, having essayed to tell us, usually with a singular lack of clarity, what he is doing, usually end up by hinting that it is all very unorthodox and may well bring disappointment all round. In particular the "rubber dollar" has them completely baffled. Ever since commerce began, gold has been the constant and supply and demand the variable factors of trade. To stabilize price (the greatest common multiple of supply and demand) by juggling money about is something new, revolutionary and (the austerer economists declare) crack-brained.

We shall see. Meanwhile our financiers watch proceedings with something more than interest, knowing that an inflated dollar must compel us before long to produce an inflated pound. That will bring the gold countries off the perch and the time will be ripe for another World Conference to decide whether the precious metal will ever again be very satisfactory for anything but filling teeth.



# The Lindbergh Case

BY P. W. WILSON

*The most famous of all criminal cases in perspective*

THE authorities, it is said, are still interested in the Lindbergh case. After twenty-two months of baffled justice, some clue, it is hoped, may lead to the criminals. Life, after all, is itself a third degree. Over a cocktail a woman talks too freely, or a man, losing his temper, utters taunts. In the penitentiary a prisoner gossips. There must be scores of persons who, if they were willing, could help to clear up this business. People can not construct a ladder and send parcels through the post and spend large sums of money in bills of which the numbers have been published without leaving some trace of their activities. Truth will tell and truth will be told.

Here is, after all, the most famous of all criminal cases on record. The assassination of Julius Cæsar stirred not a fraction of the world-wide feeling that was aroused instantly by the disappearance of the Lindbergh baby. The murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish in Phoenix Park, Dublin, doubtless delayed Home Rule for Ireland. The shooting of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo was made a pretext—only a pretext—for a world war. But this kidnapping was a challenge to the home itself. Every mother knew by instinct what it meant and shuddered. If

a Lindbergh baby is not safe in society, what safety is there for any baby anywhere?

Never has any event—not the death of a President, not a declaration of war—filled a space in the press for so many months, that approaches the sum total of headlines, descriptions, daily reports, editorials, maps and pictures which were devoted to the fate of this infant. Nor was the news overplayed. Editors were deluged with letters. Lindbergh received communications of every kind by the hundred thousand. No fewer than 1,300 dreams were submitted for investigation. Indeed, the historian must now reckon with a factor in the working of destiny. It is preoccupation. At any moment a piece of news, wholly unrelated to politics and diplomacy, may sidetrack public opinion.

According to one conjecture, the guilty persons had been inmates of a mental institution who, though at liberty, still retained their homicidal tendencies. But the prevailing view is that the underworld was responsible. For years, racketeers had levied tolls on trade and property. A new racket was holding persons for ransom. If the public was apathetic to this enormity, it was because it was perpetrated usually by criminals on other criminals or on near-



criminals who had their own reasons for refraining from seeking the assistance of the police. The Lindbergh case was no such incident in the long wars between competing gangs. It was a challenge by gangsters against the community.

Lindbergh is the symbolic aviator of all time. Anne Morrow, whom he married, is the daughter of an eminent citizen, who was a classmate of Calvin Coolidge, a partner of Morgan's, an ambassador of rare acceptability in Mexico, a Senator for New Jersey and a man of Presidential timber. As an occasion for gossip their first-born had but one competitor—Princess Elizabeth of York, who stands in succession to the British throne.

There was royal publicity. But there was no royal protection. At a moment when stars at Hollywood were guarded, when Constance Morrow, sister of Anne, had to be kept under escort, the Lindberghs relied wholly on the good will of mankind. That good will was abundant. But no good will has ever been universal.

WE ASSOCIATE crime with cities. That shrewd observer, Sherlock Holmes, pointed out that the countryside also offers opportunities. The Lindbergh mansion was four miles from Hopewell, the nearest village. It lay within the shadow of woods which offered complete cover for unfriendly visitors. The grounds around the house were unwatched and, in effect, unenclosed. In the nursery, there was no burglar alarm. The Lindberghs secured a measure of immunity from the press, which they desired to elude. But reporters, though regarded as a nuisance, would not have been a menace. On the contrary, when reporters are around, kidnappers keep away.

It is well that a child learn to sleep alone. For an understandable reason, a small dog, addicted to yapping, was excluded from the bedroom while the child was asleep. The animal was regarded not as a watchdog but as a pet. On the other hand, no child of tender years—whether asleep or awake—should be left for any period out of hearing. It is said that four closed doors lay between the bedroom and the kitchen suite downstairs where the nurse was spending the evening. The bedroom was above Lindbergh's study. But its situation can only be described as remote and exposed.

At 7:30 p.m. of Tuesday, March 1, the nurse left the child in his cot. She visited the bedroom at 8:30 p.m. and saw that he was all right. But when she looked in again at 10:00 p.m. the child was gone. A ladder stood outside the window.

The kidnappers left a note demanding \$50,000 for the baby. It was signed by a curious device. There were two intersecting circles drawn in blue ink, and the area within the intersection contained an ellipse in red. There were three perforations on the paper.

At once, there arose a question of principle. Was this note to be used in order to entrap the kidnappers and vindicate the law? Or was there to be an attempt, at all costs, to get back the baby? It is essential to bear constantly in mind that the recovery of the child, not the capture of the kidnappers, became the objective.

In Great Britain, a small, crowded and sea-girt country, the case would have been handled by Scotland Yard, directing the local police. There is not the slightest doubt that the arrest of the criminals would have been their primary and absorbing purpose. The



State Police of New Jersey had to face a much more difficult situation in a country so large as the United States. The entire nation assisted in a feverish search. At one time, it is said, no fewer than 100,000 accredited persons were engaged. Automobiles were stopped at the ferries. The radio, the telephone and the telegraph were kept busy. Coast guards cruised around in their cutters. Stool pigeons produced clues. Hospitals and hotels were alert. The woods were combed. Every hunting lodge, fishing camp and abandoned shack was scrutinized; also, caves in the district. The Eastern seaboard was a whispering gallery of speculation and suspicion. Yet it was only by chance that—seventy-two days after the kidnapping—a Negro happened to come across the body of the child, hidden among trees, a few miles from the house and not far from Hopewell. The child's sleeping suit had been removed.

Compounding a felony, however human the motives, failed, and its only result was to impress on the underworld a belief in the helplessness of society to enforce the law. Other sensational kidnappings were reported, and, in one case, there was an obvious endeavor to repeat the Lindbergh case. Happily, the attempt to seize a child was frustrated.

IN JUSTICE to the police, it must not be forgotten that their one real weapon against the kidnappers—the note—had been taken out of their hands and surrendered to others. On March 5, only a few days after the crime, the secret of the cipher was communicated to two friends of the notorious "Legs" Diamond—Salvy Spitalo and Irving Bitz—who were publicly appointed to bargain for the return of the baby. Immunity to the kidnappers was guaranteed—not in-

deed by the authorities, which would have been unthinkable, but by the Lindberghs—and among the persons who offered their services as go-between was "Al" Capone, then behind the bars, who declared his willingness to contribute \$10,000 to the expenses.

Having offered \$1,000 out of his own pocket, Dr. John F. Condon on March 8 received a note, signed with the cipher, now no longer confidential. The Lindberghs were impressed and it was agreed that Condon should be known as Jafsie.

On the night of March 12, Jafsie proceeded to Woodlawn Cemetery. The baby, having been born in a home instead of a hospital, was not finger- or foot-printed, and while his finger-prints in the nursery had been collected after the kidnapping, these would have been useless on that night to Jafsie. He therefore carried a toy lion, an elephant and a double-humped camel, selected from the baby's toys, and was told how precisely the infant might be expected to react towards these familiar playthings. Also, he carried two pins of distinctive design.

Amid the gravestones, Jafsie, who was unarmed, met a man. Shown the two pins and asked whether he knew where they came from, the man answered, "Sure I do. They were used to pin the blanket to the crib." The man said further that the baby was on a boat, six hours away. The statement was in accordance with a widely advertised theory that the child had been taken to the Delaware River, which flows within easy distance of Hopewell, and so concealed somewhere along the coast. The man offered to send evidence of good faith by mail to Jafsie, and without delay there arrived a parcel, with a Brooklyn postmark, containing a blue sleeping suit for a child. It was similar to the



baby's sleeping suit which, however, was of a common pattern.

The cunning of the alleged kidnapper is revealed in his letters. For instance, we have this:

"Yes sir, ouer man fail to collect money. there are no more confidential conference after we meeting from March 12. Those arrangements too hazardous for us. We will not allow ouer man to confer in a way like befor. Circumstance will note allow us to transfare like you wish."

Such illiteracy is obviously assumed. The kidnapper insisted that the ransom be brought in a box of which he stipulated the exact dimensions. It proved to be a box that would hold precisely the agreed sum of money in the agreed denominations of bills. Once more we note ingenuity.

On a dark night, April 2, Colonel Lindbergh, Al Reich, who had been a prize fighter, and Jafsie proceeded to St. Raymond's Cemetery in the Bronx. Jafsie saw the alleged kidnapper, who was nervous, and by bargaining, reduced the ransom from \$70,000 to the original \$50,000. Jafsie returned to Lindbergh in the car where was the box containing \$70,000. They removed \$20,000 from the box—and Jafsie returned with the box and \$50,000 to the kidnapper. Jafsie was then told that the baby would be found on a yacht, *Nellie*, off Martha's Vineyard. For hours, an airplane flew over Martha's Vineyard. But there was no yacht. Dr. Condon returned to the cemetery, hoping to find the box with finger-prints. The box was not there, but plaster casts were taken of the alleged kidnapper's foot-prints.

The numbers of the bills were printed in the press—an immense array of serial figures—and bills with these numbers have been circulated through cigar

stores and Child's Restaurants. Indeed, this release of the bills led to a scandalous sequel.

A boat-builder in Norfolk, Virginia, called John H. Curtis, said that men had shown him dollar bills with the published numbers on them. He persuaded Lindbergh that the baby was held along the coast and the coast was searched by ships and airplanes. Under a truce with the Prohibition authorities, the rum-runners had a fine time landing their cargoes. On one stormy day, Lindbergh, a very Titan of tragedy, was held back forcibly from a plunge into the waves that separated him from a vessel where he hoped that his son might be. It was another hoax.

The trail of fraud did not end there. Gaston B. Means, a former agent of the Department of Justice, found in Mrs. McLean, the estranged wife of the former publisher of the *Washington Post*, an easy victim. As a friend of the Lindberghs, she put up \$100,000 for ransom and \$4,000 for expenses. Means has been convicted and sentenced. But the fact remains that, after murdering a child, the underworld has been enriched by emoluments exceeding \$150,000.

DESPITE all the investigations in the locality, two suspicious circumstances alone were reported. At Hopewell, on the afternoon of the kidnapping, some men in a motor car asked the way to the Lindbergh place, and about 6:30 p.m., a schoolboy on a road not far from the house saw a thin man in a car across which lay the lengths of a ladder. This evidence—for what it is worth—strengthens the idea—otherwise indicated—that the kidnapping was arranged at a distance from Hopewell—say, in New York.

An obvious question was where the



ladder came from. It could not have been bought or borrowed without suspicion. It had to be improvised.

In New Brunswick, a lady employed a German chauffeur and his wife. It is alleged (and denied) that they used an assumed name. The chauffeur was handy at carpentering and had recently lengthened a ladder in the house. Bedroom furniture had been unpacked recently from a crate, the wood of which was available. On the morning immediately after the crime, the chauffeur and his wife walked out of the house, alleging that they had received bad news from Europe. They left the car in a muddy condition and with an added mileage for which there was no obvious explanation. They were traced to a position in Philadelphia and gave what were stated to be satisfactory explanations. It is an instance of a clue that did not seem to lead to anything.

The foot-prints outside showed that there were two kidnappers and that one of them was either a boy or a woman. There were two reasons for employing a person of less size than a fully grown man. First, the ladder, in three pieces, was none too steady. Secondly, the window was narrow. Of the child's fate, it is not difficult, therefore, to suggest an explanation. Standing on an insecure ladder in close proximity to Lindbergh's study-window, a boy or woman—losing nerve—might have easily dropped the infant, in which case of injury no doctor could have been consulted.

A second theory may be added. There is a common and erroneous impression that the baby was hurried at once into a waiting motor car. No enemy motor car was as near as this to the Lindbergh house. The foot-prints were traced in a kind of horseshoe trail around the dwelling—always in full view of the win-

dows, had there been light—and across a dirt road into the woods. Apparently one kidnapper went ahead, finding a path, possibly with a flashlight. The other whose steps are better aligned, followed.

We can thus reconstruct the sequence of events. While the kidnappers were escaping on foot over difficult ground, Lindbergh telephoned the police. There arose a hue and cry of which the kidnappers with their confederates could not have been unaware. They could see lights in the house and note the movement of automobiles along roads otherwise lonely. The criminals thus realized the desperate position in which they had placed themselves. A day or two after the kidnapping, trappers trailed the tracks—even through the woods—and suggested that the kidnappers escaped by the one route of escape from the police who were rapidly converging. The kidnappers killed the baby, therefore, and removed its sleeping suit which, as they rightly calculated, would be an evidence of identity, sufficient for the collection of ransom.

The Lindbergh house had been recently built and it contained no secrets. Everything about it had been elaborately photographed and intimately described. The kidnappers, therefore, had little reason to seek inside information. Indeed, they were only concerned with two windows. The upper one, belonging to the nursery, told its own story. If it was unlighted, the child would be alone and asleep. The estate lay open as an outspread map. Along the one approach to the house—the dirt road—not a motor car, not an individual could leave or approach the house, undiscovered by anybody on the lookout. The movements of the family could be followed, therefore, hour by hour.



One risk could not be avoided. The window of Lindbergh's study was under the bedroom. At any moment, the Colonel might enter the study and notice the ladder. But, in the nature of things, the risk was outside any information that could have been obtained in advance from the household. There is, indeed, a hint that the kidnappers may have lacked the latest details as to the arrangements of the nursery. Apparently, there had arisen some difficulty over the closing of the nursery window, which, therefore, had to be left open. Yet on the ground under the window, there was found a chisel. The assumption is that the kidnappers expected—mistakenly—that the window might have to be forced.

THE crime spread suspicion over scores of lives. Without a moment of warning, people were called upon to give an account of their movements and their friendships. As a study of human conduct, no more fascinating experiment than this inquisition can be imagined, and in a number of instances, a story could be interpreted in two ways. It might be innocent, yet it suggested a doubt.

For the success of the kidnapping, as we have seen, no collusion with any member of the household need be assumed. The Lindberghs and the Morrows have maintained steadily that their respective households are innocent. Still, there had to be inquiry and it was carried out, not at the police station, but in the homes themselves. The aim was less to discover culprits than to obtain information which might lead to the recovery of the baby.

Betty Gow, the baby's nurse, was the last known person to see the baby alive and her antecedents were investigated.

Finger-prints distinguished her from a namesake who had been imprisoned and deported for an offense against the immigration laws, and she was shown to be of good record. She had entered the country four years before and had been recommended by Elizabeth Morrow.

In visiting the bedroom, Betty Gow would be alone. She can not produce, therefore, a witness to swear from observation that she did not hand the baby through the window. The note left by the kidnappers is not evidence either way. Once assume an inside confederate and it is explained. The window is narrow, and some clothes at one end of a cedar box within the window were undisturbed. Also, the kidnappers left no finger-prints. But there were foot-prints on the floor of the nursery, consisting of the soft soil immediately underneath the window and the general verdict, including the view of the police and the Lindberghs, acquits Betty Gow—whose affection for the baby had been obvious—of all suspicion.

The Lindberghs and the Morrows allowed their staffs to receive friends. About Betty Gow's friendship with a man called Johnson, there had been no secret. It had been going on for three years and had started, therefore, before the baby was born. On the previous Sunday and Monday evenings, he had visited her openly at Englewood and he had tried to make a similar date for the Tuesday evening of the kidnapping. Betty, however, was summoned to Hopewell to look after the child and the date was off.

Johnson's record was examined. Five years before, he had entered the country illegally and on this ground he was held by the Department of Labor. On the other hand, he had two brothers in the United States and had been em-



ployed for two summers as deckhand on the yacht of Thomas W. Lamont.

During the kidnapping, Betty Gow sat in the servants' quarters downstairs with the butler, Ollie Wheatley, and the butler's wife, who acted as housemaid. Like Betty Gow, they are British and of good record.

"Red" Johnson that evening was not at Hopewell but at Englewood, and the evidence offers a perfect example of circumstances of which two views may be taken. (1) A milk bottle was found at the back of his car and, with a baby in question, it invited inquiry. Johnson was declared to be on a milk diet, and the bottle was labeled "Wednesday," which means that it could only have reached him on Thursday when, in all probability, no milk would ever again have been needed for the infant. (2) Johnson admitted that on three occasions he had been to the Lindbergh house in Betty's company, that he saw the room on the second floor which is next to the nursery, and that the date of his last visit was a fortnight before the kidnapping. His submission is that he merely enjoyed Betty's company. (3) At 8:47 p.m. Johnson, having waited for cheap rates over the 'phone, called up Betty Gow at Hopewell from a drug store in Englewood. The Lindberghs were then at dinner, and the kidnapping must have been either going on or in immediate contemplation. Did Johnson or did he not wish to make sure that at this particular moment the nurse was not in the nursery?

Apparently Betty was surprised to receive the call. "What's the big idea?" she asked, and Johnson's response was the question, "How's the baby?" Johnson insists that there was nothing unusual in the question. Others remark that a knowledge of the baby's situation

—was it asleep or was it awake?—was it better of a cold or was it worse?—might be of use. The question was certainly a coincidence.

IN THE tales told by Wilkie Collins, the Victorian novelist, there is often a mystery within a mystery. The Morrises at Englewood employed Emily and Violet Sharpe, two sisters who, like Betty Gow and the Wheatleys, were British. So little was Violet suspected of any complicity in the crime that she was only questioned by the police on March 10, more than a week after the kidnapping. Asked how she spent the fatal evening, her manner became defensive. She had gone to the movies with a man, picked up in the street a day or two before, whose name she did not know except as "Ernie."

The police thought she was fibbing but—guessing an innocent reason—paid so little attention to the matter that they did not question the girl again until April 13. She then admitted that she had not been to a movie but to a road house, which admission seemed sufficiently to explain why she had lied about the matter. She still refused to give the names of the two men and a girl who had accompanied her.

Violet went to a hospital to have her tonsils removed and there heard that the baby's body had been found. She displayed extraordinary agitation and, against the advice of the medical staff, insisted on returning to the Morrow home. Mrs. Morrow's view, as quoted, has been that the girl was simply frightened. But the police noted that on the day of the kidnapping, Emily Sharpe, the sister, applied for a permit to sail for England and that, four days after the finding of the body, she did so sail.

Violet was taken, therefore, to Hope-



well, and interrogated in the presence of Lindbergh. Her wage was \$100 a month, and after remitting money to England she had accumulated a balance of \$1,600. Two years before, she had refused a press offer of "\$10,000 or something like that" for a photograph of the baby, just born. True, she had not disclosed the attempted bribery to Mrs. Morrow, and had spent three evenings with a reporter. But she had taken no money.

During the examination at Hope-well, the police searched Violet's room at Englewood and found cards of a taxi-man called Ernest Brinkhert, whose business was in Westchester County. Brinkhert had a conviction of some kind against him and his photograph, obtained from the records, was shown to Violet Sharpe. She was startled and at once identified it as "Ernie," but winked at one of the Morrow secretaries as if amused. It was decided that this time Violet Sharpe must be examined at the police station.

She walked straight upstairs to her room, took poison which had been intended for cleaning silver and collapsed. Subsequent inquiry showed that the real "Ernie" was a man named Miller, not Brinkhert, whose alibi was accepted. Violet's death certificate disclosed a fact, moreover, of which her parents themselves were ignorant, that before leaving London she had been secretly married to a husband who seemed to vanish into thin air. Of that marriage the sister Emily admitted that she had knowledge.

What secret this girl carried to her grave is undisclosed. The attendance at her funeral shows that her fellow servants—with whom she was popular—acquitted her of conscious complicity in the kidnapping, and in Great Britain

there was an amazing uproar. The third degree, it was alleged, had "hounded" Violet Sharpe into her grave, and there were questions in the House of Commons. The charges were investigated by the British Consulate in New York and were not sustained.

ON THE results of the Lindbergh case, a volume might be written. Nations are judged by the effectiveness of their sovereignty, and this failure in sovereignty, as it was regarded, had an adverse effect throughout the world on the prestige of the United States.

The mind of this nation was not only shocked; it was changed. A certain pioneering sympathy with criminals and politicians who condone crime was destroyed. In all directions, there was noticeable that fear of lawless domination which, like the nobler fear of God, is the beginning of wisdom.

Crime was seen to be no mere excrescence on the fringe of society. It was a cancer, which, however local, infected the entire body politic. The preposterous treatment of trials as amusing sensations to be photographed for the tabloid press, the easy-going nonchalance of juries, the arts and tricks of defensive attorneys, the amiable benevolence of penaltruists who think that criminals are the victims of environment and, as such, should be pitied and even praised, not punished—all of this varied experimentality was swept into the discard, at any rate, for the time being.

The movement against Prohibition was intensified. Laws, however good, so it was recognized, can not be healthy unless they are enforced.

This nation is now putting its house in order. The Lindbergh case contributed largely to its determination that house-breaking shall cease.



# High Wages by Franchise

BY H. P. LOSELY

*The only way to raise minimum wages in the present codes—  
inadequate for real recovery—is by use of the NRA  
licensing provision*

THERE is a wide-spread feeling that the NRA has come to an impasse. Yet its still creaking machinery, built without guiding precedent, slowly acquires momentum. The discouragement concerning its success is due to the fact that vital provisions of the Recovery Act have still to be called into play.

If we first patiently examine the modern basis of wage-rates and their relation to the urge for investment, we may comprehend the difficulties to be surmounted. We may then see why the effectiveness of the Act is being impaired; understanding the need for protection of the essential capital facilities, we will hardly be shocked at proposals for control.

Last June—when the bill was being rushed through—I wrote for the REVIEW: "The most serious problem of the administration . . . will centre round the question of what is a fair wage. Technicians will be able to decide the relative value of different kinds of skill . . . but it is going to require an iron nerve to impose equitable rates on some branches of industry." It is that courage which is lacking today. And I say this with clear perception that the imposition

of equitable rates is certain to destroy some organizations. Yet what chance would a general have to retain his command in wartime if he refused to order his troops into battle? Casualties are inevitable; his only choice is to maneuver so as to gain more than he loses.

Let us look at this question of equitable wages. For it is the lack of equity in wage scales which underlies most of the economic ills of the world today. Translate Carleton Beals's reports on the human cost of growing coffee and bananas into terms of economics. Repeat the theme for the cost of getting raw silk by juvenile fingers picking cocoons from scalding water. Add the bare elements of equity to the price of our raw material imports, and most of our difficulties of international debt transfer would disappear by triangulation. But we must remove the beam from our own eye before we can see clearly enough to look for motes in Caribbean or Japanese eyes.

Like the quest for truth, the search for justice is a never-ending venture. But in the matter of wages, we are so far from equity that even the crudest measurement can help us; measurement of low accuracy is an immense step for-



ward from no measurement at all. So we need not concern ourselves here with the accurate methods already in use by specialists, which evaluate fifteen separate factors to determine equitable relations of pay for widely differing jobs. Before we can fix relationships between jobs, we must have a base to work from. If we are to retain even the semblance of a democracy, with workers neither slaves nor wards of charity, but treated as laborers worthy of their hire, then obviously that hire must be sufficient to return to them, within its term, the *full* cost of living from appearance in the infant's ward till the last small resting place is paid for.

Even without early mortality losses, it costs on the lowest acceptable standard, hardly less than \$10,000 to raise a child to the age of sixteen. The cash expenditure is unfortunately not always in plain evidence. Much is hidden, or still worse, not made when it should be to prevent deterioration of stock. Put aside the sentiment of parental care. Estimate the lowest value of a mother's time and energy, often spent far more strenuously than on any factory job, when cash is not available to purchase store clothing, and food is raised in the garden-patch and home-canned. We might get some more items from the landlord who says, "No children wanted." Even the niggardly allowance for tax deduction is \$400 a year per dependent, without allowance for hospital and risk at childbirth. Add to that the governmental expenses for education, protection, health and recreation, all of which are inevitably charged back to the individual by a more or less circuitous route, and it will readily be seen that \$10,000 is rather too low an estimate.

To be on safe ground economically,

even the unskilled wage-earner should be able to reclaim this minimum primary investment in not more than twenty-five years, while also providing for his *own* maintenance. Again speaking in terms of rough but practical measurement, it means that any wage of less than \$25 a week must somehow be supplemented by other earnings, either legitimate or illegitimate, or taken out of the worker's hidden reserve—in plain English, his right to live is placed in question. That minimum does not provide for the work and risk involved in acquiring special skill.

Unhappily, the first code passed was from a notoriously low-wage industry, and although for that group it was a big step forward, the code served as a model for so many more that we now have many industrialists patting themselves on the back for eliminating just the worst of the sweat-shops. To label codes with minimum wages of \$13 or \$15 a week "fair" is either a travesty on justice or outright renunciation of democracy in favor of state maintenance. In bright contrast, we see some of the codes balancing the necessarily lower wages to the beginners in their industry by classified higher wages as they progress, thus placing their worker-groups as a whole on a self-supporting basis.

We have in the past few years come to appreciate many aspects of conservation of natural resources. We pursue programmes for reforestation, flood control, soil protection; we have game laws to protect wild life. Yet when we start to protect our most valuable resource—upstanding citizens—we stop half-way. That is not rhetorical expression, for even before the crash, our physical assets were valued at \$360,000,000,000, or only \$3,000 *per caput*. It should be plain that to allow exploitation of



expensively raised human beings on a basis which only returns to them half the input is disastrous, from purely economic considerations. With its power only half turned on so far, is it surprising that the NRA isn't working so well?

THAT the President himself is acutely aware of this condition was noticeable in his order approving the cotton textile code with the comment: "... approval of wages proposed . . . is not to be regarded as approval of their economic sufficiency and is granted . . . on the understanding that if and as conditions improve, the subject may be reopened with a view to increasing them. . . ."

Suppose then that the NRA should insist on a lifting of such minima as can be shown to be inadequate. No doubt a few voices already heard would be augmented to chant in chorus that some of our professorial advisers have never had to meet a payroll. If that issue is squarely faced, it may appear that some of those who have met payrolls by simple division need some instruction!

To comprehend the problem properly, it is necessary to have a true concept of the industrial process. At first glance, one is inclined to suspect that raising wages by fiat is on a par with issuing greenbacks. The procedure of acquiring raw materials and converting them into salable merchandise has been all too frequently regarded by the economist as a simple trading process of buying goods and labor at a fixed ratio and selling the product at a profit. With modern producing machinery, such a static concept is out-dated; it leaves out of reckoning the dynamic reactions between wage rates and the state of the art in industry, a factor so seldom por-

trayed that some space may well be given to it here.

Far from being a simple trading outfit, every industrial unit is constantly trying to improve its management of men, materials, methods and machines to attain a greater amount of value added in manufacture per man employed. Industry as a whole, in the eight years before the crash, so improved its technique that the nation's average in that short period showed an increase of nearly forty per cent per man. The characteristic of this increase is that it was brought about, not by trading, but by increasing the fecundity of the machinery.

Observe, however, that this forty per cent increase was by no means evenly contributed. One might expect that it would be greatest in those industries which had a low output per worker. Rather the opposite has happened. The increase in the low-wage cotton goods mills was only seven per cent. Blast furnaces, on the other hand, where wages are about twice as high, more than doubled the output per man, and 1929 was thirty per cent higher than 1925; that item is singled out as a reminder of the fearful outcry in 1923 against the abolition of the twelve-hour day. The eight-hour day was going to ruin the steel industry; yet I have intimate knowledge of cases where the cost of iron after changing to the shorter shift was rather lower than before. Judge Gary's legal mind was unaccustomed to mathematical intricacies beyond the simple arithmetic of the balance sheet. He has many successors today who need to learn that simple arithmetic is inadequate in modern industrial economics. There are long chains of consequences.

The general rule of development is that industries with high pay and in-



creasing business volume have the greatest incentive to invent labor-saving devices and methods. There are occasions, even in low-wage trades, when some mechanical improvement will pay, not by saving labor, but by improving quality, thus increasing revenue through higher prices or volume. But usually the prevalence of low wages makes an industry a poor field for the inventor to exercise his talents for making better machines—it is so much harder to justify the expense of a new machine by the savings it can show. So there is a deadlock of low wages, no invention, no increase of production.

Hence the first point stressed is that a lifting of wages in any group will stimulate it to invention. It will adapt itself to the higher wage level with new mechanical, chemical or other technical aids. To be practical, the only requisite is that the wage advance should not be faster than technological advance. But why lift wages first?

**D**UE to the confidential nature of individual reports, merged into a mass before becoming a public record, the figures are only averages. They should not be allowed to deceive us as to the wide divergence of efficiency in management usually found within any competitive group. The policy of some companies is to install the newest equipment available, and provide work for it by forcing the selling pace. Others move more cautiously. The laggards try to get along with machinery written down on the books to one dollar, but which should be sold to the junk man for five dollars a ton and replaced with more up-to-date models. Under our free-for-all rules, a tremendous amount of new equipment has been installed without a corresponding compensation

by scrapping machines made obsolete by new invention. Department of Commerce investigations indicate that even in good times there is rather more than fifty per cent surplus equipment seeking work.

That is doubly unfortunate. Not only has wealth been uselessly expended for excessive machinery, but there is conflict of interest between the owners of the new and of the old machines. The latter, whose management is perhaps as obsolete as the equipment, still try to keep machines and business going, find an immediate surplus of labor in their trade and seize the only way open to compete—by reducing wages. That door of escape is now being closed and a further requirement of higher wages may compel them to close up shop or revise machines and methods.

Admitting then that a boost in wages may make it impossible for some units to meet their payroll, is that calamitous? If the boost is not excessive—that is, if it still permits the majority to operate on a safe basis—it will, on the contrary, result in relief by extermination of the parasites. The volume of business in the industry need not suffer. The up-to-date units will get a larger share of it and, by handling it more efficiently and spreading the overhead over larger volume, will be readily able to pay more wages per hour and also hire most of the workers rendered jobless by closing antiquated plants. The total funds paid to all workers in such an industry will be increased, so that the workers' increased purchasing power will open up more jobs than are closed.

Beyond this primary effect, there will be an immediate stimulus in the machine-building trades, which are just those able and accustomed to pay high wages to over half a million workers,



and where added employment is most needed. To summarize briefly a lengthy argument, the effect of reasonable stiffening of codes will be to cause transfer of men from low-wage to high-wage industries. Now that practically all industry is under codes, it should also be feasible to push up all minima simultaneously by small monthly increments and so achieve a gradually rising price level.

It is noteworthy that direct wages constitute only some forty per cent of the conversion expenses in manufacture, the balance being largely indirect wages to machine-builders and land-developers (capital charges) and to management. Strangely enough, that approximate relationship has persisted while much technical progress has been going on, although a slight decrease in percentage of direct labor is apparent, due to more elaborate investment. Better planning to minimize the obsolescence losses on that outlay would alone permit a sizable increase in wages. Far from having a fixed fund out of which labor can take out more only if capital takes less, the basic fact is that both can have more as we gain in understanding and control of industrial processes.

The real ills that beset industry today are therefore not at all centred in difficulties of meeting payrolls. Progressive managers are again realizing acutely the high cost of low wages—not merely the cost to themselves in markets when the other fellow pays low wages, but immediately in their own mills, where the low wage has chilled enthusiasm to apathy. The heart of the problem is rather the question of obsolescence allowances; these are far more difficult to control than labor rates, and at times become larger in amount than the total of direct wages.

It is easy enough for the owner of a large mill to stop his payroll expenses for a time by accumulating finished stock and then shutting down the mill while he goes for a long cruise. But while he can so shut off the tangible expense of the payroll, the intangible obsolescence goes on relentlessly. He may return to find a competitor installing new machines which so far out-perform his own that he can only compete by either writing down his equipment value, or following suit with similar new machinery, and either course may cost more than an entire annual payroll. It is this unpredictable incidence of burden which is the most dangerous element of industrial business today. The investment in equipment needed to make high wages possible may amount to three times the annual wage bill, yet we have attempted to work with free-for-all rules, under which either a newly designed machine or merely ill-advised expansion of one unit can decimate the value of existing investment almost overnight.

THAT WAS not such a potential menace when industry was but little beyond the craftsman era, and investment relatively low, but is a deadly mistake in a highly mechanized social structure. Small wonder that the industrialist is so scared of sinking funds in fixed assets that even large returns fail to tempt him. Quite recently I had occasion to suggest a substantial investment of this nature which could show a certain return of 250 per cent if the house retained its business volume. That is so uncertain that the step has still to be made. Meanwhile, the men on the job produce less wealth, the machine-builder has no job and call money goes begging at one-half of one per cent.



What is the answer? It may well be just as little relished as the order of the doctor to operate and then put the patient on a diet. But industry needs more than bread pills and radio sunshine talks. We must somehow retire the surplus obsolete equipment and then prevent repetition of the excesses. As a practical basis for retrenchment in any industry which can plan its total volume, I have suggested the conversion from free and unlimited competition to a system of competitive franchises, using the license provisions of the Recovery Act. Such an industry can, by an essentially simple method of trade association appraisal, determine how much capacity should be destroyed and what license fees should be charged so as to reimburse the owners of surrendered equipment. That will make it possible for the individual plant to continue in operation, perhaps on a nominally reduced scale, but on a sound basis. Having acquired a license to operate a definite capacity, and with the total allotments only modestly in excess of projected trade requirements, each member will be reasonably certain of a steady volume and will provide stable employment to his personnel. The average unit would apparently reduce its physical capacity, but the consolidated plant would be more efficiently utilized. Actual output would then not be impaired and higher wages would become an economic feasibility, and should be exacted as a condition of the franchise.

The effect on sales expense would be remarkable. Purchasing agents have had things so much their own way that sales costs have grown out of all proportion to factory expenses and sales practices have suffered deplorably. Certainly, the existence of production control in an industry would restore parity

between buyer and seller; that, in turn, engenders more harmonious coöperation. There would still be competition in price quality and service—ensured by slight excess capacity—but no longer would there be the necessity to obtain volume by almost any concession, the salesman's backbone would be stiffened and his efforts directed to market development instead of fighting the chiseler.

Lastly, we should consider the stabilizing effect of the license on invention. When better machines are made, instead of letting a new unit equip itself with them, erecting excess capacity in the industry and taking away business which after all was built up by others, a newcomer would first have to acquire an existing license and take over the plant, and even then stay within the licensed capacity. New machines would then be installed only when they could earn enough to warrant scrapping old ones.

In practice, that would give each unit of a licensed industry comparative security for its investment, since none would have great opportunity to expand at the expense of another. Superior management might wish to expand, but to do so would have to acquire existing plants. General expansion of the industry would only be made to meet actual requirements and be controlled by allotment of expansion rights. As a consequence of having that security and assurance of volume, each unit would be able to work on a rotation plan of replacing equipment, junking each year the technically oldest group of machinery, following some sort of five-year plan of its own, extended each year to map out the probable retirement date of equipment and plan the works accordingly. The telephone companies, having



a monopoly, have used such planning methods for years very successfully. Of course the technique of central planning in each industry will require development by practice and should be supported by information from the general industrial planning and research agency authorized by the Act.

The staple-goods industries will find it fairly simple to plan their volume. Others may not be able to plan very accurately, but as the stable units also begin to stabilize their rate of equipment purchases, the other industries will see isolated irregularities submerged in a large average and find fairly accurate planning possible for them too. The planning should then

reach the executive stage, which means not merely forecasting, but manipulative intervention to even out the load, exactly as is done by good management in the individual plant today.

We should have a goal of a national income steadily growing upwards from 100 billions a year. To support the growth we can well afford a fairly constant outlay of four or five billions a year for a steady drive on improvement of our twenty billion dollar productive machine, making most of it over every five years by rational planning instead of mob psychology. Then the engulfing waves of the business cycle would be quelled to nothing worse than an occasional rough sea.





# Passing Shadow

BY ETHEL HEPBURN

## *A Story*

**A**RE you sure, Susan, that you want to stay home alone?"

It was Mother who asked, turning from the mirror over the kitchen wash-stand, where she had been pulling on her dark wool, cold weather hat. But Susan heard them all listening for her to say. Father, weaving a woolen scarf around and around little Rodger's throat, was looking gravely at her, out of gentle, pale blue eyes; Rodgie's solemn, round little face was lifted, with awful attention, toward hers; and across Dinny's shoulder, from where he stood reaching for his mackinaw in the corner shadowed by coats and robes, she caught an oblique, questioning glance.

There wasn't an answer solemn and spaced enough for all that listening.

Dinny scolded, impatient of her silence,

"Why didn't you go up to Aunt Jo's with Marge and Eloise, then, and help make popcorn balls for the church tree, if you didn't want to go to town? I don't see why you want to stay at home alone."

Susan's cheeks grew warm. Why, it was mostly for Dinny she wanted to stay at home, so that she could surprise him with a big box of fudge, Christmas morning. It was for Dinny, and of

course for Father and Rodgie, too, that she had plotted to stay at home this afternoon. But she couldn't explain, and Dinny scowled because she did not answer, and the red crept up along his cheek bones as he jerked his arms into his mackinaw sleeves.

Mother said, "Well, if you're sure you don't want to go." Her eyes were grave and in-looking on Susan's eyes. "We'll only be gone an hour or two. We'll be back well before dark." So they didn't listen for Susan any more, and Rodgie piped, "Dark early. Tomorrow's the shortest day of the year." And Father, laughing in his soft, pleased way, pushed Rodgie toward the door.

"Well, young lady," his roughened hands were cupping Susan's cheeks, "mind you tend the house. Don't forget to put a stick of wood in this stove now and then. The other fires will keep until we get home. Sure you don't want to change your mind, Sukey? A woman's privilege, always." He was smiling, now, broadly, and Dinny, close at his elbow and getting almost as tall, was grinning at her mockingly. They were laughing at her, again. Well, they'd like their fudge, all the same, and then they'd know why she had wanted to stay at home alone.



She smiled back at them, feeling as tall as Dinny, and even older; until he gave her a little condescending shove and pushed past her, striding manfully out to the barns to bring up the horses and the sleigh. When Dinny stalked around like that it always made her feel much younger, so that when Rodgie called, in his still piping, almost babyish voice, "Bye, Sukey," she was only a little girl, in spite of her long legs; a little girl, saying good-bye to a smaller brother. She waved at Father and Rodgie, looking back at her from the white light of the door opened upon snow. Her mother's arm was warm for an instant across her shoulders, and then she, too, had gone out into the piled white silence, the breathing silence of the world wrapped in snow.

Susan hurried, her legs a little quavery, to the pantry window, which looked out upon the lane. Father and Mother were like two muffins, bundled up on the seat of the sleigh, and Dinny and Rodgie, in the back, were simply swathed in raggedy quilts over their warm clothes. Nobody looked in at her; they didn't, of course, dream that she was watching from the window. Mother's eyes were turned toward the low hill, the southeast pasture, where the bones of trees writhed darkly against snow and sky. Father was glancing back of him to see if the boys were ready; he was lifting the reins, and Prince and Nancy, breathing visibly, like dragons, and steaming along their backs, started off. The sled moved smoothly, smoothly off, through the snow, through the white world. Not one of them looked back. . . . They were turning into the main road, now, moving out of sight, in front of the house, down the road toward town. . . .

Susan stood at the empty window, feeling lost. This was the first time she had ever been left entirely alone in the house, and they had simply glided out of sight without once looking back. Her eyes smarted a little; the winter sun was brilliant on the snow. And then, over the low hill the shadow of a passing cloud slid down, over the garden, across the house. The house was held for a moment in that shadow. And suddenly it was colder; cold, creaky and empty.

A chill went over Susan. Shaking herself free of it, she went to the dark cellar-way, where the biggest iron skillet hung on a heavy nail. It clanged against the preserve kettle, which hung near it; it scraped along the plaster. Her steps noisy in the quiet house, she hurried to the great black stove, clattered the skillet down upon it, lifted a lid and stoked the fire noisily, rattled the sugar can, swished a cup around in the milk crock, shaved the chocolate into a saucer with blips and buffetings.

But all the noise she could make was hardly an echo in the house. She could only make a little clattering in the kitchen, and eight other rooms, around and above her, were filled with silence. With silence, and through the silence little creaks and breathings, shadows of sound; presences—presences of women left to tend a house, alone, their men far afield. Susan no longer dared look out of the windows; she kept her eyes on the fudge pan, on the stove, where the chocolate was melting brownly into the sugar and the cream. It would hardly have surprised her to hear wolves howling, from horrible remembered stories, eerie legends of the countryside that she had heard, or half heard—mad Malvern, and that daughter of old Nanny Lee who had drowned



herself in the slough, Captain Wellington Blair, who had killed in one night his wife, their child, a guest in their house and himself, and the lights that were sometimes seen, people said, in their deserted house on Green Hill. . . . Yet her fear was not born of any of these things. Fear of such things as these she had known, occasionally, when she was younger. This fear was new; solemn, dream-like and deep. She had never felt like this before.

A SHARP knock upon the dining room door cut through her vague apprehension with a shock of pure terror. Literally she thought that she would die; fall down on the floor and die of her fear. She wished that she might. She had heard no horses, no sleigh. Flesh and blood people who meant no harm did not suddenly, out of a snow-huddled, frozen world, appear upon doorsteps, knocking. A neighbor, any of her cousins, would have called to her; even a stranger would by this time have called out, "Halloo, is anybody home?" Yet not a word, while Susan's ears ached with listening, above the sickening thumping of her heart.

Again a sharp quick knock; then two lumpy, thuddy steps, as if some one, or something, were moving heavily to keep warm. Then Susan remembered that the door was not locked; that none of the doors were locked; that in a moment whoever, or whatever, it was could move a dozen steps and look in upon her through the pantry window. That thought was too dreadful to bear. Better not make IT angrier than it might be. So, wetting her lips with a thick tongue, she moved in a trance of fear to the swinging door of the dining room; pushed it slowly in. A few steps, and her eyes, fixed in dread, were look-

ing through the glass in the east door. Immediately, seeing a man's face looking through at her, she forgot what fabulous, monstrous creature she had expected to see, and in sick relief, though still half dazed with her terror, she moved to open the door. In the same instant, as if his hand had been lifted to the door before he saw her, he knocked again. And at the sound, something went over Susan more terrifying than all her fear. She let the man in.

He blustered across the carpet, stomping his snowy boots, and shaking his long furry coat. "I thought I'd freeze," he greeted her. "Why didn't somebody let me in? I thought I'd freeze." He moved without invitation toward the heater, stooped to put down a small satchel, drew off his other fur mitten and held his hands almost upon the stove. Susan had not said a word, nor taken her eyes from his face. He was no one she had seen, ever. Blowy from cold, his cheeks and his rather large nose quite purple, his mouth chapped and loose, his eyes not looking long at anything—darting, peering. He was rubbing his hands together now, swishily. His eyes already had gone over everything in the room. He was neither old nor young.

"Where's all your folks?" he asked, turning toward her suddenly, gustily. An instinctive reticence overlay her natural candor. "Oh," she began, trying to think of something not true that would be useful. His long eyes narrowed. "You here all alone?" She couldn't answer. "Your folks go off and leave you here all alone?" he persisted. Perhaps her eyes, against her knowing, strayed out to the lane, along which they had moved so smoothly, without once looking back. The man's eyes probed. "Say," he said, in his sudden



voice like a wet hand, "was them your folks I met down the road a ways, in the sleigh?" Still she couldn't answer, but warmth quickened in her, too. At least he had come along the road, like a truly man. At least he had not been conjured out of fear gone mad.

The man laughed softly, "Listen, girly. How would you like to take a look at my nice Christmas cards?"

She shook her head, briefly, finding her voice at last. "We've got our cards," she told him, "we've got all our cards."

"You don't get any cards like these around this neck of the woods," he told her, picking up his satchel and taking it over to the table; clicking it open. He began spreading Christmas cards out on the cloth. Reindeer sailing over housetops; a far star; the Babe, in the manger; the Lady Mother, cuddling the Boy. Susan's eyes lifted to find his long eyes rimmed and horrid upon her. His tongue crept out along his lip.

She smothered a scream rising in her throat; faltered, "We've got all our cards; you see, it's really late to be buying Christmas cards; we've got all of ours. Yours are very pretty, but we've got all we could use." Her hands were shaking, and she caught them together.

And then there was the sudden hiss of fudge bubbling over on the stove, the smell of burning sugar.

Susan dove through the kitchen door. The man strode after, quickly; the swinging door flew back against him, plumped against his warding hands; she heard him curse, in one puff of breath, as she clattered the skillet to the back of the stove. "Fudge," she chattered, shakily, "fudge, for my brothers, my father, for their Christmas. I planned it as a surprise. Oh, I do hope it isn't burned, spoiled." She put the spoon in. No, it hadn't stuck to the bot-

tom of the pan. She went on stirring, stirring. The candy was too warm for that; it would sugar; it would be ruined; still she kept on stirring.

The man paced uncertainly about the room. He went to the back windows and looked out toward the barns; into the pantry, out of that window, to the lane, the garden and the low hill; he strode back, stood uncertainly beside her. She stirred and stirred, her arm a piece of animated wood, her body frozen. The man went on, over to the west window, the one looking down the long road towards town, towards the turning, just before you come to the town.

AT HIS strange, muffled exclamation Susan dropped the spoon. He wheeled toward her, his face excited, strangely. "Look here," he cried, "are these your folks, coming down that road?"

Susan was at the window before he had finished asking.

And there Prince and Nancy were simply tearing up the road, their feet making snow fly to either side. And Father, who never struck a horse in his life, to her knowing, standing straight up in the sled and laying the whip first along one and then along the other brown back. Mother sat clutching the seat of the sleigh; the boys were leaning over the side, their bright scarfs banners flying in the wind. Banners in the wind—Susan's head lifted; a sob and a piece of laughter got tangled in her throat.

He did not wait, the stranger, for her to say they were her people. He hastened into the dining room; this time it was Susan who followed. She was hostess, now; very polite and easy, now. The man swept the pretty cards into his



satchel, not carefully. "I won't wait," he told her, thickly, "as long as you say you have all of your cards, I won't wait." He shut the satchel with large swift hands, pushed on his cap, and was out of the door before she had time to say good-bye. She went to the door and stood watching him; saw with surprise that he did not go out the lane to the road, but floundered up through the snowed-in garden, and over the hill.

Hardly was he out of sight when the sleigh came slithering up the lane. Before it had quite stopped, Father jumped down. He started toward the kitchen door, then seeing Susan's face looking out, he hurried to her. "Is he gone?" he asked, in a shaky, unfamiliar voice. "Is that man gone?" Mother was hurrying up the porch, now, and Dinny and Rodger were tumbling out into the snow, running toward the house.

"Yes," Susan nodded, solemnly, "yes, he's gone. He was selling Christmas cards, but I told him we had all of ours. I told him we had all we could use."

Then Father, his face hot and quick, turned toward Mother; and she, with-

out a word or movement, silenced whatever he had been going to say.

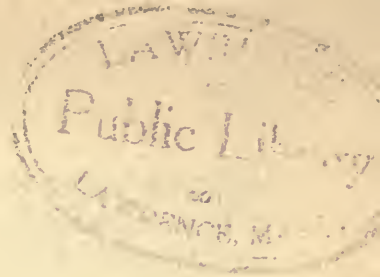
They came into the room, and Mother, her eyes deep upon Susan, said, "We thought it wouldn't be so much fun, Sukey, without you. So when we met the stranger, and Father got thinking about him, and wondering what he wanted, we decided we'd come back and take you with us. Come along, dear. You can wear the little fur piece Aunt Hattie sent you for Christmas, as long as you've seen it, anyway."

Susan couldn't speak, nor move. She felt herself drowning in her mother's eyes; her whole body was limp and trembly; her throat was swollen and thick with tears. Then Mother smiled at her, and glanced quickly toward the boys, standing pale and shaken beside Father. So that suddenly Susan was tall as her mother, and almost as old.

"Wait a minute, will you?" she begged, and hurrying through to the kitchen she ducked the fudge pan out of sight on a cellar-way shelf, before she flew upstairs to brush her hair and put on her coat and tam, and her little new fur piece, like a lady's.







# “The American Standard of Living”

BY ELMER LESLIE McDOWELL

*With the Government embarked on a programme of restricting farm production, it is pertinent to investigate the question whether Americans have ever had enough to eat*

IN THIS age of specialization, our experts turn out literally tons of material on every conceivable subject. We have statistical abstracts and compilations that give us the figures on nearly everything we want to know. Our idiosyncrasies and antipodal contrasts are an open book. If one is interested, one may learn that the per capita expenditures for near-beer have been \$4.15 a year, but only twenty-two cents for dentifrices; sixty-five cents for coffins, but only eleven cents on health service. One might go on for pages describing the information that is available. But on such fundamental and all-embracing subjects as the cost of living and the standard of living our knowledge is meagre.

A number of studies have been made of the income and expenditures of industrial workers with an occasional report on professional persons, but the data are so fragmentary that one as well versed in the subject as Dr. Louis I. Dublin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has written:

“What, actually and accurately, do we know about the cost of living today? After careful investigation of all the sources of information available, I find only the general outline vaguely indicated, but the details largely lacking.”

The budgets of street-car men’s families in San Francisco, of professors in the University of California, and of about 800 professors and teachers throughout the country, have been studied and classified. The most extensive study of all, that conducted by the United States Department of Labor, referred principally to the year 1918 and included only about 12,000 families, far too few to permit any generalizations about our population as a whole.

If there is a paucity of information about the cost of living, our knowledge of the standard of living is an utter void. And how strange this is. It is doubtful if any political spellbinder in America ever made a speech in which he did not refer at least once to the American Standard of Living. Manu-



facturers trying to put over a tariff use as their principal argument the protection of the American standard. Labor leaders use the same argument to bar immigration. And editorial writers make constant use of the term, as if it were something fixed and certain about which there could be no controversy. But what is the American Standard of Living?

The term "standard of living" has three distinct meanings: strictly technical, semi-technical and popular. In the strictly technical sense, the usually accepted definition is the plane of living which the average individual must be sure of maintaining before he will undertake the support of a family. In the semi-technical sense it means the way people are living in any given place or time; or, the income which social agencies consider necessary to support a family according to a predetermined scale of living. The popular meaning, however, is something entirely different from the foregoing. As mentioned above, it is a term mouthed about by everybody, but defined by none. The average individual knows exactly what it is, but if we called upon him to define it, we would probably find ourselves with as many definitions as there are people. At the present time, the American Standard of Living is probably nothing more than a set of values which the majority of people place on things they *wish* they had. But it is with the standard of living in the popular sense that we are now concerned.

AT VARIOUS times, social agencies have endeavored to set up budgets which included amounts for food, below which the agencies did not think it possible for the family to exist. Such

budgets have been aptly described as containing "merely enough to keep body and soul together." One of the agencies, the Charity Organization Society of New York, prepared a budget which allowed approximately two dollars a week for each person for food. Other budgets have been prepared for a little better scale of living. These have been termed "minimum comfort" budgets. Though not very generous, they do provide for a fair amount of decency. One of them, quoted by Dr. Dublin, makes a food allowance of about three dollars a week for each member of the family.

Having stated the "bare existence" and "minimum comfort" levels, we know that the American Standard of Living will be neither of these. These only represent small portions of hash, and it is certain that most Americans are thinking in terms of steak smothered with mushrooms.

With one eye on dietary requirements and the other on the matter of variety which makes eating a pleasure as well as a necessity, we list below the quantities of food which, in our opinion, are necessary to maintain a family of three for one week in the comfort which the American Standard of Living demands. The method has been to average seventy commodities in the various groups; and, since it is necessary to interpret these quantities in terms of money, likewise to average the cost of the items at prices prevailing in 1932.

Vegetables	42 lbs.	\$4.98
Fruits	12 lbs.	1.87
Milk	10½ qts.	1.31
Meats, fish and poultry	9 lbs.	2.14
Eggs	2 doz.	.59
Cereals and their products	10 lbs.	1.40
Sweets (pies, cakes, etc.)	3 lbs.	.59
Butter	2 lbs.	.54
Fats (oil, lard, cream, etc.)	1 lb.	.12



These items total \$13.54, or \$4.50 as the food allowance for each member of the family for one week. Even if one were inclined to quibble about the proportions of the items in the list, too much quibbling and paring would reduce it to the "minimum comfort" level, and it is to escape from that un-American level that the new standard has been set up.

Having stated an objective, it remains to be considered how the actual expenditures compare with the standard.

NO STATISTICS are available covering the total food bill of the nation. Occasional guesses have been made, but these are always lacking in detail, and usually have been made for the incidental purpose of comparison. Obviously, such estimates can have little or no value for our purpose; and, since it is absolutely essential that we have the figures, it is necessary that we construct them.

The gross income of the American farmer for 1932 has been estimated by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics to be \$5,143,000,000. The Bureau has also estimated the cash value of the products retained for consumption on the farm to be \$942,000,000, leaving the gross cash income \$4,201,000,000. This entire amount, however, does not represent edible products. The inedible items, such as cotton, tobacco, hay, horses and mules, aggregate approximately \$741,000,000; which, deducted from the gross cash income, leaves a balance of \$3,460,000,000. To this amount must be added \$165,000,000, which is the value of the excess of food imports over exports during 1932. The new balance, \$3,625,000,000, is the approximate value of food products avail-

able for domestic sale. But this is only the original cost, and it is the cost to the consumer that we need to know.

The spread between prices received by producers and prices paid by consumers for agricultural products has furnished the ground for argument for many years. Certain meat and dairy products have been singled out for special studies, but these studies have been restricted to a few localities, and offer little in the way of guidance when we try to ascertain the mark-up for all food products. This information must be obtained in a more indirect manner.

Writing in the *Journal of Farm Economics*, July, 1933, Dr. George M. Peterson, of the University of California, estimates that from 1924 to 1929 retail prices were twice farm prices. This corresponds to an estimate made in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, January, 1929, by Professor John D. Black of Harvard, when, in discussing expenditures of additional city workers, he estimated that the farmer would receive half of the amount spent on food. A partial check on these estimates may be taken from the comparison of farm prices in Ohio with retail prices in Columbus, Ohio, which showed that farm prices of products used on the farm amounted to sixty-one per cent of the retail prices.

It is true, though, that the price margin between farm and table fluctuates considerably. When prices are low the farmer receives proportionately less of the consumer's dollar than when prices are high. Many of the distribution charges are more or less fixed and move up only slightly with a rise of farm prices, so that although a mark-up of 100 per cent appears conservative for a period of relatively high prices, it was



probably greater in 1932. It is unlikely that it was more than fifty per cent greater, which is the figure we shall use.

An addition of 150 per cent to \$3,625,000,000 increases the figure to \$9,062,500,000, which is the approximate amount of the total domestic food bill for 1932.

It is well known that the American farmer does not raise all of the food which he consumes. His purchases are usually estimated at about thirty per cent of his total consumption. However, for the sake of simplicity as well as to allow some leeway for adjustments that may be demanded by critics, let us assume that the farmer did raise all of his own food, and that the total food bill for 1932 was paid by the non-farm population. If we divide the total by the number in the non-farm group, 92,329,696, the result is \$98.15.

We may, then, state the per capita weekly expenditures for food in 1932 to have been \$1.89. This amount is only forty-two per cent of the figure which we have established as the proper expenditure.

IT is probable that objection may arise that it is incorrect to try to measure the standard of living in such a year. The objection is entirely valid. We must test a more prosperous year.

It may be asked, why not take a *normal* year? Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending upon one's viewpoint, we have never had a normal year. Normality in the view of our public officials is largely a matter of convenience. The most facile thing in this country is to shift a base year. There have been five shifts already in this generation; and only recently we have seen billion-dollar legislation enacted because some of our officials were able

to turn back the hands of time and select such a sour period as 1909-1914.

Since this whole food problem is directly related to the current farm situation and even more directly, though less visibly, related to the permanent land policy, perhaps it will be as well if we take a farmers' year for our test. Let us take the year of the farmers' millennium, feverish 1919.

The gross farm income for 1919 was \$16,935,000,000. No estimate has been made of the cash value of products retained for farm consumption for that year. The Bureau of Agricultural Economics revised its estimates of gross farm income in 1930. The new series then established only shows the total value of food and fuel used on farms back through 1924. However, from 1924 to 1929, the average yearly value of food used on farms was approximately \$271. It is probable that the 1919 figure was larger than this, but multiplying this average by the number of farms, 6,448,343, we may state the cash value of food retained for farm use as \$1,748,000,000. Deducting this amount from the gross income, we have the figure, \$15,187,000,000.

The value of the inedible products was very high in 1919, cotton alone being worth nearly two and a half billion dollars. The aggregate value of all such items was approximately \$5,664,000,000. This reduces the gross cash income to \$9,523,000,000, which may be expressed as the gross cash income from the sale of food products.

But whereas we added to the 1932 total the excess of imports over exports, the situation was entirely different in 1919. Then we were still feeding Europe. The food exports exceeded imports in that year by \$1,140,000,000. The value of the products available for



domestic sale may, then, be said to have been \$8,383,000,000.

Allowing a mark-up of 100 per cent, which is certainly liberal for that year, we may state the nation's food bill in 1919 as approximately \$16,766,000,000.

With a non-farm population of 74,096,351, the per capita expenditures on food for the year were \$226.27, or \$4.35 a week.

At first sight it appears that the nation was then living right up to the Standard, which we have previously stated as \$4.50 a week. Unfortunately, there's a catch to it. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics index (1913 equals 100), retail food prices averaged 186 in 1919, but had declined to 102 in 1932. This represents a decline of 45.2 per cent. In order to make the figure for 1919 comparable with that for 1932, it is necessary to deduct this amount from \$4.35, which shows the real weekly average, in terms of 1932 dollars, to have been \$2.38. Instead of closely approaching the desirable amount, the real purchases were only twenty-six per cent above those for 1932.

IF THE above facts have been clearly stated, two major conclusions are inevitable. First, that many millions of our people have *never* had enough to eat; and, as a corollary of this, that any programme of action based on an assumed general overproduction of food products is social and economic heresy.

To take it for granted that the saturation point has been reached for the necessities of life merely because a demand

doesn't exist for them at any given time is the logical train of thought of vacuous minds. When it has been determined, however, that the actual consumption is far below the "minimum comfort" level, it would seem that even such minds would be forced to adopt a more reasonable approach to the problem. Yet we have a "progressive" Administration in Washington which is attacking the farm problem with a programme which has for its base the demand for commodities in the worst year of an intense depression, and includes in its measures the slaughter of several million pigs and the ruthless destruction of growing crops.

It is highly essential that we understand clearly the distinction between the two points of view. On the one hand, there is a tacit admission that the point of declination has been reached in our affairs, and that it is therefore necessary to feudalize the economic controls by fixing them according to the prevailing standard, regardless of whether that standard is good, bad or indifferent. On the other hand, those who believe that this is still a rising nation will treat the depression, with its stern lessons, as another mile-post on the road forward. In other words, the distinction is that between regression and progress.

Whether the present course of things can be altered or not is difficult to say. But two points are clear: we should know what we mean by an "American Standard of Living," and we should give sociologists, not farm-organization men, the chance to determine our way to attain it.





# George S. Kaufman

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

## *A satirist in the American theatre*

THERE is a manufactured product that is distinctively our own: it has been taken as a measure of our culture, as a reflection of our manners, as the capacity of our intellect, as our light and inconsequent commentary on the contemporaneous life about us. I refer to our American comedy, about which we hear the consensus of agreement that "no other land could have produced it." I have seen hundreds of these comedies in my years of theatre-going, and all I can remember of them is that in the bulk they reflect a characteristic vitality which sophisticated Europeans who visit us claim is our virtue and our naïveté. This slogan, "No other land could have produced it," is used indiscriminately, from the self-made man to the self-playing piano; opportunity has made the one and advertising has made the other. Our comedy has beaten the big drum with a youthful vibration that falls into a national rhythm; but the big noise that has thus been created has sounded in the realm of small ideas.

This virtue of live rhythm, this exuberance of cheap fun have been brought about by the perfection of external technique which we can not deny our comedies and our farces. Our successful, whirligig humor, typified in the work

of George Ade and George M. Cohan, served its theatre purpose; it could not be measured for its logic, or for its breadth of purpose, but, like a Negro breakdown, it rushed through its three acts, and gave the comedian ample opportunity for his "gags" and for the expansion of his personality.

The slapstick in our comedy was not as healthy as the slapstick of the clown at the country circus. We were given manufactured, preposterous plots that slurred over moral points of business and family life, that ha-ha-ed merrily over ethical situations skated over lightly. These products were funny as far as "risibles" were concerned; but they were very pathetic as constant consumption for grown-up minds.

I believe that the weakness of Big Farce came with the strain of Big Business. Audiences roared over the substitutes for the square deal and for good manners. The incongruities we deplore in our journalism were the incongruities we accepted in our theatre as amusement. Three acts were built up on the crookedness of this situation and the slyness of that business. And these comedies made money. They were taken abroad and were accepted with a certain complacency as being truly representative of us. In the days long past, when "Yan-



kee" Hill descended upon London with his Yankee characterizations, when he delighted Queen Victoria with his slow drawl and uncouth loveliness, every one proclaimed: "That is America." The comedies London saw were marked "American-made"; they whirled with no centre of stability; but their action became symbolical of our national type of mind. With some truth we began to recognize one thing about our farces and comedies: their vibrancy had some virtue in it. There is a quality in farce that thrives on pace; and I have seen many a farce idea crumble under sluggish treatment. For example, Jules Romain's *Dr. Knock*, under Granville-Barker's hand as the adapter, lacked its proper pace. In other words, just as you can galvanize steel or tin, so can you Americanize farce and comedy.

WHAT would happen to our theatre were ever a dramatist to arrive who would combine the two qualities of content and technique, and press down ruthlessly, stingingly upon our national weaknesses? Such a man must have a different ideal of patriotism from George M. Cohan's Yankee-Doodle-Dandy variety. His humor must arise from satire rather than from buffoonery alone.

The themes chosen by George S. Kaufman for treatment in his comedies have not been so different from those themes treated by former playwrights; they have been prompted by the same incentive to ridicule changing fashion, to make the most of contemporary event. But the satire in Kaufman has a greater depth and a deeper discernment than is usually found in American comedy. When James Forbes wrote that excellent farce, *The Show Shop*, Hollywood was unheard of: this is the super-

ficial difference between Forbes's play and Kaufman's *Once in a Lifetime*. The political buncombe in Hoyt's *A Texas Steer* and the riotous impertinences in Kaufman's *Of Thee I Sing* are merely the different models carrying a similar motive, with the same uproarious reactions from a public that never changes, once its funny-bone is hit. The only point is that you can never calculate on hitting it twice in the same spot. And so, *Let 'Em Eat Cake*, sequel to *Of Thee I Sing*, has met the fate of most sequels: it is not quite as good.

The element of brazen bluff which seems to be the essential ingredient of American comedy has been worked from Hoyt to Kaufman. Yet there seems to be in Kaufman's plays a firm hold on a certain universal human meaning to satire. *Of Thee I Sing* does not entirely depend on the timely humor connected with France and her War debts or with the foibles of Calvin Coolidge: there is besides a sweeping commentary on the farcical fabric of our national political machinery which will be as applicable tomorrow as it is today. The timely helps to decorate the piece: may even become diplomatically embarrassing. The French registered complaint against the irreverences of Kaufman, and at the time of President Coolidge's death, the lightsome references to him were dropped from the current performance.

In other words, we are beginning now to ask of our writers of broad satirical comedy something more than wisecracks about our social weaknesses. And among our writers for the theatre today I believe George S. Kaufman is giving us just this better sustained note in his comedies.

Now, comedy, according to George Meredith, is the fountain of sound sense, and he adds unerringly, "not the less



perfectly sound on account of its sparkle." In this country we have never become thoroughly familiar with comedy in this sense: the examples are rare and far between of really good comedies that were more than amusing tempests about nothing; they have been born of nonsense, and their sparkle has disintegrated quickly, since the matter was artificially charged and illogically accounted for. Satire, according to Gilbert Cannan, exercises a more bellicose hand than comedy, and the satirist has a just vision by which he measures or should measure everything. In fact, Cannan is almost as serious about satire as Meredith is about comedy. He gives the satirist a social purpose; he pictures him a purger of small souls, a cleanser of small minds, a destroyer of small and false ideas, a parasite that eats into human weakness and demands the obliteration of it for the sake of a humanity he loves. And this beneficence must be in spite of the bitterness of the attack. "It is precisely through its delving into the gross stuff of humanity," writes Cannan, "that the intensive imagination of satire leads back to the extensive imagination of poetry, weds and serves it. Every work of art is an act of faith, and the plunge downward is no meaner performance than the upward flight."

I emphasize these two points of view because I insist that the American theatre has known neither until at this moment we have become self-critical and have educated ourselves to that position as theatre-goers where playwrights are able to capitalize on our self-consciousness as citizens. I don't believe that Mr. Kaufman has ever thought of framing for himself a programme of attack, but I also don't believe that a satirist can aimlessly thump condition without leaving a scattered and slovenly im-

pression. This thumping process characterizes our comedies of the early Nineteen-Hundreds.

How frightened people become if one attempts to take seriously such a man as Mr. Kaufman, with his scintillant capacities. They fear to lose the fun in him. But there is something more than the court jester about him. There is a certain sanity in his constant flow of mirth. Constitutionally he is a writer with an edged pen. Even as a journalist, there is a snap to his observation that has about it something more than good-natured fun. Its observation is true, however much its expression may sometimes be smart and crude.

Some claim that George Kaufman's mind is a direct product of post-War condition. Most of our minds are, if we are alive to any social sense. Even though there may be a spark of correctness in the general belief that playwrighting may be taught, you can not give a course of ten lectures on how to become a satirist. Nor can condition suddenly produce one, though conditions may afford the satirical mind food upon which to feast, yes, even bones to pick, since Meredith insists on a satirist's beak having carrion breath upon it. Condition may even bring forth hidden satirists who rise out of the mass to bite, and who, for the first time, maybe, become aware of their latent aptitudes. But such a man as George Kaufman is born with a mind so constituted as to be satirical, no matter what the time of day, no matter what the medium. Both he and his first collaborator have been fun-makers all their lives. I don't mean to say that they've been funny to the sacrifice of rightness. Too much of our American comedy has been that in the past. But both Kaufman and Connelly see life



through the peculiar lenses of their eyes.

Just as the modern artist is trying to determine the emotional value of pure design and pure color, removed from the influence of any conventional ideas, so Kaufman adjusts life to his lens and, fortunately for his plays, does not attempt to sacrifice his vision to the stage conventions expected of comedy and farce. His plays bend to his habit of seeing. This habit of seeing is not always in accord with the fictional quality of his story. Except in the single instance of *The Butter-and-Egg Man*, which he wrote alone, Mr. Kaufman has called in collaborator after collaborator to give him those elements of sentiment, of small characterization, that are needed to round out a play. But there is the controlling hand, the directive spirit in the final result, and in the unity that comes with true collaboration one feels that there is the dominant hand of Kaufman.

Indeed, like George Kelly and Elmer Rice, George Kaufman knows his working theatre thoroughly, so thoroughly indeed that, as was recently said of him, he has in a way become a "diagnostician to ailing scripts." This is a valuable asset for the producing manager; it is rather a dangerous asset for the creative dramatist. Our playwrights of the older generation were deflected from their own creativeness by this genuine talent they possessed for turning other people's bad plays into workable ones. The name of "play doctor" was applied to such men as Eugene Walter, George Broadhurst and Owen Davis, who gave of their strength to weaker writers.

THERE is a blithe spirit to George Kaufman. Like most humorists, he wears a saddened, elongated countenance; he possesses a slow, sedate walk

and bearing. Yet there is a skylark soaring of his wit. Despite at times that his comedy is rough, and his situations are tinged with vulgar noise, there is a limitless stretch of vitality in him that shows no abatement. One sometimes marvels how the bubbling stream can go on.

Among his friends, George Kaufman has always been the very "life of the party." Marc Connelly has the same reputation. When they met and joined forces it was a happy combination. They could frame a "skit" out of any suggestion; in fact, they took the irrepressible Dulcy—journalism's bromidic heroine—right out of the columns of F. P. A. Mr. Connelly turned aside from the main stream of his theatre experience and wrote *The Green Pastures*. Whether or not this was an accidental shifting of mood remains to be seen; he has not since ventured with a new play and one speculates as to what kind his next one will be. It is a fearful handicap, besides being a splendid achievement, to have produced such a piece as *The Green Pastures*. In the case of Mr. Kaufman, there has been no shifting of satiric mood, though there is in each new play a variety of scene and topic. The American drama has a number of writers who have purposely remained in the one mood. George Kelly has been such a playwright since the days of *The Show Off*; he has done supreme work as the poet laureate and dramatic exploiter of West Philadelphia. Yet there is in Mr. Kelly an exquisite Irish strain of humor, of mystical poetry which one would never realize in the realistic commonplaceness of the barren little lives he has so meticulously pictured for us.

I do not believe Mr. Kaufman could so force himself into a mood. It is his



excellence as a showman, as a reporter, that he can not concentrate his purpose in set moral tag speeches such as grace the commencement of every play thus far published by Mr. Kelly. His is a pervasive wit that uplifts the commonplace atmosphere of his story and lends to ordinary character a distinction, a flavor of its own. There is no set evangelical purpose to his satire, though he must have a definite object to work upon, and an objective to aim toward. Critics, attempting to locate the reason for weaknesses in *Let 'Em Eat Cake*, quickly determined that for satire to deal in futures was a dangerous and somewhat ineffective thing to do. But, at his best, Kaufman does not underscore his purpose; he clearly shows the satirist's joy in his view of life, and this he can and does display at every angle of approach. The constant, almost yearly, success he has had with his theatre public shows that he possesses the satirist's gift of creating a genial response from audiences, through the vitality of his fun in following the "cap and bells" truism, "What fools we mortals be!" His mortals are not masquerading in fairyland; they are the Rotarians of small towns, the *nouveaux riches* of large cities, and the fitful stars of the screen and stage.

There is a pathetic side to the character of American comedy: the humor of its meannesses suggests the prevalent tragedy of its smallnesses. The satirist, therefore—if he be a true satirist—may sometimes be forgiven his tears, though he is supposed to be heartless that he may the quicker reach the heart of the matter. Our dramatic critics fall into the error of designating everything a "scream" that relieves the momentary tedium of constant theatre-going. We realize that an audience often misses

the ironical criticism suggested in the comic situation of a play. The tragedy in Kelly's *The Show Off*, in Rachel Crothers's *Expressing Willie* is the awful truth that there are so many Willies and Aubrey Pipers in these United States, dumb creatures living dumb lives, no matter how much they talk. May I indulge in the suspicion that the very fear of being didactic has thrown many a playwright off the scent of the logical conclusion to his play, for the simple reason that there is still uppermost in the managerial mind the belief that a comedy must have a "happy ending," or be considered "high-brow"? I thought we had learned, even in the ancient days of Pinero and Jones, that this is not so, but we haven't. Fundamentally, there is an underlying pathos in the satirist's job, and never a more pathetic case has been lodged for the job of Vice-President of the United States than in the battered figure of Alexander Throttlebottom.

George Kaufman is a prolific man of the theatre; he revels in the very tone and color of American life: the field is almost entirely his alone. He and his collaborators—Marc Connelly, Edna Ferber, Herman Mankiewicz, Morrie Ryskind, Ring Lardner and Moss Hart—have ramped through the temples of our institutions, and left nothing untouched that needed a good dose of wholesome derision. The unfortunate fact is that our social life deals so largely with drab little souls, with meagre little families having no background of any kind. Our comedies have talked about them, worried about them beyond the measure of their worth. Democracy offers the dramatist little else than this circumscribed family to write about. Kaufman has drained that little life, not of its suppressions, but of its absurd



claims to self-importance. The frog in the milk never had a harder time to find a resting place than the average soul in the slough of modern life as reflected in our American comedies. The only escape from such an atmosphere—since there is a belief among some that a democracy should have no manners and no class distinctions—is to enter the realm of society where money counts. And that is exactly what the Kaufman-Ferber *Dinner at Eight* does with a bitter vengeance. It concerns itself with a cruel, vulgar cross-section of metropolitan life, a crazy-quilt of ill-sorted humanity converging from their various walks in life toward a dinner party; the cup of bitterness is drawn from each segment of the eleven-scene play. You are shown a New York you despise, you are shown people you despise, you witness a tragedy that is tragic only on the score that you know such people actually exist in a distorted civilization of artificialities, you have everything that an astute playwright can give you, and that a manager interprets as being “what the public wants.” Its brilliancy proclaims its brass, and you are shown to the full all the emptiness of the characters involved in the social function of a dinner at eight. But, when the curtain falls, when these characters are stretched upon the crosses of their limitations, you have little sympathy to expend on such a motley crew. Kaufman’s wit is here at its best; it is relentless, mature, cruel.

**D**INNER AT EIGHT was talked about; characters were identified to such an extent that writers rushed to the defense of one to show that Kaufman really was lampooning no one in particular but merely exercising the prerogative of the creative fictionist and making reality out of hearsay. A comedy is vital

that can so arouse public interest, even public opposition. Official France objected to lines in *Of Thee I Sing*; this recalls that, once, during a visit of Japanese potentates to London, Gilbert and Sullivan’s *The Mikado* was debarred from public performance while the diplomats were in London. I welcome such instances of theatre concern, for they show the potency of satire. Neither our newspapers nor our magazines have shown for many a day such a hardy intention. Among our dramatists this satirical, critical mood has been increasing. Take the satire of John Howard Lawson’s *Processional*, and the cruel impressionism of Elmer Rice’s *The Adding Machine*, take the countless repetitions of satirical pictures in our plays concerning our mechanical lives. There is a change of front among our comedy writers. We are no longer satisfied with vacuity; even our musical shows must have point, must have the satirical touch, like *As Thousands Cheer*. If the whip snaps, there must be felt the accompanying sting; it is not enough that Will Rogers swing the lariat, he must make the terse comment as well. I think George Kaufman and his collaborators are partly responsible for this new condition. Certainly, *Of Thee I Sing* is a milepost in the weary wastes of musical comedy; a stretching of hands across the sea of time from Kaufman to Gilbert to Aristophanes.

In his earlier pieces, which are rather mediocre as stories, Kaufman infused the great vitality which marks his satire. It has stung, it has amused. If it has not purged, that is largely because we are, as a nation, light-hearted toward public reform. *Merton of the Movies* and *Once in a Lifetime* did not reform the moving picture industry. The method of razzing, however, is not without its



effect. And there is not a play from the Kaufman pen that has not checked the shortcomings of certain features of our life: *June Moon* lampooned the songwriter's craft; *The Royal Family* played with the old theatre history fetish of the actor family. In the latter piece we were given a delightful suggestion of the Barrymore family, just as Clemence Dane, in her novel, *Broom Stages*, pictured the variations of the English aristocratic Kemble family as actors. I never pass a village hotel, with its Rotarian flag draped over the porch, without recalling the sweep of galloping wit in the Kaufman and Connelly *Beggars on Horseback*, the play from the German which Winthrop Ames told in outline to the two collaborators, but which they never read in full. Maybe dramatizations and adaptations and translations are better done that way.

Have our skins become toughened that we can now accept with such gusto the sharp edge of Kaufman's lashing, as for instance in *Of Thee I Sing*? The examples of such commentary in the American drama are few and far between; in fact, one might almost say that political satire on this continent had flung only in the days of Mrs. Mercy Warren and the American Revolution. In the period of the Eighteen-Nineties it would have been accounted by theatre-goers as unpatriotic to attack anything of an official and political nature. One can imagine some Londoners shocked over the irreverences in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Iolanthe*, which did to Parliament what Kaufman's *Of Thee I Sing* did to Congress and the Supreme Court. The American travesty was so fetching through the sheer weight of its novelty that it made the sedate awarders of the Pulitzer Prize waken up, debate the efficacy of such hilarious lampooning,

and finally hail it as a healthy sweep of self-criticism giving to the stage a potency it was not accustomed to have. All of our political absurdities are marched before us in wild, carefree array throughout *Of Thee I Sing*. It is seditious to dance upon the American flag; but never before in our theatre annals has a playwright thus burrowed beneath our ancient halls of lawmaking to air our motley political linen. George Kaufman and his collaborators have done these irreverences in their mélange of satire and song. Even the Supreme Court dances to their tune. You can't be soberly resentful in the midst of such fun. I can well imagine a theatre party of the authors of our Constitution cracking a smile at the well aimed satire. One does not expect *Of Thee I Sing* to reform government, but it does create a pang of sympathetic understanding of our foolish political comic opera which seasonally gives performance in Washington.

I can not imagine Mr. Kaufman hugging to his soul any belief that *Of Thee I Sing* would become an instrument of reform. Our good nature does not encourage indignation. We can view the absurd practical workings of our institutions with amusement and without personal responsibility for them. That is the nature of our political selves. Our election "interests" flame up and die down. Yet it is healthy that our stage makes note of them in cogent commentary. Again this year the Pulitzer award committee chose Maxwell Anderson's *Both Your Houses* because it dealt with a condition of law seriously. It is all a healthy sign that such interest is evident in our theatre.

For some years back, to be exact, on November 28, 1914, Walter Lippman wrote of an evening he had at the thea-



tre. He had been to see Roi Megrue's *It Pays to Advertise*, our typical comedy type of the time, and he had discovered in it not a satire but "a panegyric backed by all the faith of Broadway." Kaufman has never backed such absurdity; he has never capitalized on such external schemes without some fell intention. His satire is of the kind that throttles the very life that has struck his sense of humor and produced his humors. His chamber of absurdities is always amusing; but he has never compromised with absurdity for its own sake. He shakes his objective until its bones rattle; he shakes his audiences until their sides ache. He holds to his thread of discourse, and he reveals his intention with a rhythmic lilt that retains the

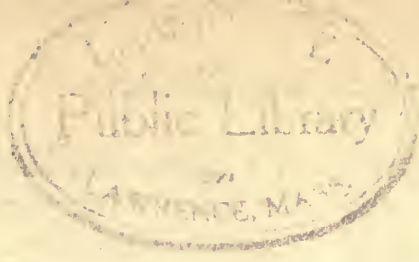
best of the old-fashioned swiftness of our old comedy, and has none of its nervous indirection.

Some critics insist on taking George Kaufman merely at his value as a gay, irrepressible spoofer. Many easy-minded folk, who constitute so large a part of our theatre-going population, see in him nothing except that. But his satire, which is so distinctively his own, has deeper significance as part of our American drama.

There are two fine qualities about his work—the satire that carries lusty laughter in its wake, as in *Of Thee I Sing*, and the tragic consequences to empty and vulgar lives, which I feel is one of the causes for the writing of *Dinner at Eight*.







# A Lee for Economic Gales

BY F. B. NICHOLS

*Despite angry outbursts from farmers recently, their lot is really preferable to city people's; and the movement back to the land will continue*

FARM conditions are improving. The trough of the agricultural debacle is far behind us. While the financial rewards of farmers are still sadly inadequate, they are sufficient to provide a buying power that is quite helpful in the business recovery of the nation.

Countrymen have made enough progress on the upward trail to provide a clear perspective on their success in driving through the trials of the last three years. Their achievements during those dark days have passed into the realm of history. These accomplishments mirror a brilliant record of courage and sound common sense. Rural people have been startlingly successful during the gale in maintaining the social fabric of their lives, in comparison with the disheartening deterioration evident through urban areas. Once again the value of a home on the soil in a time of universal commercial disaster has been demonstrated.

This record is destined to attract much attention among thinking men and women. The glaring contrast between the avalanche of human woe in large cities and the hosts of well-fed people over the countryside provides a pointed

lesson on the need for more intelligent national planning. It can not be ignored by any one who values his stake in the existence of our country.

The depression has revealed vast defects in the basic structure of metropolitan centres. National decay is reducing the set-up of gigantic cities to a defective shell. Congested districts have displayed a marked weakness in both their government and the organization of welfare agencies. Their commercial leaders may be entitled to academic praise for fabricating dreams of a swollen industrial empire based on these localities but it is evident that they lack the mental capacity to bring them to a realization. A revision of their project is in order.

That change necessarily will mean a diffusion of population. Part of the stream of life must back-track to the land. It is plain that our ability to master economic forces is insufficient to support so many overgrown communities. Adequate living standards for the masses can not be maintained there. And the trek must take place soon if the capitalistic system is to endure. One more commercial smash like the current mess in this generation will motivate American political action so far to either the ex-



treme left or right that the new policies will have little resemblance to those mildly revolutionary plans of the present national Administration.

**A** MOVEMENT of the people toward small towns and the countryside is demonstrably sound from the vista of experience. Human misery in the last three years has been on an inverse ratio to its distance from congested regions. Relatively few cases of destitution have been reported from villages and farms. For it is easier to gain a living in the open spaces. Men who are on or near the land are able to turn their hands to many tasks. They can find some sort of work when regular employment ceases.

But in the metropolitan areas a far different situation prevails. Their highly organized commercial systems include little provision for the existence of unemployed workers in times of depression. With more than four and a half million urban families on the charity rolls last March, and with many millions of other individuals in dire distress and want, the people of the cities staged an historically outstanding display of their incapacity to support a broad segment of their population. They fully justified the fears of a growing industrial world ever present in the mind of George Washington, whose contempt for the city was expressed all through his life. In a letter to Thomas Jefferson, for example, he said, "I perfectly agree with you that the introduction of anything which will divert our attention from agriculture must be extremely prejudicial if not ruinous to us."

It seems that the father of our country was able to see through the dark mists of troubled years to the deplorable conditions which existed over the nation early last spring. At that time the United

States was on the brink of a major disaster through an inability to provide a place to sleep, something to eat and clothing for millions of its inhabitants. It was a pitiful exhibit of the economic and social rewards for underprivileged urban dwellers inherent in the economic system championed by Alexander Hamilton.

Perhaps these dreary years of the locust could be explained away with the hoary "act of God" excuse, ever dear to the hearts of industrial leaders when confronted with the results of their shortcomings, were it not that this wash-out followed many similar breakdowns of their business structure. Older men remember that much distressful want existed over the land during the depressions of the Eighteen-Seventies and Eighteen-Nineties. And many smaller declines in the business cycle also have occurred in their lifetime, as in 1907, 1913 and 1920. The current typhoon is noteworthy only because of its magnitude.

Its social results will not be eradicated in the time of any person now living. Hundreds of thousands of babies in congested areas have been permanently injured through malnutrition and rickets. Millions of people have lost their savings and are facing want in a gloomy old age. Others have no fighting spirit left. The current upward trend in business, which presently will bring a semblance of temporary order to the economic creation of the late Mr. Hamilton, never can repair the gigantic damage to the social foundation of American urban life that it suffered when the commercial machine bogged down in the slough of despond.

While this cancer was eating into the hearts of the cities, farmers also suffered tremendous financial hardships. In the



last three seasons countrymen have faced the most difficult period this generation has known. Their ills have screamed from uncounted newspaper headlines. Many producers have lost their land through mortgage foreclosure. Rural people were forced to limit their expenditures rigidly and in many instances to labor with make-shift equipment. But the vital social background of country living generally has remained sound through the hurricane.

This stability may be observed in practically every farm neighborhood. It can be seen, for example, in the rural community where I live—West Buffalo, northwest of Buffalo, Kansas. Conditions here are typical of those in the Middle Western farming country, and in most particulars of the set-up over open spaces through the entire nation. Our locality has no unusual economic advantages.

But there has been no unemployment or want since 1930 among its people. They have gone about their usual tasks during that time in an almost normal manner. Their food has been the best ever known. Huge gardens have supplied more vegetables than the farmers could consume. Many tons of these crops were given away or fed to hogs. Every family has a large poultry flock and several dairy cows. Beef and pork have been obtained by home butchering. There is an abundance of fruit. The shelter of the people is the same as it always has been. Fuel and water may be had for the taking.

Day by day through these trying years the farmers of this locality have had good housing, splendid food, adequate clothing, steady employment and the usual companionship of neighbors. They have taken more recreation than commonly, especially of types based on

attractions of the open country, like fishing, trapping and hunting, and at picnics, reunions and other community gatherings.

A somewhat similar programme has been followed by people living in near-by small towns. The ex-employees of the brick plant at Buffalo, for example, have got along almost as well as their rural relatives and friends. This large factory formerly made a superior paving brick, along with all other ordinary types, and did an extensive business. It had a large payroll. When the enterprise finally shut down two years ago its people deplored the event, but there was no indication among them of the hopelessly lost attitude so common with unemployed men in large cities.

They immediately began to develop other resources. Extensive gardens were planted. Canning became a major industry among their wives and daughters. The size of their poultry flocks was increased. Many of the families began keeping dairy cows. Fuel has been obtained free by making improvement cuttings on near-by land. Employment was sought over the countryside among farmers, especially in rush periods. In some cases liberal payment has been made for this labor on a commodity exchange basis, with foods needed by these idle brick-makers.

In one way or another their basic needs have been met. Only in a few minor instances has there been any resort to charity. Family budgets are limited severely, but the children have remained in school, and other community activities have been conducted in almost a normal manner. The health of these men, due to many months of activity in the open air and sunshine, is much better than when regular employment ceased. They are doing a splendid job



of "standing by" until business conditions improve to a point where the plant can be reopened.

THIS local example of the successful weathering of the depression by laborers living at a small town in the farming regions is not at all unusual. It can be duplicated by the experience of people located in thousands of villages over the United States. Millions of Americans are going through this typhoon under their own steam despite a loss of regular employment. Their success with this undertaking is of tremendous national consequence. In the absence of that self-reliance the welfare agencies would have been swamped under an impossible load.

But their margin of safety through the storm has been small. It must be made larger in the next depression by providing a more secure foundation for American industrial workers. For it is clear, in view of the disgraceful gyrations of the business cycle during the last half century that many commercial enterprises can not be depended on to provide a permanent living to their employes. These people must have other sources of income.

The need for grounding the nation's manufacturing activities more firmly into the soil has been urged repeatedly during the last decade by many noted business leaders, such as Henry Ford. A broad commercial experience has given these trail-blazers a comprehensive background on the social limitations in our economic structure. They know that an unusual strain might produce a final debacle of their system. The main

motivating factor behind the French Revolution and more recent political shifts in Russia, Italy and Germany was the inability of leaders to provide bread for the people.

A further inducement for relocating many lines of manufacturing in small towns, which is likely presently to command respectful attention from hard-headed boards of directors, is the certainty of lower operating costs. Village wage scales are normally much less than rates paid in metropolitan areas. Their workers are not burdened with the excessive living costs always inherent to congested centres.

In some instances during past years, for family reasons or otherwise, urban residents have refused to follow their employers to smaller localities. But this minor human tendency will cause little difficulty in the inevitable decentralization of industry. It is not necessary to shift all the population back toward the land. The task is merely to reduce the absurdly swollen urban centres to practicable economic units.

Plenty of other men will be glad to make the change. Social workers report that a growing proportion of people in the larger cities are discouraged by the inadequate rewards offered there. And they are looking for greater security than these centres provide. Congested areas no longer mirror bright illusions either to their residents or to the masses of citizens in small towns. The feverish growth of major cities, which caused so much concern to economists and sociologists during the tinsel decade that closed in those gray October days of 1929, has ended.



# THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



ANOTHER year draws to a close in a world that insists upon remaining intensely interesting, whatever else its disadvantages. Here in the United States, for example, we find ourselves once more face to face with a social problem that has vexed the country al-

most from its foundation: that is the control of drinking. After thirteen years of so-called Prohibition, an absolute farce from its inception, the whole question is in a far worse muddle than it has ever been, and any sort of reasonable solution will demand a degree of intelligence and honesty that we have not often had the good fortune to encounter in our officials, at least not recently. An eminently sensible consideration of the whole problem is to be found in *Toward Liquor Control*, by Raymond D. Fossdick and Albert L. Scott, with a foreword by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. (Harper, \$2), which is worth the reading of any serious-minded citizen. Some of its recommendations have been embodied in the New York State regulations, and they may be expected to influence other legislation which in time is bound to take the place of the cluster of laws with which various States tried to control the situation before National Prohibition. There is not space

here for a full consideration of the book, but the Landscaper was somewhat amused to see that in a chapter devoted to education on the question of liquor, it was pointed out that exact scientific information concerning the actual influence of alcohol was one of the first things needed! Irony lurks

here, as the Landscaper recalls that famous chart used in his physiology class which showed the effect of alcohol on the human stomach, a silly piece of propaganda that was perfectly typical of the kind of thinking, if one chooses to call it thinking, that characterized the whole movement against drinking.

## *The "Dry" States*

SEVERAL States very evidently mean to keep their Dry laws, the Carolinas having already registered their opinion on the matter. In all of these with which the Landscaper has any familiarity, corn whiskey of excellent quality and a price far more reasonable than one has any right to expect under any legal system of manufacture and distribution may be bought and consumed with ease and simplicity. In addition to this domestic supply, there will be a flood of all kinds of potables from near-by Wet States, which is what happened in the long past under local



option. Since the thought of the potential revenue played so tremendous a part in the nation's sudden reversal of sentiment toward Prohibition, it will be interesting to see how these Dry States will feel about the situation when they see their neighbors' coffers filling with liquor taxes. Will they surrender their consciences, kept partly asleep anyway by plenty of "corn," or will they hold fast to their virtue, upholding their principles with one hand and a glass of liquor with the other? This is only one of the multitudinous phases of the whole tangled question that will be worth watching.

### *About President Roosevelt*

TWO new books are available on the Roosevelt Administration, just now in for its first severe test when the new Congress meets. From the political straws in the air, it looks very much as though we might once more have before us the spectacle of a President doing his best for the country and fighting Congress at the same time; if, for example, it is true that Mr. Roosevelt is definitely committed against direct currency inflation, it is evident that he is in for trouble, with the South and Middle West just as definitely committed to this extremely dangerous policy. This is only one of the many points at issue, points that make it apparent that not all the criticism will come from the Republican side of the house either. The volumes mentioned are *The American Way: Franklin D. Roosevelt in Action* by Earle Looker (John Day, \$2), and *The Roosevelt Revolution: First Phase* by Ernest K. Lindley (Viking, \$2.50). Both books are distinctly friendly to the President, although in their honesty and completeness they offer some sound grounds for criticism.

They make it obvious, however, that in one respect at least, the President is blessed, namely, his disposition. It is apparent that he has the kind of sense of humor that represents balance, that he believes in himself without conceit, and that he will not be broken like Wilson, for example, through any savior-complex. This gives him a great advantage, no matter what one may think of some of his policies. The Landscaper is not yet willing to admit that anything which has been done up to this time constitutes a revolution, since the structure of capitalism remains unimpaired and many of its greatest rascals unpunished, and since the political set-up of the country is also exactly the same, except for a larger and more formidable bureaucracy, but Mr. Lindley writes with observation and intelligence, and his book, like Mr. Looker's, is very much worth reading, both for those who wish to know more of Roosevelt the man and Roosevelt the President. *It's Up to the Women* by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt (Stokes, \$1.25) is a small volume that might be looked upon as a sort of companion to the two mentioned, a common-sense book that points out succinctly and intelligently the part women must play in the recovery of the country.

### *A New Political Party?*

OTHER books of direct and immediate interest to Americans include *The New Party Politics* by A. N. Holcombe, professor of government at Harvard (Norton, \$1.75), in which an important rôle for the middle class is envisaged, with the further breaking down of existing party lines and more stress upon the economic phases becoming inevitable. Professor Holcombe foresees a coming struggle between the



proletarian and Fascist elements, and pins his faith to the middle class to save the country from either of these two extremes. *The Tax Racket: What We Pay to Be Governed* by Ray T. Unter-einer (Lippincott, \$1) is a valuable addition to the Hour Series, in which the facts of the rising cost of government are set down simply and impressively, pointed with the statement that in 1932 taxes consumed just twenty-four per cent of income in this country. The picture is not a pleasant one, but we may find it presenting a more agreeable face as we look back upon it, for the kind of mild state socialism upon which we are definitely embarked may have everything to be said in its favor, but it costs money, and government money comes out of the taxpayers' pockets. There are those, of course, who profess not to be alarmed by rising taxes, pointing out that we ask much more of our government than in the past, and that we ought to be willing to pay for more and better service, which sounds well, except that in so many localities the service has been getting steadily worse during the depression, without any pronounced decrease in taxes, except where people have refused to pay them at all. Not at all a bad book to read with the Unter-einer volume would be *Mellon's Millions: the Biography of a Fortune*, by Harvey O'Connor (John Day, \$3). This is the complete story of the life and times of our late Secretary of the Treasury, a typically American "success" story, of the modern variety. No further reflections are necessary.

### *How Goes Russia?*

OF BOOKS on great international questions, Maurice Hindus's *The Great Offensive* (Smith and Haas, \$3), which presents a down-to-the-minute picture

of affairs in Russia, is one of the most important and interesting. Hindus is a Russian, which gives him an advantage over most of the people who write about the Soviet experiment; he has been out of the country enough, too, during the past few years to have a perspective. For some reason Russia has been somewhat out of the consciousness of Americans of late, that is, it was before the question of recognition came to the fore once more. But it is evident enough that a renewed interest is dawning, and for those who wish to take up the question where they left off, the Hindus book is exactly right for a beginning. It is, on the whole, an optimistic view of the situation, Mr. Hindus making so bold to say that in many respects the Russian system has actually succeeded in changing human nature. Whatever the faults in the tremendous programme of industrial development, he thinks that reason has at least been applied to the problem of sex and society and has won a victory, a truly remarkable and challenging statement. This is a sane book, founded upon wide knowledge and travel; it ought to be read.

### *A Pro-Japanese Book*

SINCE the fate of the East links Russia and Japan in close bonds, no understanding of the situation there is complete without a grasp of the Japanese point of view and an understanding of the island kingdom's aims. These are presented in a realistic, unsentimental manner in *Dangerous Thoughts on the Orient* by F. R. Eldridge (Appleton-Century, \$2.50). Mr. Eldridge is head of the Japanese Department at Columbia University, and has spent the greater part of his life in the Orient. He says flat-footedly that Japan's recent moves were the result of stern economic neces-



sity and that there is nothing anybody can do about the seizure of Manchuria and adjacent territory. In other words, this is a powerful counterblast against what is left of American sentimentality about China and the Chinese. It will not please the tender-minded, but coming as it does from a man who knows exactly what he is talking about from first-hand observation and study, it may wield considerable influence upon opinion in this country, although there is little doubt that if Russia and Japan should become involved in a war any time soon, the cheers in this country would be for Russia.

### *The Jewish Tragedy*

ABOUT the redoubtable Mr. Hitler and the German situation there is nothing available at the moment on the side of what the French call *reportage*, but a good deal of light upon the whole Jewish problem in and out of Germany is to be found in Jacob Wassermann's autobiography *My Life as German and Jew* (Coward-McCann, \$2.50), a book first published some twelve years ago, but appearing just now for the first time in English, with much added material. Herr Wassermann, who made the not uncommon discovery that he was neither German nor Jew, but very much of both, has this to say about his race in general: "The life tragedy of the Jew is the union in his soul of a sense of superiority and a sense of inferiority. This is the most fundamental, most difficult, and most important part of the Jewish problem." An observation both obvious and profound. . . . Actually this is the tragedy of the human race, for happiness depends upon a satisfactory adjustment of the ego's self-valuation to the world's estimate, a balance between the inner and outer

opinion. The struggle has been intensified in the case of the Jew, of course, by the unfortunate chance that made a universal god out of a tribal deity, with the attendant myth of the chosen people, and so on. But regardless of this difficult and delicate question, Wassermann writes well and interestingly and much of what he has to say bears directly upon the race situation in Germany, destined, one fears, to become more serious with the increasing power of Hitler.

### *Entertaining Fiction*

FOR THOSE whose interest in reading is entertainment rather than enlightenment, the Landscaper is pleased to report that there are several good novels on hand, enough of the kind that may be safely recommended to supply at least one for almost every taste. One of the finest of these is *The Journey of the Flame* by Antonio de Fierio Blanco, translated by Walter de Steiguer (Houghton Mifflin, \$3), a story of the feudal life of the Californias in the early years of the Nineteenth Century. This historical novel is cast in the form of an autobiographical narrative, with *The Flame*, otherwise Juan Obrigón, or Juan Colorado, telling the story of his journey from Lower California to San Francisco in 1810, as a member of the entourage of the Spanish Inspector General Don Firmín Sanhudo. It is as complete a picture of the times as one could ask, with plenty of excitement of all sorts, a swinging, picturesque tale that never lets its reader down in its interest, and at the same time really gives much more than mere pleasure. Far too little of this period in American history gets into school books, and the Blanco narrative is quite likely to inspire a further interest. It is a good job, an excel-



lent novel of its kind, and with enough in it to make one put it on a handy shelf for rereading.

### *Other Good Stories*

THE FLAME is a safe enough recommendation for almost any one who wishes a good story intelligently told, and of the same order is John Masefield's new novel, *Bird of Dawning* (Macmillan, \$2.50), a sea-story of the kind he handles with fine skill, a yarn of the days of clipper ships, threats of mutiny, and all the available drama of the ocean. The book weakens slightly toward the end, but this slight falling off in merit has little to do with its generally high quality; it will make the right present for almost any man who has a drop of salt water in his veins.

Another readable novel on the historical side is Herbert Ravanel Sass's *Look Back to Glory* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50), a story of the Carolina Lowlands just before the outbreak of the Civil War and during the subsequent fighting around Fort Sumter and the bombardment of Charleston. Mr. Sass has put plenty of the color and the pageantry of the period into his story, but it is a good deal more than a Southern novel in the moonlight-and-roses tradition; it is meant for a careful presentation of the South Carolinian point of view which actually led the Southern States into war. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Sass has tackled a large job, but whether or not he has succeeded in finishing it matters less than that he has done a good book, filled with the beauty of the country he knows so well, and not offending too much on the romantic side, although its heroine is one of those women with the fatal gift of beauty, at whose mere glance men lose their minds. . . .

### *An Hilarious Tale*

ANOTHER novel that rates a high recommendation, and is certain to delight people who haven't forgotten what it was really like to be children in a world of adults, is Rhys James's *Worth Remembering* (Longmans, Green, \$2), a tale of three motherless young hellions in the South, which has a realistic Mammy thrown in for good measure. It has a certain Peck's Bad Boy quality in spots, but nevertheless is irresistibly funny the rest of the way. Biddy, Bud and Bunnypie, the last a perversion of Bonaparte, are the three youngsters; Babe is too small to be much of a nuisance. The father is a newspaper editor, completely helpless before his offspring, who fear neither God, man or devil, and who almost drive their quarrelsome, but secretly adoring Mammy, insane. The talk of the children is a dialect of their own invention, of which the ingredients are Southern white, Negro and current slang. Almost all the reviews of the book have called it a classic of American childhood, and perhaps it will be read and read again, but regardless of the fate the future may hold for it, it is certainly one of the funniest books available just now. It is the author's first attempt; the Landscaper is one who hopes with all heartiness that he has a lot more in him. The first one gets a three-star rating in this department.

### *Mrs. Barnes's New Novel*

ANOTHER special kind of novel is Margaret Ayer Barnes's *Within This Present* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50), a roastbeef-and-breadpudding kind of book, which is the story of a family—Middle Western, upper bourgeoisie—from 1914 through the big



boom and the great depression, ending up with the New Deal, which Mrs. Barnes evidently views with a great deal of optimism. In effect, then, this is a contemporary history of one stratum of American life. Mrs. Barnes has documented her story with a great deal of care, perhaps too much at times, as the book seems unnecessarily long, although 611 pages are not too many for this sort of panorama. It reveals again Mrs. Barnes's talent for the sort of thing she accomplished in *Years of Grace*, although this is hardly so fine a piece of work as the first novel; the talent is one of hard work, a sound understanding of nice people, a knowledge of certain phases of American life, the ability to reproduce credible characters, and to write presentable prose. This is enough to make novels that a great many people will want to read, and will not find at all disappointing. They are essentially wholesome books, essentially hopeful, the upward-spiral, and so on. Having said all this, it may appear as if the Landscaper were damning with faint praise, which is not the case; actually, whatever its lack in inspiration, *Within This Present* is a novel of authentic interest, and its author gives what she has to give unstintingly.

### *Kay Boyle's Queer Folk*

STILL another unusually good novel of recent weeks demands a paragraph by itself, so special are its qualities. This is Kay Boyle's *Gentlemen, I Address You Privately* (Smith and Haas, \$2), a book about as strange a group of characters as one might find in weeks of searching through contemporary fiction, a book that depends for its appeal upon the genius of its author—there are degrees of genius, of course—for its people are unattractive enough in

all conscience. The central figure is an American who has deserted the study of the priesthood in England and fled to a little village in Brittany. A homosexual sailor comes into his life, and the two are forced to hide in a squatter's cottage because the sailor is in danger of arrest. Here they meet three girls from the local brothel; the squatter and his wife are also in the picture. The setting itself is done with the greatest skill, and becomes as alive as the characters, to all of whom, some with only a few strokes, Miss Boyle gives absolute and undeniable reality. How she makes everybody in the book matter is her own secret; what it means, of course, is that she is a born novelist. The peculiarities of her style seem to the Landscaper to have been exaggerated, for she writes clearly and simply, although with fresh vividness. Her book will not please all readers by any means, but it is fairly representative of her talent, which is important.

### *Another Good Story*

ANOTHER recent novel that belongs properly to the first group in this article is Oliver LaFarge's *Long Pen-nant* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50), which is a good, rousing yarn that ought to furnish entertainment for almost any one. It is a sea-story, seasoned with an abundance of salty Yankee humor. Ursula Parrott's *The Tumult and the Shouting* (Longmans, Green, \$2.50) is a story of Boston from 1877 down to the present, another of those panoramic novels, chiefly concerned with the Irish, and revealing Mrs. Parrott's talent at its best. Her first sensational success, *Ex-Wife*, which found many readers for reasons that had nothing to do with its real merit, showed that she had ability as a novelist, and she has improved



steadily since. She says herself that she likes this book best, and her judgment is sound; it is the most important piece of work she has done to date. A novel of the times is *Disinherited* by Jack Conroy (Covici-Friede, \$2), a story of American labor since the War, written by a man who has been through the mill, and who can set down his impressions vividly and movingly. A curiously haunting short novel is *Mrs. Haney* by Foxhall Daingerfield (Payson, \$2), the story of a poor-white family living on the edge of a Kentucky plantation, and a portrait of an indomitable spirit. It is not often that so unforgettable a character gets into contemporary fiction as this crippled, frail woman who could not be downed. One is bound to regret the untimely death of the author, who, with the exception of this book, had devoted himself to detective stories; he might easily have gone on with this start and made a real reputation as a serious novelist. The manner of the tale's telling makes it somewhat of a *tour de force*, but it is handled with the greatest skill.

### *Hemingway and Parker*

THOSE readers who insist they do not like short stories have missed several of the most important books of fiction of the present season, and two new ones that are available fall readily into this group. The reference is to *Winner Take All* by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner, \$2), and *After Such Pleasures* by Dorothy Parker (Viking, \$2.25). There are fourteen stories in the Hemingway volume, and the range of merit is wide, as the book contains a few of the best things its author has yet written, and also some others that might just as well have been left out. How much, if any, of an advance it

shows over his previous collections of short stories is difficult to determine, as he has always been very good indeed in this medium. Some critics profess to find serious evidences of maturity in the new volume, but be this as it may, there are good stories in it. Mrs. Parker is more limited in her range, and more certain in her aim. She is superb at her own kind of thing, mordant, acid bits of life, reproduced with a perfect ear for dialogue. The humor is sardonic, and makes us smile wryly because we recognize ourselves in her characters. There are ten stories in the present collection, at least one of which is a masterpiece for anybody's anthology. Of the rest, each is a jewel of its kind; the art is limited, but perfect.

### *America in the War*

TO TURN back to non-fiction, Mark Sullivan adds another volume to his "Our Times" series with *Over Here, 1914-1918*, the record of American life during the War period (Scribner, \$3.75), which any one who lived through will be delighted to see. The method is by this time familiar, and like the other volumes, the new one has an abundance of reproductions of newspaper headlines, cartoons and songs. The times themselves are highly controversial, and not all that is said about Woodrow Wilson will please his ardent admirers, but no matter what his attitude, Mr. Sullivan never ceases to be the journalist and to know how to select and present the interesting details. The effect of his newspaper man's method of writing history is already being felt, and has found more than one imitator; it might start a school, which would be an excellent thing, for history written from the point of view of what people think and talk about from day to day has



much to be said for it in comparison with the old battles-dates system. One looks forward with the keenest interest to the next volume; the set itself will increase in value and interest with every year that passes.

Another bit of unusual historical writing comes to us in the form of an autobiography, *With My Own Eyes: A Personal Story of Battle Years* by Frederick Palmer (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.50), the thrilling account of a life story that has followed the main outline of world events since the Greeks fought the Turks in an opera bouffe war that launched a great correspondent on his career. Afterward, Mr. Palmer was in the Philippines, in China for the Boxer Rebellion, in the Russo-Japanese War, in the Balkans, in the World War and everywhere else that anything particularly exciting has been going on. He tells his tale with modesty, but with proper appreciation of its dramatic value, and the book is one that is not only excellent reading, but full of delightful sidelights that will not find their way into history texts.

### *Good Autobiographies*

OTHER recent autobiographies form a tempting group among the recent books. There is Frank M. Chapman's *The Autobiography of a Bird Lover* (Appleton-Century, \$3.75), an inspiring story of a man's devotion to the love of his life that ought to be left around where growing boys—and girls—can find it for themselves; and *Crowded Years* by Alice Roosevelt Longworth (Scribner, \$3.00), just the sort of entertaining book one might expect from this pen, except that it is painfully sententious at times; *It Was the Nightingale* by Ford Madox Ford (Lippincott, \$3), another autobiograph-

ical book from this inexhaustible source and excellent reading for those who like Ford, full of good stories of the great; *Homecoming* by Floyd Dell (Farrar and Rinehart, \$3), an older book the Landscaper has only recently been able to read, and for which he is bound to express great admiration; and *The Beginnings of a Mortal* by Max Miller (Dutton, \$2), the early life of the author of *I Cover the Waterfront*, and well worth reading.

### *Life on the Mississippi*

A RARE bit of Americana very much to the taste of the Landscaper is a book called *The Log of the Betsy Ann* by Frederick Way, Jr. (McBride, \$2.75), the account of a revived river steamer, written by the man who revived her. Captain Way was brought up near enough to the Ohio River to fall in love with it and with the steamboats that used to ply its waters, so when he had a chance to buy a boat, he bought it, and this is the story of all that happened to the gallant *Betsy Ann* until she was at last "sold down the river" to go back into a trade in the Lower Mississippi for which she was originally built. *Betsy Ann* broke into the newspapers with her races against rival steamboats of the Greene line, but these exploits are less interesting than many others in the book, which is saturated with a love of the river and the strange craft that were floating palaces before ocean liners were dreamed of. The Western rivers and their packets have had their historians, but no collection of books on the subject can be complete without Captain Way's simple, honest account of a gallant venture, which, if it did not succeed, made a chapter in his life he wouldn't take a fortune for.

A novel of Mississippi River life to



go with the *Betsy Ann* is Ben Lucian Burman's *Steamboat Round the Bend* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2), a romantic and whimsical tale about an old dealer in patent medicines who wanted to be a steamboat captain, and how he achieved his ambition. The story is a little too saccharine for the Landscaper's liking, but Mr. Burman knows his river, his shantyboat folk, and the queer inhabitants, human and animal, along the river's banks.

### *Boom-Time New York*

ANOTHER bit of Americana of an altogether different sort is a chapter from the boom era in New York called *Night Club Era* by Stanley Walker, city editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* (Stokes, \$3), a full account of that period that seems already to have dropped back into history. The book is full of names and stories and gives an excellent picture of what one phase of life in this town was like when the millions were flowing.

The indefatigable Allen Nevins, whose life of Grover Cleveland won a Pulitzer Prize, has edited a collection of Cleveland's letters covering the period between 1850 and 1908 (Houghton Mifflin, \$5) that will prove of interest to all the historically minded. Many subjects of paramount interest at this moment are touched upon, and with the direct honesty so characteristic of Cleveland. Some of his comments upon Bryanism are especially enlightening and the volume as a whole has permanent value.

Another volume of letters of a different sort represents a selection from the correspondence between Romain Rolland and Malwida von Meysenbug (Holt, \$2), the lady in question being seventy-four when Rolland met her. He was twenty-four. She had been the friend of Nietzsche, Wagner, Liszt, Mazzini and many others; she launched Rolland upon his writing career, and gave him a priceless friendship which is recorded in this interesting book. It contains an introduction in which Rolland pays tribute to Malwida and explains the significance of their relationship to his literary career.

Among the miscellaneous books left, the Landscaper has found none of more delight than a dog-book by Karel Capek called *Dashenka*, and published by Holt. Dashenka was a wire-haired fox, who appears in this book not only in the text but in drawings and photographs, an irresistible pooch none of whose charms fail to find their way into these inspired pages. Capek is one of those blessed people who seems to do everything the way it should be done; he once wrote a little book on Spain illustrated with some of his own drawings that stands at the top of the list of books about this mysterious country, far ahead of large and ponderous volumes.

And if you are looking for novels of the past few months that need to be read, the Landscaper offers this recommendation: Irving Fineman's *Hear Ye, Sons* (Longmans, Green, \$2.50) a really magnificent panorama of the life of a Jewish family.






# *The North American Review*

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## Yankee Trading

BY COGNOSCO

*The New Dealers, renouncing isolationism, prepare an attack  
on Mr. Grundy*

“YOU have shown our neighbors that your ideals and mine are not empty words.” Such was the cable sent by President Roosevelt to Secretary Hull at Montevideo on December 26, 1933, the significance of which can not be overestimated. Those words definitely mark the end of our isolationist policy as regards international trade. They signalize the meeting of minds of the two most potent foes of foreign trade stagnation in the world today. Not that there was ever a great divergence of viewpoint between President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull, but on one minor point there was sufficient difference of opinion between the two for political opportunists to attempt to create a schism. High tariff Democrats and the politically ambitious sought to divorce the President from Hull’s well-known low tariff policies. Their point of attack was Hull’s loyalty to the principle of the unconditional most-favored-nation treaty and Roosevelt’s partiality toward reciprocity

treaties. Technically the two methods of attack on trade barriers are not incompatible, but in principle they are antagonistic. By that I mean that there are enough internationally accepted evasions and exceptions to the M.F.N. treaties to make it entirely possible to negotiate bi-lateral treaties without passing on the benefits to “undeserving” nations. However, essentially the M.F.N. treaty tends in the direction of multi-lateral negotiations while the reciprocity treaty is essentially a bi-lateral treaty. Hull’s tendency has been to attempt to reach the goal of a broad world trade in one jump. Roosevelt was content to take two jumps, via the bi-lateral bargaining route. I say tendency for it was only that—Hull being too great a statesman and too good a politician not to accept any honest route that promises to lead with least resistance to the ultimate goal: the elimination of those artificial barriers which prevent nations from conducting a mutually profitable business with one another.



Raymond Moley's retirement from the Administration paved the way for the complete accord of the President and Secretary of State on tariff policy.

WHEN Hull presented to the Pan-American Conference on behalf of the United States the resolution to eliminate world trade barriers, he took cognizance of certain conditions of national emergency that must be considered and dealt with before the final consummation of the ideal tariff policy that would make this the best of all possible worlds.

The general policy of the Administration is clear. Unless we are willing to restrict our agricultural production to our domestic requirements we must cultivate our export markets. We are neither willing nor able at the present time to undertake such drastic restrictive measures, which would lower our standard of living and probably defeat the more moderate steps already taken in the direction of a managed agricultural economy.

Under the circumstances, it is recognized that:

(1) We can not export our surplus crops nor the surplus fruits of our now idle factories, without accepting foreign goods in return.

(2) Under the principle of "capacity to pay," we can only collect our debts if we give foreign countries an opportunity to pay through the medium of admitting more of their exports.

(3) The individual economic problems of the various nations of the world, including our own, are too complex and acute to permit of blanket tariff policies.

(4) We must treat with each nation separately and later attempt to integrate the various trades and treaties so arrived at.

The President, with his usual tendency toward direct action, proposes, if possible, to stimulate our foreign trade by a process of actual barter of specific quantities of specific commodities. The model will be our recent trades with England and France of hog-products for whiskey and wine. The Administration is not unaware of the possible dangers in such international bargaining—the creation of a ruthless international competitive spirit, the subordination of international economic planning for momentary advantages and the further isolation of already economically weak nations.

Against these disadvantages must be considered the requirement of immediate priming of the pumps serving the conduits of foreign trade; the political advantage in high tariff countries (and aren't we all?) of tangible, specific trades with their immediate discernible advantages against the older system of joggling tariff rates in a political sombrero and attempting by legislation to pull out a white rabbit which as often as not proved to be the grunting hog of special privilege.

To accomplish its purpose, the Administration will probably

(1) Ask Congress for broad Presidential tariff powers to enable him to alter rates on specific trades;

(2) Create a corporation, either entirely financed by the Government or jointly financed with private and Government capital, to serve as a medium through which specific trades can be negotiated, financed and the resulting business equitably be distributed to existing American importers and exporters;

(3) Coördinate all of the existing governmental agencies having to do with foreign trade, the Tariff Commis-



sion, State Department, Department of Commerce and Department of Agriculture.

As we approach the active consideration by the Administration of the tariff problem, we again are able to discern another rib in the skeleton of the New Deal upon which the President hopes to put some flesh and live tissue. Like almost all other parts of the recovery programme, the general policy and broad plans have long since been formulated. On September 29, 1932, at Sioux City, Roosevelt outlined in colorful phrases his plans for reciprocal trades. "I haven't the fear that possesses some timorous minds that we should get the worst of it in such reciprocal arrangements. I ask if you have no faith in our Yankee tradition of good old-fashioned trading? Do you believe that our early instincts for successful barter have degenerated or atrophied? I do not think so. I have confidence that the spirit of the stalwart traders still permeates our people, that the red blood of the men

who sailed our Yankee Clippers 'round the Horn in the China trade still courses in our veins. . . . When it comes to good old-fashioned barter and trade—whether it be in goods or tariff—my money is on the Americans!"

It is high time that we injected a little Yankee shrewdness into our international commercial policy. For years past, we have been doctrinaire and apathetic in the field of foreign trade, excepting, of course, our recent profligacy in lending huge sums to foreign countries without the slightest thought of how it was to be repaid. England in particular has taken a legitimate advantage of our torpor and has consummated innumerable bi-lateral treaties to the decided disadvantage of the United States.

The President may be trusted not to permit his foreign policy to interfere with national reconstruction but, in the very near future, we may expect to see posted in every port in the United States a sign bearing the legend, "Open for Business During Alterations."





# The Artist

BY JOHN LINEAWEAVER

## *A Story*

JOE was awake, or at least he was not asleep, for several minutes before he opened his eyes. He lay in his favorite position, on his side, with one knee crooked into his stomach and one hand under his cheek. He lay that way for some time. Then he began to listen, trying to judge the hour by the sounds of activity in the house; and finally, grunting a little, he turned on his back.

He stifled a yawn with the back of his hand and opened his eyes. They were rather large blue eyes, not unhandsome, but this morning somewhat bleary and with for Joe a slight but noticeable ache behind them. He yawned again, seeing that the sun was shining, that he had neglected to put the cover on his typewriter, which stood on the bureau a short space from the white painted footboard of his bed, and that by the clock, which stood next to the typewriter, it was nine o'clock. Nine-twenty, then, would be more like it, since the clock was old and lost ten or twelve minutes a day and he had forgotten to set it ahead for some time now.

He felt vaguely depressed as his gaze traveled upward from the clock to the large mirror. The mirror gave back to him, besides the section of footboard, an Alinari print of an Annunciation by

some minor Twelfth Century painter whose name he had forgotten (poorly framed, though it was the best Hoskins'—Books, Stationery, Gifts had been able to do), a mediocre reproduction of a Negro mask, which he had purchased at an exorbitant price in New York three summers before, and a framed photograph, clipped from *Vanity Fair*, of a portrait of a girl by Renoir—all three against a background, a kind of rain of indeterminate blue and pinkish flowers, in clusters of four, with blue, yellow-bordered leaves. Joe was all for plain wall-paper, and when his mother papered again—which, however, wouldn't be for quite a while, since the paper was good and money was tight these days with the Yardleys and, since his father's death the autumn before, growing tighter—when his room was papered again, he would see to it that the paper was a plain light tan or oyster white.

He lay staring at it all without pleasure for several minutes. He did feel rotten. He almost had a headache. He closed his eyes again. . . . Yes, he felt almost completely unrested, as he did most mornings these days. It was partly psychic of course, but it was more that he was unable to get to sleep much before two, a restless hour or so after he



had put aside whatever book or magazine he had been reading. He was accustomed to saying that night was his best time, that he began to feel most alert around ten, and to excuse himself for this, which to his brother appeared to seem an indulgence, by telling of a dramatic critic he had once heard about who had chosen to be a dramatic critic simply because he was similarly affected.

At the thought he opened his eyes again. If he didn't look out he would fall asleep again and that would mean he would not wake up before eleven. Although, as he reminded himself, there was nothing much for him to get up for, he did not like this to happen (which of course did not keep it from happening two or three times a week). He did not like it to happen for three reasons. The first was that he would feel badly until about three in the afternoon; the second that, though his mother scarcely ever called him and though his brother, who managed what the depression had left of the family business, never spoke of it, he felt that both disapproved; and the third reason was that, not as deep down inside him as he would have professed, he himself disapproved—heritage, as he would have said, of his respectable middle class upbringing.

He scratched one ankle with the toes of the other foot and considered the day before him. It was Thursday, the sixteenth. Or was it the seventeenth? Yes, the seventeenth, of September. Perhaps some of the new magazines would be in at the newsstand. And of course the bill would be changed at the town's two movie houses. The pictures, however (he remembered), were neither of them ones he wanted to see. At the moment he did not feel that he would be wanting to go to the movies, anyway.

The fact was, he was fed up on movies. Somehow or other he had seen practically every half-decent one that had played Westonville during the past six months—and some not so decent, like that one he had seen the other night of Nancy Kent's. It had had that young actor who had been so successful with the Guild, Frederick Terry, in it, though, and although he wasn't a Hollywood type and the Gotham Theatre audience hadn't seemed to notice him, he had given a pretty fine performance as movie performances went. Joe himself would rather be an actor like Terry than a dozen Clark Gables, he thought. Even more, he would like to write a script for Terry: one that would make him with the fans and cause him to be forever grateful to Joe—Joseph B. Yardley, The Author. It would be a book first, of course; his second novel. It would have had a great critical success, like his first (which had gone through four editions—or make it five), and it would have become popular also, the success both critical and popular of the year—the Pulitzer Prize winner—two or maybe three or even four hundred thousand copies sold—his name on every literate person's lips—fifty thousand dollars or more for the movie rights. . . . Joe's heart began to beat faster and a vague happy smile began to play about his lips. . . . Himself called to Hollywood; he would at first refuse to go, then cynically decide he might as well run out and see the circus and pocket the several thousand a week he had been offered, and . . .

But at that moment the door creaked open, startling him to a sitting posture and chasing the dream, and his mother stood in the room, looking down at him.

She was a slight, gray-haired woman, dressed entirely in black, and a muscle



jerked in her lined cheek as she spoke. "It's half-past nine, Joseph. I'm sorry to have to call you, but it's cleaning day, you know."

There was a slight critical edge to her tone, and although he knew that she could not have seen into his mind of a moment before, he felt suddenly embarrassed. "I was just piling out," he murmured. "Overslept. Why didn't you call me?"

"It wasn't necessary," she said. "Mrs. Hodges was late getting here today. Are you sick?" she added with that characteristic sudden change in thought which he would never quite get used to.

"Sick?" he said. "No, I'm not sick. Why?"

"I thought you looked a little pale."

For an instant he thought of telling her how he felt and blaming it on the heat, but immediately he experienced a revulsion against it. He swung his legs over the side of the bed. "I'm all right," he said. "I feel fine. Don't worry about me."

She stood a moment longer, regarding him with that worried expression which he caught on her face so often nowadays. "Well, I hope so," she said finally. "I hope if you didn't, you'd tell me so. You'd better use my bathroom this morning. Mrs. Hodges is beginning on the other side."

"All right," he said.

The whir of the vacuum cleaner going into action came to him before she closed the door after her.

AFTER she had gone he waited a moment, getting his bearings. Then he walked to the bureau and picked up his military brushes. He looked at them, thinking absently that they needed cleaning. How did one clean brushes, anyway? With just plain soap and wa-

ter, letting them soak awhile? He did not want to ask her. If he did, he knew that she would set about cleaning them at once, and it occurred to him that that was one thing he might do for himself.

He put the brushes down and was about to turn away when he caught sight of himself in the mirror. He paused. She had said that he looked pale. Well, he saw he didn't look exactly the picture of health. He would look better after he had shaved, though. He always felt lousy, dirty, before he shaved.

He raised his chin, tightening the muscles, and turned his head a trifle to the right, trying to see himself impersonally. No, he certainly wasn't good-looking. No one could say that he was good-looking. But he had maybe a— a certain minor distinction; was perhaps what some people might call "interesting-looking." He moved his head back, then a little to the left. His mouth was too large, for one thing. He could have stood a bit more chin, though there was enough. And the entire bony structure of his face was rather too prominent, as if he were skinny, though he wasn't—was he? His eyes slid down over his chest. In loosely hanging pajama coat, anyway, he looked fairly well built, and he supposed he looked about the same in street clothes. His skin was pretty good, too. This summer he had been in the sun a good deal and had obtained a fair glow, if not precisely a tan.

He examined his features again. No, not bad looking. Not ugly. Rather nice-looking in fact—but in a way not quite right somehow for an American male of his age. Once, in high school days, perhaps up to his junior year in college, he had been able to take a sort of perverse pride in this. But too often these days,



as at present, he found himself thinking: it will be all right if . . .

He averted his mind abruptly and, taking up his comb, crossed the room. He opened the door a crack, and immediately closed it. Mrs. Hodges was doing the room opposite and had the door open. He wondered whether she would have the sense to close it or if he would have to call to her. Surely she must have seen him?

He waited several seconds, straining his ears to hear, then cautiously opened the door again to reconnoiter. She had closed hers. Immediately he swung the door wide, ducked out of the room, and hurried down the hall into the bathroom.

IT WAS ten o'clock before he was dressed and downstairs. He walked into the dining room, feeling an odd lack of confidence (the ache behind his eyes was not yet gone and his mouth still tasted) and sat down at his place. His mother's and brother's dishes had been cleared away hours before, of course, and the table looked abnormally large and neat. There were two letters on his napkin and he picked them up eagerly. The first, he saw, was merely printed matter from his college—an invitation to pay alumni dues probably—and he laid it aside without reading it. The second was from Jimmy Dean, the least interesting and most faithful of his correspondents, and glancing at the brown typed address, he felt a further deflation of spirits. Of course fellows like George Williams and Ozzy Parsons were pretty busy these days; and, there wasn't any question about it, when you didn't see your friends for as long as he'd been out of it all, the relationship rather lagged. . . . But was it merely that? Or was it that . . .

He pulled the pitcher toward him quickly, poured cream over his cereal, and sugar, then tore open Jimmy's letter and began to read, eating. The first paragraph, he saw, glancing down the page rapidly, was a complaint about the heat in New York, the second a dispirited report of a show Jimmy had been to in Stamford, the third a brief account of the books Jimmy was reading. The tone was that of one hard-luck case to another (his own fault, Joe reminded himself, since he had complained about life in Westonville in his last) and irritated him.

He propped the pages against his glass, intending to read through them less hastily again, and as he did so, the pantry door opened and Mary stood in the doorway.

She glanced significantly at the clock and said, somewhat belligerently: "Don't you want no coffee?"

He looked at her, then away. "Oh, I don't think so," he said. "Not this morning."

"It's on the stove."

"Oh, well, if you have it ready . . ."

She did not wait for the completion of his sentence, but went directly out, letting the door swing behind her. He felt a surge of anger. What business was it of hers what time he got up? What business was anything he chose to do hers? By God, that's what happened when you kept a servant more than ten years. They got to thinking they ran the place. They . . .

The door swung open again and she appeared with the coffee. He did not meet her eyes, as she set down the cup, but pretended to be intent on his letter. If she says anything to me about it this morning, he thought, I'll . . .

"Did you see Al Jones's picture in the *American*?" she said.



He glanced up in surprise. The tight lines about her mouth were gone. She was even smiling a little.

And suddenly, inexplicably, he felt grateful to her. "No, I didn't," he said warmly. "I haven't seen the paper this morning."

"It's in the living room, I guess—unless your mother took it upstairs."

She turned and went into the living room to return with it a moment later. She unfurled the pages, folded them and thrust the paper before his eyes. He took it in his hands and looked at it, as if it were the most fascinating thing in his world. In the centre of the page was a photograph of the politician standing before a microphone, mouth sprung. He was, it appeared, delivering an address in Chicago.

He felt Mary's breath on his neck. "Ain't he sweet?" she breathed.

"He certainly has been able to catch the popular imagination," Joe said, and cleared his throat, holding himself rigid.

"He has the prettiest smile."

"It is attractive."

They continued thus, Joe holding the paper and Mary peering over his shoulder, admiring, for what seemed to Joe an interminable time. Then she straightened, sighed, murmured something about having to begin putting her lunch on the stove and went out. The moment she was gone he put down the paper and went on with his breakfast.

An instant later his eyes returned to the picture. He found himself studying the unhandsome, weary, infinitely common face. What was it that a man of that sort had in him to bring him to the place Jones had reached? What was it? And what would it be like when you had reached such a place—the place where every word you spoke automatically became front page news, where the

most intimate things about you were common knowledge. . . . Joe went on staring at the photograph. Then suddenly he began to eat again. He wasn't at all hungry, he realized, but he went on, shoveling the bits of dried grain into his mouth, tilting the cup against his teeth and swallowing, until there was no more food before him. Then he rose, leaving the paper where it was, and went back upstairs.

As he reached the head of the staircase, the hum of the vacuum cleaner came to him. Mrs. Hodges was doing the guest room now. He hesitated an instant, then walked down the hall and stood in the doorway, watching her. She was a thin, stunted woman of perhaps forty, or it might have been fifty—you could not tell. Bent over the sweeper, her gray face and even more the sag of her shoulder told of things he knew only by hearsay. She had not noticed his approach and when he spoke to her did not look up. It occurred to him that this was what being deaf would be like.

A moment later she straightened to rest an instant and saw him. Instantaneously her face changed. The tired, hopeless creases vanished as if by magic. The vacant stare disappeared, and her mouth, once so full of expression, stretched in a meaningless, servile smile of greeting, showing a set of cheap, unclean false teeth.

"Hello," he said heartily, fighting down his revulsion.

"Good morning, Mr. Joe." (He was always Mr. Joe for greeting purposes and farewells, but in the stress of the day he became simply Joe, as he was to Mary.)

"Pretty hot, isn't it?"

She went on smiling, as though he had said something funny. "Not as hot



as yesterday, I guess, but maybe it will be by dinner time."

"Gee, I think it's hotter," he said, and immediately wondered why he had said "gee." He never said "gee." He hadn't thought "gee." He wasn't a "gee" sort of person. Why, then, had he used it? Was he going in for boyish charm on Mrs. Hodges, for God's sake? And if so, why?

He realized that she had answered and that he had not heard her. He wagged his head, forced an acceleration of his smile and turned away.

"Will you be doing my room next?" he asked.

"Oh, not for a while yet. I ain't dusted yet."

"Well, just tell me when you're ready," he said genially and moved off. She'd probably like to bash my face in, he thought. Behind him the sweeper began again.

HE RETURNED down the hall and went into his room, closing the door. He stood with his weight against it for several seconds, looking about him. His bed, he saw was already made, and the magazine which he had been reading the night before lay on the blanket folded neatly at its foot. It crossed his mind that he had not quite finished the story he had been reading, but at the moment he could not imagine reading anything. He still felt stifled; the ache behind his eyes was still present and his mouth was still full of the stale taste. Perhaps he should have gone to the front door and done a couple of deep breathings before coming upstairs.

After a while he crossed to the bureau, put the cover on the typewriter and carried it back to his desk where it belonged. He stood looking down at it, with no thoughts in his head particu-

larly. Then he pulled out the chair and sat down. He sat looking out the window for several minutes. Martha, the Winston maid, was carrying the garbage down the yard. He watched her swaying progress, her head sometimes on a level with, sometimes bobbing above, the clothesline stretched along the walk, until she had reached the barrel and was lifting the lid, then turned his attention back to the desk.

He thought of writing a letter. But whom to write to? He didn't owe any letters. As it was, he had written twice to Marion Denby's once, and Dick Ather-ton's last had come only the day before. He didn't want to become a correspondence pest, like Jimmy Dean—didn't want it to appear as if he had nothing to do but write letters. It wasn't as if he had anything particular to be writing about. He realized that his letters the past few months had been pretty dull—full of advice (silly attempts, he thought bitterly, to impress himself on others) and of complaints (he had had an example in his morning mail of how thrilling *that* was) and recently he had caught himself manufacturing items. He might answer today's of course. Jimmy would be only too pleased. But what the hell?

He frowned and jerked open his desk drawer. God, what a mess! No matter how often he weeded out, there was always a mess. From under a fountain pen, two unsharpened pencils and a copy of *The Nation*, he brought out several worn-looking sheets of copy paper covered with amateurish typing. Blowing the bits of tobacco off them, he spread them out on the desk. He regarded them with distaste a moment, then rested his chin in his hand and began to read.

He skimmed through four paragraphs and stopped. It was as bad as



he'd feared. It was terrible. . . . Or was it so terrible? His eyes traveled over the first sentences again. Hell, that wasn't the way to read fiction, though. It wasn't the way he read other people's fiction. Maybe it wasn't so bad. Maybe with a little fixing . . .

He read the sentences again. The truth was, he couldn't tell how it read now. He shouldn't have got it out. He should have waited until he was more in the humor. God, he had the damn page memorized, he'd reread it so often! He'd been rereading these pages, these measly seven hundred words, for the last three days!

He got up and walked to the window, where he stood jingling the coins in his pocket. He would never get anywhere this way. He ought to be revising, if he was going to revise, this very minute. How could he hope ever to get anything done? He recalled the advice of the only professional writer he had ever met: "Set aside a certain hour each day for writing and during that hour *write*, no matter how you feel." Likely enough sounding advice, but . . .

He fumbled in his pocket, brought out a cigarette, stuck it between his lips and lighted it. The first inhale staggered him and brought the taste in his mouth to a head. That was part of his trouble, too—oversmoking and no exercise. He took a second puff and the worst of the effects passed away. He ought to quit smoking. He ought to quit right now. But of course he wouldn't. He had been telling himself so for the past month and several times had gone so far as to make a resolution.

He turned quickly around, readjusting his face, as he heard a hand on the door knob. It was Mrs. Hodges.

She stared at him. "Oh, excuse *me*,

Mr. Joe," she said. "I didn't know you was in here."

"That's all right," he said. "Come on in. I was just getting ready to leave." He crossed to his desk, swept the papers into the drawer, and shut it.

"I can do your mother's room first," she offered.

"No, that's all right. Come on in."

"Well—it won't take me very long."

She entered, propping the sweeper against the wall and depositing the dust cloth on the bureau. He clapped the cover over his typewriter and turned the key in the lock.

"Is my mother upstairs, do you know?" he asked.

"I think she's in the bathroom."

He left the room, went down the hall and stood before the bathroom door, hearing the water run in the basin.

"Want anything uptown, mother?" he called through the door.

"No," she answered. "Are you going uptown?"

"Yes, I thought I'd go to the office and see what George is doing."

"Well, you might bring me some stamps. Are you in a hurry?"

"I have enough money."

"Oh. All right. I'll pay you at noon. Bring me about twelve three-cent ones."

"All right."

As he descended the stairs, he counted his change. Seventy-eight cents. Then he heard the sweeper begin in his room. He hoped Mrs. Hodges would be careful of the typewriter when she dusted his desk.

HE HAD unconsciously evolved a set route for traversing the distance between his home and the office. Lately he had become aware of this and had begun making little jokes about it to his mother, saying that if he didn't watch



out, he would find he had worn a path in the pavements. He would come out of the house, which faced on Elm Street, walk down Elm, past the new high school, the Lutheran and Methodist churches and the Elks' Home, to Seventh Street, turn down Seventh and proceed two blocks to the Book Nook. Here he always stopped and gazed in the window, although there were scarcely ever any additions to or subtractions from the dismal display. After looking the display over, or rather checking up on it, he continued down Seventh Street to the Gotham Theatre, where he usually stopped also, to examine the billboards. Across the street, dwarfed by the Harlinhausen Baking Company ("We knead what you need"), was the Royal Theatre and often, if the bill interested him, he crossed and examined its billboards. He then went on until he came to the News Agency, where he inspected the string of magazines in the window, and, if there was one he wanted, entered and bought it. Armed with it, he turned down Cherry Street and wound up at the office, located on the third floor of the Miller Building two doors from the corner.

This was his set route; but today, on reaching Seventh Street, he for some reason decided to vary it a bit. He crossed at the intersection, nodding to Mrs. Burlington, waiting outside the post office in her Buick, and continued on Elm until he came to the alley. He turned down the alley and kept to it until he reached Cherry Street. He walked too fast, and by the time he reached the Miller Building he was bathed in perspiration.

He paused on the steps and peeled off his coat, wondering, as he did so, why he had bothered to wear it at all. Then he wiped his face with his handkerchief

and went on up the winding dark stairs, meeting no one. At the door lettered "R. S. Yardley Co.—Coal" he paused and listened. There came to him the click of typewriter keys, then a moment of silence, and the click again. He turned the knob and walked in.

His brother, sitting at the typewriter in shirt-sleeves, looked up. "Oh—hello," he said. "Just get up?"

"Oh, no," Joe answered, and felt himself flush. He walked to the hat-rack and hung up his coat. "Been up quite a while," he said—"God, but it's hot!"

"Pretty high for September," his brother agreed, and went on with his typing.

Joe watched him a moment, then crossed the room and flung himself into a chair. He reached in his pocket, found that he had forgotten his cigarettes, and decided it was a good thing. His brother had given up smoking—to save the expense.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

His brother typed on for a time, then pulled the letter from the machine. "Writing that Benson outfit for a cheque," he answered.

"Any chance of getting it, do you think?"

"You never know these days."

Joe brought out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead again. His brother spread the letter on the desk, took up a pen and wrote his signature.

"What's new?" Joe asked.

"Nothing that I've heard of."

"No orders of course?"

"Nope."

His brother folded the letter and looked about for the envelope. "The devil!" he said. "I forgot to make an envelope." He rose, sighing, went to the cabinet, extracted one, and returned



to the typewriter. "I'll have to be getting some more of these," he said.

"Want me to order some on my way home?"

"I'll do it at noon, thanks. I have to go around by the bank anyhow."

"I'd be glad to do it . . ."

His brother said nothing. He pulled the envelope out of the typewriter, inserted the letter, and tossed it on to the desk. "That's done," he said. "Now for the payroll."

"Have you got it this week?"

Again there was no answer, and after a moment Joe turned and looked out the window. God, what an ugly town it was! He could remember when there had been a few unkempt trees lining the curbs, but now, thanks to the street paving, even these were gone, leaving the string of shoddy little stores under the inconvenient little flats naked before all the world. He gazed down the block to Bartlett's Cut Rate Drugstore, noted the perpetual group of loafers, and turned his attention back to the room.

"Don't you want to go out?" he asked. "I came up here to stay a while, in case you did."

His brother, busy with figures, shook his head. An instant later he glanced up, said curtly, "No, thanks," then returned to his work again.

Joe sat on. He felt himself growing more and more depressed. After a while he rose.

"Well, if you don't need me, I may as well get going," he said.

"No, I don't need you," his brother said. "Thanks all the same, though. Maybe tomorrow."

"All right." He moved to the hat-rack and took down his coat. His brother went on with his figuring.

"Sure you don't want me to stay a while?" he asked once more.

"What?" His brother looked up absently. "No. No. I have a lot to do this morning."

"All right," Joe said.

He slung his coat over his arm and went out, closing the door.

In the dark, stifling hall he waited a moment. Then he slammed his hat on his head, shoved his hand into his pocket, and moved slowly on down the stairs.

HE WALKED home through the alley, the way he had come, stepping aside twice for teams between Cherry and Elm Streets, and went in through the yard.

He felt warmer than ever. If anything, the temperature seemed to be rising. Josie, the cat, was stretched in the shade of the mock orange bush and did not rouse as he passed. The leaves of the bush, of all the plants and shrubbery, hung limp and powdered pale with dust. Mary was on the back porch, hanging out dish cloths. Her lifeless brown hair, which she rebelled against confining within a cap, as his mother wished, was coming undone and strings of it were pasted damply across her forehead. She looked, as was to be expected on cleaning day, out of sorts.

"It's hot as the devil, isn't it?" he said to her, coming up on the porch.

She sniffed. "You'd know how hot it is if you had to work, I guess."

As he passed her she murmured something further about every dog having his day, which he answered in a burst of childish anger by letting the screen door bang behind him. It was going to be one of those days, he knew, when what food she cooked would be half raw and served in all the least attractive dishes to subdued grumbling.

In the pantry he paused a moment to look in the refrigerator, but there was



nothing in it that appealed to him. There was a bottle of grape juice, but he did not know where any openers were and he did not now dare to ask. Anyhow, grape juice didn't seem exactly appropriate for the tail end of morning.

He went on into the house, shedding his tie as he went, and drank the water left over from breakfast in the pitcher on the serving table. He wiped his mouth on his arm and looked around, blinking. The blinds had been drawn against the sun and it was some time before objects asserted themselves. When they did he walked into the hall and went to the table. Leaned over it, peering. There were never any letters in the second morning mail, but sometimes there were magazines—not that there were ever many magazines worth reading coming to that house, but today any would be better than none.

There were no magazines this morning, however, he saw. There was only an advertisement from some dress shop in Blacksburg for his mother. He picked it up, looked at it and tossed it back on the table again. He was just about to turn away when from the parlor sounded a small, affected woman's cough.

He stayed rooted. This, he knew, was Mary's revenge on him. If she had warned him of a caller, he would have used the back stairs. He glanced quickly about him, asking himself whether escape was still possible. He simply could

not bear up under one of those women today. He seemed to hear the false, sugary voice that went with that cough asking how his writing was coming along, the while ironical, disapproving eyes probed him; heard his own half-embarrassed, half-defiant parries.

His mother's footsteps sounded on the landing above. In a moment she would be standing before him. And suddenly he remembered that he had forgotten the stamps.

On the impulse he swung quickly around and rushed back through the dining room, into the kitchen, and up the back stairs.

He closed the door into the upper hall and waited a moment, listening. Somewhere—in his brother's room, he surmised—the sweeper was humming. Above it sounded his mother's voice greeting the caller. He tiptoed down the hall and stole into his room.

He shut the door silently and crossed, still on tiptoe, to his desk. There he stood quiet an instant, staring down at his typewriter. His cheeks were burning. His breath was coming in wheezy gasps. Had he got away with it? he wondered. And if not, what must they be thinking of him? He felt like a thief. What a lousy, kid stunt!

He gripped the arm of the chair and let himself carefully into it, and there he sat for quite a while, motionless. How much longer was it going to be like this? he wondered. How much longer?





# Invisible Subsidies

BY DOUGLAS H. STEWART

*If market-gardeners and music teachers are undeserving of special government aid, why should mass production not pay its own way?*

WHEN the first English railways were being built, they were required to pay, and pay heavily, for their right-of-way. But when the first English factories began to enclose the blue sky as a dumping-ground for soot and acid fumes, no payment was required. The smoke-nuisance is, happily, a diminishing evil, but it may be used as a test case among many such evils, in order to decide whether mass production has not been in receipt of vast invisible subsidies, to which it owes an unnatural and parasitic overdevelopment.

If the early English railways had been empowered by law to seize what land they felt they required as the "price of progress," their prosperity and payrolls would have been fantastic, and the "railway mania" would have been a tenfold more gorgeous bubble than it actually was; but its bursting would have left England entangled in an inextricable network of railway lines and debts. The tenacity of private ownership fortunately prevented such a calamity; but the blue sky belonged to the King, and he was an easy-going property-owner. Yet in common justice, if not in common law, the *de facto*

seizure of the blue sky had the same effect as a vast grant of money or land. Every housewife whose linen, carpets, furniture and wall-paper were begrimed, every property-owner whose masonry was caked and rotted and whose garden was discouraged and wilted, every adult whose health and spirits were dampened, and every child whose constitutional growth was permanently impaired, was paying a subsidy. Of course the spending power of the beneficiaries was increased, but every dole has that effect.

The system which allots each industry its merited place in our economic order is the "profits system." It is the freest and most democratic economic system yet discovered, because it empowers the public to expand with its patronage the industries which serve it best, and to demote or destroy those which are less efficient or faithful. Of course the goodness or badness of any democratic institution depends utterly upon the goodness or badness of the *demos* which governs it. The alternatives are slavery, as in ancient Egypt where the masses had no money and therefore no freedom; or the tax system of expansion, as in Russia, where



the surpluses necessary for new developments are arbitrarily taken from the producers, and arbitrarily spent by those in power, not on the projects the people want, but on what they ought to want. The vice of subsidies in what pretends to be a profits system is that they underhandedly frustrate the will of the people, as expressed in their buying preferences, by giving to certain favored industries profits and expansion which they have not earned by good and faithful service, and by correspondingly contracting the profits and prosperity of the industries which the people have distinguished with their approval.

A standard defense of subsidies is that an infant industry, like a human infant, entails sacrifices which should be gladly borne for the sake of the future. There is a dangerous superficial resemblance between the dependence of youth and the dependence of parasitism, which only development brings out. Youth is kin and beneficial to the environment which nurtures it; parasitism is intrusive and destructive. Youth proceeds along a well-organized path; parasitism knows no path, but lives a feast-or-famine, gambling existence. Youth gradually achieves strength and independence; parasitism becomes increasingly helpless and dependent. A century-old infant which is more destructive and demanding than at birth is not a true infant. The real parent of an infant industry is the capital which gave it birth, and which should be held strictly accountable for its aggressions and trespasses. The community can no more undertake to act as general foster-parent of every grasping and demanding new industry, than it can undertake to foot the glazier's bills of all self-expressing

children who joyously break windows.

Experience warns me at this point to explain that I am not in favor of returning to water-wheels, windmills, ox-carts, quaint medieval plumbing, longhand, loin cloths or spinning-wheels. I am profoundly grateful to mass production for all it has done in destroying senseless drudgery and ministering to quality, skill and responsibility; though my enthusiasm is less unbounded when it creates senseless drudgery and destroys quality, skill and responsibility. What I am endeavoring to suggest is that inasmuch as mass production is so fantastically efficient in creating new wealth, it is surely not too much to ask of it that it pay its own way.

IN A perfectly governed state—assuming that its citizenry is still imperfect—there would be Commissioners of the Amenities to desubsidize such industries as gain an unearned expansion by simply seizing upon invisible subsidies. They would be men of great ability and unquestioned integrity, with judicial powers and independence. They would not prohibit or regulate (which is the province of the legislature) but simply see to it that every aggression against the amenities was detected at its inception, and paid for. If the legislature decided that belching chimneys were technologically necessary, the Commissioners would meter every chimney, and while their assessments might not be mathematically demonstrable, they would be mathematically impersonal, and would impel industrialists to develop smoke-burning boilers for strictly economic reasons.

The Commissioners would deal also with the case of such sunlight as pene-



trates the gloom only to be mangled beyond recognition by coming into violent collision with a hideous billboard or mill. They would hand down a decision, even before any one else had time to lodge a complaint, that if a sylvan scene must be screened by a loud visual boost for some one's beauty preparations, or if a water-mill built for beauty as well as use must be replaced by a "dark, Satanic mill" built strictly for use only, the costs of the injury done to the reflected sunlight should be an installation charge and a current expense of the industrial process which required it. It may be objected that the Commissioners would be busy men, because logic would demand that they pass upon homes, clothes and the sale of bottles and cans to possible picnickers. But this difficulty would take care of itself under the practical Roman legal rule that the court can not concern itself with trifles. An occasional citizen would be surprised to receive a letter from the Commissioners in which they present their compliments to him and regret to inform him that his signally unweeded garden and unpainted house will cost him exactly \$20.06 for the past year; but for the most part their lordships' time would be taken up in cases involving thousands or millions of dollars through the technologically necessary replacement of natural beauty by aggressive ugliness; and also in furnishing rough estimates on projected atrocities.

The Commissioners would also deal mathematically and impersonally with all systematic noises, stench and poisonous effluvia. Every persistently noisy machine would be metered, and possibly the ingenious instruments would register quintuple rates after

midnight. If this did not give pause to the youth who showered an unsolicited bath of noise from his motor horn at three o'clock in the morning over an apartment district containing hundreds of sleepers in order to attract a friend of his without leaving his car, it would at least lighten the tax rate. The pneumatic riveters on skyscrapers would also be a fruitful source of revenue until replaced by a method less destructive of nervous energy in hundreds of listeners; and elevated railways would crash into bankruptcy after the first few days of metering as being hopelessly uneconomic.

Coördinate with the Commissioners of the Amenities there would be Commissioners of the Humanities who would build up a structure of counter-vailing levies upon inhuman industrial processes at their first inception. How watchful these Commissioners would need to be may be gathered from the fact that Bright and Cobden opposed on principle Shaftesbury's factory legislation, except in respect of child labor. Shaftesbury described seeing workers so misshapen that they resembled "a crooked alphabet"; but Bright and Cobden held that these men and women had full freedom to refuse employment, although children had not. Yet both were humane and sincere men who made large sacrifices of time, money and effort to free the "bread-taxed weaver" from the *visible* subsidy to agriculture implied in the Corn Laws. Twenty years later the respectable parliamentary majority led by Disraeli blocked Plimsoll's measure for a load-line on ships, presumably on the ground that sailors had full freedom to refuse employment on overinsured, expectant shipwrecks; until Plimsoll called the members "villains" and shook his fist in



the Speaker's face, whereupon they put him out of the House, and shortly afterwards passed his bill. Later still, measures for the quick compensation of workmen for injuries and occupational diseases were blocked on the ground that every citizen had full access to the courts.

Among the Commissioners' major tasks would be the creation of a structure of impersonal precedents desubsidizing those industries which foist the burden of technological unemployment upon their workers or upon other industries like diversified agriculture which give a measure of work and sustenance to their dependents in good times and bad. And their lordships would regard it as an aggravation rather than a mitigation of the delinquency when the offending industry paid exceptional wages during the feast sector of the feast-or-famine cycle; because this only accustomed their dependents to an insecure standard of living and got them into debt on the instalment plan, and then left them worse than penniless when the famine sector arrived. Industries which, unlike diversified agriculture, foist the burden of apprenticeship upon technical schools supported by general taxation, and have literally no use for adolescent workers in bad times, would be adequately dealt with; and a staggering levy would be imposed upon the industries which have so far divorced their engineering from human considerations that they find a man "too old at forty" precisely when his family responsibilities are rising to a climax. It stands to reason that such assessments would moderate the fantastic velocity of mechanical invention; but it would promote a sounder growth—slow, like the oak's, not phenomenal, like the mushroom's.

It would be tedious to dwell at length on all the obviously parasitic privileges allowed to the process of mass production, many of which may seem but light afflictions, but which in the mass have changed the face of history. A few of the more oppressive may be noted. There is the effect of certain forms of mass production upon quality, skill and responsibility. There are the serious social problems arising from the immigration of cheap but unassimilable foreign labor. There are the multifarious evils of excessive urbanization, and the excessive depopulation of the countryside. There is the squandering of natural resources as if they were the spending money of one generation. There are the uncontrolled aggressions of the lunatic and criminal fringes of motordom upon life, property, the amenities, neighborhood institutions and the family; not to mention the visible subsidies of hundreds of millions spent annually out of general taxation on grandiose Appian Ways through every inconsiderable village, partly as a dole to specially favored transportation enterprises, and partly as a still more surprising dole to a mere amusement of presumably well-to-do citizens—all on the obsolete theory that roads are chronic infants, and must never be expected to pay their way in full like railways, the post office or theatres. There are also the evils of easy money irregularly distributed in a manner which fosters gambling, racketeering, labor troubles and revolutionary sentiments. There is the internationalist tendency of mass production, and its disastrous clashes with patriotism. And there is the uncontrollable growth of monstrous Napoleonic aggregations of capital, in spite of the known, distressing shortage of Napoleons capable of managing



them for the general good, or even for their own good.

But most serious of all is the relation of mass production to war. A building which is a fire-trap is either condemned or visited with staggering insurance rates. The steel and chemical industries, in their present hypertrophied development, are the fire-traps of civilization. They have made war so terrifying that the combatants can think of no possible termination except the complete disarming of their enemies; and even in peace the taxpayers must lay out hundreds of millions annually in armaments, which in turn minister to the further profit and expansion of these very industries. It would be stupid and dishonest bookkeeping to credit mass production with all the comfort and ease it has brought, and may bring; and to debit to something else all the ruin and horror it has caused in war, and may cause.

THE mere suggestion of these de-subsidizing levies has, I am aware, an air of Utopian unreality, however they may be defended on logical grounds. The attitude of the public to mass production is not reasonable; it can hardly be described as other than machine-worship. Any measure which would impede the unlimited multiplication of beautiful and powerful machines seems heretical to the idea of progress. Machine-worship is not the dominating worship of our intellects and hearts; we do not really believe that a man's life consists in the abundance of things which he possesses. But two or more worships may co-exist in the same community and in the same mind; and machine-worship happens to be the belief which at present we choose informally to establish and endow.

Tariffs, for instance, are theoretically designed to benefit all industries and interests equally; yet it can scarcely be denied that in most countries mass production has benefited unduly, and Mother Agriculture has been grievously imposed upon. We have come to think it quite natural and proper that city workers should gain greater rewards for less effort, capital, skill and responsibility than farmers; and we think it right that tariffs should encourage a cityward drift, on the theory that citification is civilization. And as if that were not enough, we in North America have established a huge system of local subventions for citified industries. There is scarcely a community of more than 2,000 population north of the Rio Grande which has not passed numerous by-laws giving free land, free light, free power, freedom from taxation and irksome regulation, and even free money grants or free factories to entire strangers who merely promise to establish mass production. No municipality ever dreamed of giving free land, free light or free money grants to local house-painters, music teachers and market-gardeners; on the contrary, these old-style merchants of beauty and health are required to pay out money, while they have any property left, to increase the profits and expansion of their new-style competitors. Nothing succeeds like success. Mass production becomes fantastically prosperous through invisible subsidies, and then is given visible subsidies because it has become fantastically prosperous.

Under these circumstances it is disconcerting to read that the time has now come when we must abandon classical economics. Just what classical economics has to do with the present state of the world, it is difficult to sur-



mise. The word "classical" implies a harmonious and beautiful balancing of the parts in some whole; the perception of this harmony comes in the evolution of any art or discipline as a glorious but transient climax after primitive ignorance and prejudice have been outgrown, and before sophisticated specialism sets in to overemphasize again one or another part of the whole. In this sense of the word there is but one classical economist, Adam Smith. Before him were the ignorant, selfish mercantilists who thought that trade was not trading but fighting, and that to gain the victory a nation must forcibly induce the foreigner to buy, and forcibly prevent him from selling. Also there were the amiable but airy physiocrats who caught glimpses of the idea of freedom, but were quite certain that only the land produced wealth. With infinite labor and observation Adam Smith organized a wonderfully balanced conception of a national and international community in which each interest freely found its merited development. After him overemphasis returned—the agriculturists and the industrialists reforming one another; the nationalists and the internationalists terrifying one another; the money-mad individualists using his great conception of freedom to claim a natural right to do what they pleased with their own property, as long as they kept their money contracts; and the socialists exaggerating his high appreciation of the importance of labor to make it the only element in human life that merited consideration.

It is preposterous to speak of Adam Smith as the apostle of selfishness. He believed in individualism precisely because he found the individual immeasurably more unselfish than "that crafty

and insidious animal," the politician. He hated the political management of wealth because of its incurable wastefulness, its brazen favoritism in granting monopolies and bounties, its beggar-my-neighbor foreign policy, its boomerang reprisals, its vast wars waged on credit. He hated slavery and the "savage injustice" of colonial policy to the natives. For money-making as the primary concern of individuals or nations he had nothing but scorn; there were many things he valued above "opulence." At the same time he believed that men and nations should wish their neighbors prosperous, rather than poverty-stricken. In sharp contrast with the political management of wealth he everywhere observed that the prudence of individuals in quietly minding their own and their family affairs was led "by an invisible hand" to promote the common good. Yet he was sensitively aware of the infinite importance to the poor of the prime necessities, which he wished to be cheapened. He saw, too, their extreme helplessness amid swift economic changes, and counseled gradualness even in introducing his own projects of reform. To counterbalance the new monotony in the lives of the workers through the intensification of the division of labor, he proposed liberal public expenditures on the right kind of schools. And where the individual, contrary to general rule, was selfish in the sense of injuring his neighbor, he believed in the most prompt and energetic interference. Specifically he favored coercion or punitive taxation against those who disregarded fire precautions, against usurers, against bankers who issued too much credit, and against merchants who pushed the sale of whiskey instead of "wholesome, invigorating" ale.



Such was the true classical economics, which aimed at freedom *from* selfishness, not at the freedom *for* selfishness which the motley crew of post-classical liberals demand as a natural right. It is permissible to believe that Adam Smith would have devised as powerful an attack against the invisible subsidies allowed to the Nineteenth Century factories as against the visible subsidies of his own day; he would have demonstrated the precariousness and unprofitableness of the overgrown foreign trade built up in England by this form of dumping, just as he riddled with his scorn the mercantilist policy of paying bounties, at the taxpayer's expense, on exported grain.

IT is possible to regard the disasters of the past twenty years as so many phases of the collapse of parasitically hypertrophied mass production. For the time being the underlying unity of civilization is broken, as each nation meets the situation in its own way.

In Russia we see the futurist state, with factory-worship legally established and endowed, and exercising monopolistic control over the schools, the press and the theatre. The evils of mass production concern these believers not at all, because they ascribe them all to the unspeakable wickedness of the capitalists. The factory method is to them so "scientific" that it has ascended above the regions of doubt and experiment. No mere facts are permitted to retard or limit its universal application. Ultra-mechanized agriculture, for example, has failed lamentably with us, not only in the totality of its effects but even as a money-making proposition; but the Russian believers are undaunted. It may gamble on one kind of crop, on one kind of weather, and

on distant, precarious outlets; it may open up a paradise to weeds, weevils, hog cholera, rats, mildew, moths, rust, thieves, robbers, loafers and saboteurs; and it may destroy all soil fertility and creative pride of ownership. But as long as it retains the devotion of its worshipers it will continue to flourish out of taxes and invisible subsidies until its tributary environment can support it no longer.

In Germany a different form of machine-worship has seized control, the worship of the machine-state in which the humans are hardened and tempered cogs. They call it the "organic state," but an organism allows much freedom to its parts: a cut finger does not take orders about defense and reconstruction; tired-out legs protest most vigorously to all parts of the body instead of waiting to be told by the superintending intelligence how they ought to feel. As against the Russian ideal of fabulous ease and enjoyment the Nazis set up an ideal of spareness, intense physical exertion and national self-sufficiency through small-scale production, except in munitions. In Germany as in Russia the elements which would limit the hypertrophy of the machine-method, through taxes and subsidies, are silenced. Japan also has reverted to a primitive state-worship, not Spartan but from her own ancient history.

In Italy state-worship seems also to be in control, but in reality it is profoundly modified by Catholicism, by classic traditions, by the native liveliness and humor of her people, and by the many-sidedness of the Dictator. Force has been applied, but the aim has been to conserve a balanced state which does not threaten its neighbors, either by militarism or by propaganda. But



what the Fascists have conserved by force the French democracy has conserved by constitutional methods. The strength of France amidst the earthquake shocks of war, revolution, mass-gambling, panic and unemployment—all originating from outside—has been too remarkable to be explained away; and it is significant that of all great nations France has least committed herself to mass production. Her people are attached to the land and the family; they are content to get along in the world by thrift rather than by gambling; and they have a flair for the production of articles of great beauty, ingenuity and variety for which small-scale production by skilled workers is the most economic method. And in addition the French Government has not hesitated to assist in maintaining the balance of this classic state against deleterious modern influences by counter-bonusing agriculture, babies and the fine arts.

The English-speaking peoples, who do not know what it means to have a dangerous land frontier or threatening revolutionary faction, are constitutionally as unmoved by Continental upheavals in 1933 as they were in 1793 or 1848. Until the present year the British "dole" has been the boldest experiment, and throughout the English-speaking world it has caused much misgiving. As a Canadian who has lived in Britain, I regard the "dole" as a very mild and justified counter-subsidy. Apart from being largely contributory, it is an extremely modest payment, barely sufficient to keep a family organization intact on an emergency basis, and certainly no substantial inducement to idleness. To argue that the sins of the whole people should be visited upon the most helpless section,

even to depriving it of bread unless it begs, borrows or steals, is not classical economics. The "dole" has saved the day for the prouder workers, and has banished the hardened, polished pan-handling of those who are not so particular. But it does not desubsidize with sufficient discrimination. It does not remorselessly recapture the profits made through the premature and ruthless introduction of labor-displacing machinery. It does not require each industry to share its available employment among all its dependents. And above all it does not recognize that daily, interesting, rewarded work is in the long run as much a human necessity as food, clothing and shelter.

Now in 1933 comes the Roosevelt programme, no constitutional upheaval but a mass of industrial legislation shocking in scope and complexity. What is its relation to invisible subsidies? On the whole, and with many reservations, I am inclined to regard it as a return to the classical economics of Adam Smith, whose principles it does not seek to destroy but to fulfill. Mr. Roosevelt is no fanatic specialist, but a man of wide and deep experience—in the city and the country, by land and sea, at home and abroad, in peace and war, in sickness and health, in local and international politics. This kind of many-sidedness leads inevitably to the development of a sense of the complexity of human affairs, and a consequent reliance upon experiment, rather than logic or fossilized science. Mr. Roosevelt frankly calls himself a doctor, and declares his readiness to change his remedies as soon as they prove unsatisfactory—a heartening assurance which we scarcely expect from Stalin, Hitler or Araki.

Mr. Roosevelt does not aim to de-



stroy the classical profits system, but to heal its accumulated and deep-seated maladies by introducing a higher accountancy to determine when profits have been fully earned. The primary function of an industry is to provide steady, honest livelihoods for its dependents; it should make profits and earn expansion in proportion as it fulfills this difficult and complex task, and not in proportion to its furious virtuosity in performing mechanical tricks in a factory, or mathematical tricks in a counting house.

Classic also is Mr. Roosevelt's conception of law in organizing this higher accountancy. Law is not a pleasing and powerful labor-saving machine for forcibly remodeling the people we dislike. The only truly radical reforms are those which grow freely and gently from unregarded beginnings, like the grain of mustard seed. Law can only begin to operate when the mass of men are persuaded, and only a few laggards remain to be coerced in order to make it unanimous. Yet law must not shirk this final step, otherwise the laggards will rule mankind by compelling the majority in self-defense to adopt their ruthless methods, however unwillingly.

When a city is destroyed by fire, the magnitude of the disaster is invariably exaggerated; most of the buildings, furniture, wall-paper and mattresses were not particularly worth saving in any case. Even in normal times the wreckers are ever at work. A general conflagration somewhat rudely accelerates their schedule, but it also releases tremendous reserves of creative genius and energy which otherwise would be repressed or frittered away. When London burned in 1666, immediately after a great plague induced by fantastic overcrowding, the surveyor-general

was Christopher Wren, already distinguished as a scholar, anatomist, draughtsman, physicist, architect, inventor, mathematician and astronomer, though but thirty-three years old. While the embers were still warm he brought forward a plan of a rebuilt city with wide streets radiating from a central space in a manner which wonderfully harmonized utility with classic beauty. To the lasting regret of architects the plan was blocked by tenacious and distressed private ownership; but it *was* possible to enforce rebuilding in brick or stone only, according to safe and orderly designs, to establish central sanitation, and to create green squares and parks. And in addition, scores of churches and public halls built by Wren, each with some one outstanding feature of beauty, such as a graceful spire, and St. Paul's Cathedral, perfect in every part, rose as symbols that London rebuilt was a safer, more serviceable, more spacious and more beautiful city. Happily for later generations Wren was no futurist.

Mr. Roosevelt has excellent precedent in striving for a reconstruction which will not be a stupid mechanical reproduction of all the old, dark, crooked, narrow ways, and all the old fire-traps, and at the same time preventing the excited futurists from seizing control in order to impose a harsh geometrical pattern with each last detail worked out at headquarters, and fit only for one purpose and one age. He does what he can, while opportunity lasts, to establish basic regulations and noble central ways; and leaves the rest to the great masses of ordinary, decent individuals who are determined to do their private rebuilding in their own way, because they feel that they are artists too.





# The Job-Master General

BY OLIVER MCKEE, JR.

*A storm brews on Capitol Hill as ire accumulates over Administration patronage tactics, but even Republicans admit that Farley has been ruthlessly efficient*

WHEN Franklin Delano Roosevelt, his "finest friend," picked James A. Farley as Postmaster General, the patronage tsar of the New Deal took his place on the reviewing stand, to receive the salute of its hopeful legions. Even Andrew Jackson could have been no franker about his purposes than Jim Farley, and no spoilsman, from Jackson's day to this, ever had a more perfect set-up. The game he is playing is far more to his liking than the cross-word puzzle out of which F. D. is trying to spell "Prosperity." Having put Mr. Roosevelt over the top at Chicago, and conducted the campaign to a finish so eminently satisfactory to himself and his chief, Farley has addressed himself, with equal enthusiasm and an energy seemingly as tireless, to his next objective—the creation of a Roosevelt machine so strong and loyal, that F. D. will stay in the White House until 1941, and the Democratic office-holders will keep the jobs for many years thereafter. As national chairman, it is his duty to bring home the bacon for the Democrats again in 1936, and G.O.P. strategists, weep though they may over the loss of the spoils, are as one in admiring the pro-

fessional efficiency with which Farley is proceeding.

As the tidal wave of protest against the times swept Mr. Roosevelt into the White House, an army of job-hunters followed his banner to Washington. After twelve long lean years in the wilderness, the Democratic party took possession of the pie counter in its own right. Economic conditions added to a clamor for jobs which would have been loud and insistent enough, even in normal times. Men who would have thumbed their noses in the Coolidge boom of 1928 at a \$5,000 Federal job fought like jackals for a \$2,000 billet with Uncle Sam in 1933. Place-hunters laid siege to the Democratic Senators and Representatives, stormed their offices at the Capitol, buttonholed them in corridors, cloak rooms and in their hotels, and deluged their mail with importunities and threats of political retaliation. Many a Congressman had 5,000 or more personal applications for jobs; few had less than a thousand. Jim Farley has estimated that there were 1,500,000 Democrats in the line of applicants for the 150,000 jobs. No Democratic Senator who lived through the patronage siege of 1933



will admit that Farley put the figure too high.

Running the New Deal left President Roosevelt little time to face the massed battalions of the job-hunters, so Farley, who needed no formal letter of instructions, drew the assignment. Framed under the realistic school of political philosophy, his strategy and technique had already been perfected when Democracy marched her hosts down Pennsylvania Avenue in the inaugural parade. Then as now his aim was to reward the F.R.B.C. men—the prescient folk who had jumped on the Roosevelt bandwagon before the Chicago convention—and to place on the public payroll those men and women whose loyalty to F. D. and the New Deal, like the virtue of Caesar's wife, is beyond suspicion.

VAST new fields were opened for the patronage-hunter, as Congress, signing on the dotted line, approved last spring the emergency legislative programme, voted the establishment of the new agencies whose controls over American life are so sweeping in their scope, and appropriated \$4,000,000,000 or more to prime the pump of industry. Jim Farley, smiling, reached out for his golden opportunity.

The Seventy-third Congress had Democratic majorities in both houses, almost three to one. President Roosevelt wanted quick action on his recovery legislation, and he preferred not to risk delay or defeat by insisting that Congress require the new agencies to be staffed by men and women recruited under the Civil Service examinations. As a practical politician, he probably knew that he would have to make some concessions to the job-hungry Democrats in Congress. Great though the prestige of the Civil Service is as an in-

strument of efficient government, and though two of its contributing architects had been Democrats, Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic Congress specifically wrote in the legislation creating the recovery agencies a provision waiving the Civil Service requirements in the selecting of their personnel—this in spite of the fact that the Civil Service Commission, with its huge employment rosters, and its expert knowledge of governmental requirements, could quickly provide men and women competent to handle any job in Washington or outside, from President down.

To continue the story: early in the new Congress, Democrats went into a huddle, and agreed, presumably with the tacit approval of Jim Farley, that as much as possible of the \$3,300,000,000 of Public Works money should go to the hundred or more congressional districts that Democratic strategists rate as doubtful territory in 1934. Certain districts, including most of those in the solid South, were written down as safely Democratic. Other districts, a bare hundred or so, in which the Republicans survived the massacre of 1932, were written down as safely Republican. The balance fall into the classification of "no man's land" and it is in these that the Democrats decided to spend every nickel of Public Works money that they could squeeze out of Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior and Public Works Administrator, of whom more anon.

Spoilsmen early gained a foothold in the recovery agencies. Take, for example, the NRA. The fiery and combative Hugh S. Johnson, who treats the biggest industrialist as if he were small potatoes, has admitted with a frankness that matches that of Jim Farley that



in his organization, other things being equal, a Democrat will get preference over a Republican. He unquestionably spoke the truth, yet the admission does not square easily with the appeals made by Johnson for support of the NRA by all Americans, as a non-partisan agency for national recovery. NRA, the wise-crackers say, means "No Republicans Apply," and for once they are not far from the mark. Without the endorsement of a local Democratic leader, Representative or Senator, and the endorsement of a Democrat who is not, like some of the followers of Alfred E. Smith, in Mr. Farley's black books, it is as difficult for an applicant to land even a clerical or stenographic post on the Johnson payroll as it was for the camel of Scripture to pass through the eye of the needle.

THE entrance of the spoilsman into the NRA has a political significance which no one, we suspect, can appreciate better than Jim Farley. The NRA is both the dynamo that provides the juice for the recovery programme and the principal pulpit through which the Gospel of the New Deal is getting its mass circulation. Administrator Johnson has blanketed the country with local committees and boards, from the remotest hamlet to the largest metropolis. Farley early saw that the NRA, with its nationwide-hook-up, could fit nicely into his plans for creating a super-Roosevelt organization. Note, by way of illustration, the enormous power of "suggestion" in behalf of the Roosevelt cause, which has been invested in the county chairwomen (largely picked from the rosters of the Democratic women prominent locally), upon whom has fallen the task of organizing "every woman in every town, hamlet and farm house to buy

now, and buy from merchants who display the Blue Eagle." (These words are taken from an official announcement accompanying a list of State chairwomen.) Here we have in the recruit stage a powerful army to marshal political support for Mr. Roosevelt and Democratic candidates for public office in 1934 and 1936, as the embattled Amazons raise the battle cry "Vote for the New Deal."

An inviting pasture toward which the forward-looking Mr. Farley directed his attention betimes was the Emergency Conservation Corps, enlisted 300,000 strong by direction of President Roosevelt, both to perform useful and needed work in the forests and to keep that many young men off the streets and out of competition with the army of jobless pounding city pavements, and roaming as nomads the country highways. As supervisors and technicians for the CCC, Uncle Sam has on his payroll at least 30,000 civilians. Now that President Roosevelt has decided to continue the mobilization of youth in the CCC for another six months, patronage-hunters have been given an added incentive to widen the foothold which they early obtained in the conservation camps. In an order issued by Secretary Wallace on July 22, covering appointments to the staffs of these camps, we read that lists of men for positions requiring qualifications of an unskilled, non-technical and non-professional character "will be furnished through the Secretary's special assistant, Mr. Julian N. Friant, to the Forester, from which list selections shall be made to fill such vacancies as may occur." A Democratic politician from Missouri, early on the Roosevelt bandwagon, and a familiar figure around Washington for many years as a lobby-



ist, Friant was installed in Wallace's office to find jobs for properly authenticated Roosevelt Democrats, and has devoted a major part of his attention to the conservation camps. To an interviewer, he announced his intention to give preference to men who are in "thorough sympathy" with the Roosevelt programme—a requirement that places a Republican applicant, to use Farley's own figure, in the position of a man who goes to bat with two strikes already called upon him. Supervisors and foremen draw from the Treasury between \$150 and \$250 a month. Each of the 1,500 camps has from ten to twenty of these jobs—enough to provide Democratic Senators and Representatives who stand in well with Jim Farley a comfortable quota of billets on the public payroll for their political henchmen. At the request of Chairman Farley, the Democratic National Committee late in the summer asked Democratic Congressmen to submit names of constituents capable of filling positions as forest camp foremen and superintendents—a patent recognition of the fact that the CCC had been turned over to the spoilsmen. If Friant and Farley have their way, the conservation boys, who owe their thirty dollars a month to Franklin D. Roosevelt—better pay than a regular soldier gets—will remain a hundred per cent Roosevelt organization.

Headed at the outset by a former Democratic Congressman from South Carolina, "Seaboard Bill" Stevenson, a lame duck—lately succeeded by John H. Fahey—the Federal Home Loan Bank Board is known in Washington as the spoilsman's paradise. Controlling an expenditure of two billion dollars, distributed by an army that numbers ten thousand or more, an organization whose branches reach out into every

American county, Stevenson during his chairmanship not only stabled for Mr. Farley any number of his horses, but what is even more valuable for the purposes of the Postmaster General, "Seaboard Bill" has selected men and women who in the main can be counted upon to serve the New Deal efficiently as cheer leaders when election day draws near.

The ostensible purpose of the Home Loan Board and Corporation is to extend help to the harassed home-owners of the country. It no doubt has helped many, but politicians have looked on it as an agency with thousands of jobs to distribute. Local leaders wrangle over names to be submitted for regional, State and local boards, and for the various posts on the Federal payroll—State administrators, county attorneys and appraisers, and so on. In many instances, charge the critics, the jobs of administrators and others have gone to local political and patronage leaders, rather than to those who have a recognized competence to handle mortgage and real estate problems. To illustrate the political bias in the minds of those around Chairman Stevenson, note the official announcement of the appointment of William L. Gleason as assistant manager for the corporation in Brockton, Massachusetts. It is glowingly set forth, as reasons which should commend the selection, that the appointee "was for three years mayor of the city of Brockton, being elected as a Democrat in a city which was a Republican stronghold." Many competent men have been chosen to represent the corporation, men familiar with mortgage and real estate problems, but the trend toward making the organization a refuge for place-hunters has been so marked that Washington will miss its guess if the corporation



does not come under sharp fire from Congress this winter.

AT THIS point in our story let us introduce Harold L. Ickes, former Bull Mooser, protégé of Hiram Johnson, Secretary of the Interior and Public Works Administrator, with \$3,300,000,000 to spend in the national campaign for reemployment. To the local politicians, what a glittering prospect to feather their own nests, what fine opportunities, through land price manipulation, to get profits for themselves and their friends, and lead their retainers to the public till. Ickes has been under terrific pressure to give money that will help build political fences, and turn over jobs in the PWA—there will be 2,500 in Washington alone—to the politicians. One of the most honest and courageous men in the national Administration, Mr. Ickes, however, has felt under no obligation to Democratic politicians, for his associations of old were with the Bull Moose wing of the G.O.P. and he and Farley in Cabinet meetings have had many a collision. Where possible Ickes has resisted the Farley pressure, for he is quite aware that if the PWA becomes honeycombed with politics, and if through it the alliance between grafting politicians and contractors is renewed, to cast an ominous shadow over the Roosevelt Administration, F. D. will face in 1934 another scandal like Teapot Dome, or the Forbes scandal in the Veterans Bureau under the late Warren G. Harding.

Ickes has established a special anti-graft unit headed by Louis R. Glavis, who was kicked out of the Interior Department in the famous Pinchot-Taft-Ballinger row. Glavis directs a corps of sleuths who are trying to keep graft out

of the PWA, with orders to spill the beans, even if the direction reaches high up in the Administration. At a Cabinet meeting, the report goes, Farley tried to override Ickes and to get a hand in appointing the personnel of the investigating unit, presumably on the theory that if a scandal occurs, it would be better to have the organization men handle it among themselves. Ickes has stood like a stone wall, in resisting sabotage of his organization by the Farley patronage machine, and Homer Cummings, Attorney General, a former national chairman, sided with the PWA head, and Ickes won his battle. When a man enters Glavis's employ, he is told that a political recommendation or endorsement will hurt rather than help his chances for advancement.

Though successful in giving Glavis a free hand in fighting graft in Public Works, Ickes has had to yield here and there. Farley has had a hand in picking many of the State engineers and the State advisory boards who are speeding the distribution of Federal cash through the country, and, as an extra-curricular activity, are preaching the gospel of Roosevelt and the New Deal. Ambitious politicians and tuft-hunters, eager for *kudos*, have been active campaigners for places on these boards. The State engineers, as a group, have qualifications professionally that are conceded to be satisfactory, though politics here and there has been injected into the selections. The State advisory boards tell another story, and politics has played a large part in the selection of these men: cheer leaders in their respective communities for the New Deal, and prospective whoopers up for Roosevelt and the Democratic office-holders three years hence.

The placing of his "personnel" men



in the key Government agencies is a fundamental element in the Farley technique for building up a great Roosevelt machine. Emil Hurja offers a conspicuous example. A Finn by descent, Hurja was an active campaign worker for Roosevelt, and was appointed early in the Administration to a position described as "special assistant" in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, at \$7,500 a year. Farley's real purpose in installing him at the R.F.C. was to find jobs for Democrats on the approved list, in one of Uncle Sam's billion dollar corporations, and to put under the microscope the political affiliations of the many high salaried officials of the R.F.C. whom the New Deal had inherited from the days of Herbert C. Hoover.

As Hurja played the rôle of sleuth, the morale of the R.F.C. men went steadily down, for they had been working on a non-political basis, and from day to day, none knew when Farley's agent would not put an F.R.B.C. Democrat in his place. After Hurja had planted all the Roosevelt men he could in the R.F.C., he was succeeded by Norman Baxter as personnel officer, a former Washington newspaper man who had for some time been working for the Democratic National Committee, so the œcumenical line of Farley succession has been kept intact. Hurja then was assigned to the PWA, as Farley's contact agent. In announcing the appointment, Mr. Ickes naïvely said, "The opinion that I have formed of Mr. Hurja from my contacts with him since coming to Washington is that he can be a very useful man in administrative work. I am confident that he will be useful here. As Secretary of the Interior, I have passed on personnel matters myself. I have done the same as Adminis-

trator of Public Works. I shall continue to be my own personnel officer." On taking up his duties in the Interior Department, Hurja kept the shades down in his office, making him the Department's man of mystery. Newspaper men kidded Ickes, who quickly called up Hurja, and told him to pull up the blinds, so that people passing along the corridors could see what was going on. The blinds remain up as Hurja passes on the records of PWA applicants, and decides whether or not their services to F. D. rate a job.

At the NRA, Farley has his contact man in the person of the alert Linton Collins, personnel director. A Floridian by birth, Collins was secretary of the Democratic National Committee in that State, and was well seated on the Roosevelt bandwagon before the Chicago convention. Collins works under a chief, General Hugh Johnson, who, other things being equal, gives the breaks to a Democrat, so in refusing to hire applicants for the NRA without the proper endorsement from Democratic leaders, he can cite chapter and verse for authority.

At the Department of Justice sits another member of the Farley "Job Trust"—William Stanley of Baltimore, a \$9,500-a-year assistant to the Attorney General, under whose genial eye the proper placing of Roosevelt men in the law enforcement arm of the Government proceeds apace.

A wrecking crew early got under way at the Department of Commerce, particular attention being given to the demolition of the Hoover "propaganda" machine, which the Democrats had charged supplied the White House with so much of the "hooey" fed the country during the 1932 campaign. Hoover had covered into the Civil Service by execu-



tive order many of the men he had brought into the Department from private life, and now by another executive order, this group has been "covered" out of the service, and many of them have been given the gate.

In Bull Mooser Ickes, as noted above, Farley has found scant coöperation in his patronage plans, so little indeed as to have prompted certain Democratic Senators, in that round robin of mysterious authorship, to demand that Ickes stop appointing Republicans and give some places to old line Democrats. Henry Wallace, another "Roosevelt Republican" has traveled pretty consistently under his own umbrella, though his Department offers the classic example of political jobbery in the designation of former Governor Bilbo of Mississippi, at \$6,000 a year, to clip newspapers, an assignment that could be handled by a \$1,200-a-year clerk. Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, has resisted Farley's advances. From the beginning she made it plain that she intended to pick her own key men, and few politicians have found a place in the Labor Department. And finally, in Dr. Arthur Morgan, chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, Farley has encountered the toughest Roman of them all. It was Morgan, former president of Antioch College, who shocked the politicians when he launched his savage attack on the spoils system, in an address before the Public Ownership Institute at Chicago. "It is my opinion," declared Morgan, "that the very life of the American nation is threatened by political patronage." But Farley tells the newspaper men, referring to the law barring political appointments in Dr. Morgan's TVA, "There are ways of getting round that."

Farley may be "Jim" to tens of

thousands of small fry "pols" and the bell-ringers who helped roll up F. D.'s thundering majority last November, but even his encyclopedic memory can hardly hold on tap the essential data on every man who has deserved well of the master. Some like Lee Sack, of course, he knew personally—the Scripps-Howard reporter taken from the press gallery for Minister to Costa Rica, as a reward, it is said, for lining up certain influential Democrats for Roosevelt. So at the Democratic National Committee he has established as fine a card index as any war office the world over has to keep tabs on its reservists. Every Democrat holding office and named by the party is listed, with a complete record of the Democratic officials who sponsored him. The officeholder and his sponsor can thus readily be checked. Another list contains the new appointees by States—with the exact number of jobs given each State, and the salary attached thereto. Thus Farley, like an advertiser planning a national campaign, finds it easy to pass out the jobs on an equitable basis geographically. Small wonder, in the light of his patronage activities that Senator Harry Byrd, in a moment of eulogy, described Farley as "second only to the President of the United States, the second most powerful man in the United States, and that means the second most powerful man in the world."

FARLEY's relations with F. D. are close and cordial. For it was the Farley campaign of salesmanship, his indefatigable efforts in bringing F. D.'s qualifications before Democratic leaders all over the country that placed Mr. Roosevelt so early and so far ahead of the pre-convention pack. Few Cabinet officers are more frequently in conference



at the White House, and no man, now that Ray Moley has deserted the Brain Trust to become a magazine editor, has a more ready access to the inner sanctum. Politics and patronage bring Farley almost daily to the White House—when he is in town, for Jim is still the most active of the New Deal's traveling salesmen. He gives little time to the Post Office Department, which has been run by his first assistant, Joseph C. O'Mahoney, recently appointed Senator from Wyoming, and insiders say it has never been run better, so Farley's absence is no loss. F. D. has given Farley a pretty free hand, but this may not permit the White House to escape altogether the patronage storm that seems to be brewing on Capitol Hill, as Congress digs in for the long session.

Realist to the core, quite aware that jobs are the biggest assets that a political party can have, Farley knows exactly where he is heading. In his dreams, he may visualize himself as governor of New York, and perhaps successor to F. D. in the White House, but these dreams do not divert him from the main business on hand. Through the judicial use of patronage, and a full capitalization of the political potentialities that inhere in the new Government agencies, he has built a vast Roosevelt machine, dedicated to the vindication of the New Deal, and the retention in office of those placed on the public payroll since the fourth of March. It is not the Democratic party as such for which he is working—for Al Smith Democrats, like Senator David I. Walsh and Governor Joseph B. Ely of Massachusetts, have been frozen out at the pie counter, and they occupy none of the choice seats at the banquet table. What he has in

mind is the creation of a Roosevelt party, the fundamental test for membership being loyalty to F. D. and his causes. Through the system of Federal controls, intervention in business, a ban on the free use of money, and through the assumption of the Federal Government of powers that under Jeffersonian traditions belong to the States, the New Deal has already junked some of the basic principles of old line Democracy. In its place, as Prohibition was repealed, Farley called a toast for the "Roosevelt party."

No other national chairman in our day ever had an opportunity comparable to that which fate has placed in the hands of Jim Farley, and none, we fancy, would have had the smartness and the realism to apply on a scale so gigantic the principles of Big Business in politics. For he is not only a master politician, but he has realized also, as the Brain Trust has not, that if the Republicans are to be estopped from capturing the citadel again in the near future, the ideas of the Roosevelt Revolution must be sold to the country. Through the NRA, the Home Loan Board, the PWA, the AAA, and what not, Roosevelt men staff the recovery armies, and through the vast propaganda machine directed by Charlie Michelson—Hoover's "gadfly"—loaned by the Democratic National Committee for the purpose, Farley has launched the greatest selling campaign in history. The New Deal may have brought with it a social and economic revolution, but it has done something else. Thanks to Jim Farley, it has introduced a new spoils system created on lines proportioned to the magnitude of the Roosevelt Revolution.



# Consider the Third Little Pig

BY J. M. NOLTE

*The general property-owner, too, has supported his carefree brethren, with taxes, but threatens revolt*

THERE is an unwholesome sociological attitude in the now-famous cinema symphony of the "Three Little Pigs," and in the inspirational song which has been its twin in popularity throughout the United States. No doubt most of us consider ourselves blood brethren of the first and second pigs; few of us follow the story to its conclusion and sequel, and consider what was really the fate of the third pig. Except for the feeling of virtuous satisfaction at having performed his Boy Scout's "good turn" and eliminated the Big Bad Wolf, what did he get out of it all? First, the necessity of hard work in order to make his economic household impregnable against the Wolf's attacks. Second, the privilege of housing and feeding his weaker and more foolish brethren at inconvenient times when the Wolf happened to blow their houses in. The third pig was the forgotten pig; and a lot of our national exaltation and optimism would be dissipated overnight could we bring ourselves to face honestly the task of determining just what the sacrifices we are demanding of him are doing to him, and to the country. In terms of our national life, the third pig is the general property-owner, and the sacrifices he has been forced to make

have come in the form of *ad valorem* taxes.

"Thorough-going reform of our tax methods," wrote the present writer in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for July, 1931, "is inevitable." In the same article, an attempt was made to emphasize the fact that taxation in America, regardless of our previous and our present habits of assessment and collection, has become a national affair, and is no longer primarily a local one. The writer tried to point out that unless measures were promptly taken towards formulating a national policy, the problems arising from tax delinquency would increase in gravity and in magnitude, contributing to the depression and unnecessarily prolonging it. This last prediction has been so abundantly fulfilled that today you can pick up your daily newspaper almost anywhere in the United States and find one or more references to the desperate condition of local and State governments because they are helpless to deal with an ever-accelerating general property tax failure.

During the Presidential campaign in 1932, the Democratic party ignored this aspect of the tax question, contenting itself with accusations that the party it



was trying to defeat had taxed the people entirely too much. These loud accusations, by the way, seem to have been forgotten by many who now seek to share in the majestic spending programme of the New Deal. Ex-President Hoover made the only official political suggestion during the 1932 campaign—at least so far as the writer is aware—for attacking the taxation problem in a comprehensive manner. The landslide vote against him apparently convinced the Democratic political geniuses that any Hoover suggestion was poisonous, and the ex-President's plan died in embryo. Very recently, worried by the imminence of a fiscal *impasse*, some officials of the present Administration have exhumed it, and are now belatedly and timidly trying to compass a resurrection.

There has been so much to engage the attention of the people during the past few years that it is not surprising to have had them forget the problem of taxation, and even to forget to pay the taxes themselves. The time is directly at hand, however, when the continued prodding of the irksome details of tax collection, like repeated thrusts of a mahout's elephant-goad, will penetrate the pachydermous hide of the public and move it to action.

THE trouble with our taxing system is briefly stated: it invests social injustice with a legal sanction. From the earliest days of our national life, we have taken the largest share of our taxes from general property-owners. During the first century and a quarter of our existence, this was proper; but during the last quarter century or so two things have occurred to make such a system grossly inequitable. First, land has moved far down the list of productive facilities in so far as the national income

is concerned. That is, while we formerly obtained an overwhelming percentage of our income as a people from enterprises directly connected with land and its exploitation, we now receive from such sources a very much smaller percentage. Second, we have changed our philosophy of government to such a degree that there is no longer justification for looking to the landowner as the chief beneficiary of governmental activities. That is, while in the early days the meagre expense of government was largely for activities directly benefiting the owners of land as such, that is no longer the case today. When some eighty-five per cent of our people were general property-owners of consequence, whatever benefits government conferred were necessarily enjoyed by them. General property-owners were virtually "the people." But now that nearly half of our people are not owners of even a consequential amount of general property, there is no reason why these non-owners should not pay a fair share of the taxes.

We find that in our big income year of 1929 we spent at least \$13,500,000,000 in local, State and Federal taxes, with perhaps another \$2,000,000,000 in addition in the form of special assessments against land for public improvements. (This last figure is an estimate, and, I think, far too small; but the subject, so far as I have been able to determine, has not been competently analyzed.) We also find that from sixty-five per cent to seventy per cent of this total came from owners of general property in the form of percentage assessments against capital value. Now, turning to the income account, we find that returns from land as a productive facility during the same year could not have exceeded twenty-five per cent of the total



income of \$89,000,000,000 credited to our people by the National Bureau of Economic Research. In other words, from general property-owners receiving about \$22,000,000,000 of income, we took something like \$10,000,000,000 in taxes. We actually took much more, because each of these general property-owners paid the usual citizen's share of several State and Federal taxes of other kinds—excises, sales taxes, etc. Land thus paid in 1929 a tax comparable to the luxury excise on cigarettes! Had general property-owners paid a ratable proportion of the tax load, they would have contributed only fifteen per cent of their income instead of over forty-five per cent. Their tax would have been less than \$4,000,000,000 instead of over \$10,000,000,000.

What is the situation today? The income of the people has dropped to an estimated total of some \$50,000,000,000 for 1933; but the total tax load has grown greater. It is so much greater that one hesitates to make a statement; but when approximate figures are available, the total will not be less than \$16,000,000,000. Much of the increase over 1929 will be absorbed by the new taxing endeavors of the Federal Government, which is thus awkwardly moving to correct the manifest iniquity of our system; but the chief reason why the landowners' contribution will be less than in 1929 is simply that the landowners have been unable to pay their taxes.

In the 1931 article mentioned, the writer endeavored to impress upon readers of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* that a tax system which takes sixty-five per cent of its taxes from a class receiving twenty-five per cent of the national income can not be continued indefinitely. Our margins in conducting

business and in the art of merely subsisting are not adequate to such a sacrifice. The system must inevitably ruin many of the class it preys upon. This result has unhappily already been accomplished, as the statistics of tax delinquency and the plight of farmers and home-owners make all too plain. The system will also very probably create such economic maladjustments that orderly commercial life will be disrupted. It may be truthfully contended that our commercial life was already disrupted before 1929; but the effects of the disruption caused by inequitable taxation have been added to those of other causes of the depression, and the failure to correct a patent evil is prolonging the winter of our discontent.

ECONOMIC law can not be flouted. It has a way of working to its own conclusions, no matter what mortals do to divert it. Our failure to lift the tremendous burden of taxes from the shoulders of the owners of land has brought a grievous penalty. The tragedy is that this penalty has fallen with greatest severity upon the landowner himself, the original victim of the uneconomic behavior. Even before 1929, the unjust system had squeezed out of existence thousands upon thousands of equities in homes and farms throughout the United States. This process has continued until today there is little left of the once powerful and wholesome traditions of home-ownership. The first effect of this discouragement of home-ownership—which was strongly felt as early as 1926—was to put an end to the building of small homes. The second effect was to poison the mind of the average farmer, who could look upon his farm no longer as a home but merely as a shelter and a source of meagre and pre-



carious existence. The third effect was to increase temporarily in urban centres the erection of "jerry-built" houses and of shoddy multiple-dwelling buildings. The final effect, when the assessors had finished with the latter structures and the price declines of the depression had deflated values and rentals, was to throw great numbers of owners of such dwellings and apartments into virtual bankruptcy.

Even now, few of our communities seem to appraise at their real value the blighting effects of the unequal tax burden. The daily press, in spite of the alarming growth of tax delinquency, is full of accounts of the attempts of local governments to make more severe the penalties of failure to pay property taxes. Some unprincipled persons are undoubtedly taking advantage of the wide-spread delinquency to evade their taxes, and such people should be sought out and punished if the law can be made discriminating enough to do it; but until local governments take seriously a situation which has all the elements of a revolution-breeder, America will not settle down to an orderly life. Some of the bloodiest internecine warfare of history has been started by tax conditions no whit more discriminatory than that with which our citizens are now contending. Nothing of a fiscal nature that the Lord North cabinet ever conceived in Colonial days can balance the terrific injustice that we are showing towards the largest minority of our own people.

In spite of the purblindness of our various governments, economics is slowly correcting the inequitable situation. The national income has shrunk. Many enterprises not mainly dependent upon land and its products are receiving little income. The Federal and State income taxes show a smaller total yield.

Landowners, meagre as is their return, are getting a larger percentage of the national income than they got in 1929. The Federal Government, moreover, is to some degree subsidizing the States and localities by assigning to them a share of the Federal taxes and proceeds from bonds. Some of this subsidy is going into ventures which otherwise would be undertaken by the localities themselves. In most States, if the latter were the case, the landowner would pay almost the entire cost. As it is, he will pay only a small part. The Federal portion of our national tax load is constantly growing, and in percentage of the total tax, the general property-owner is getting some small relief. In this roundabout manner necessity is forcing us to come to the aid of the property-owner.

This method of correction, however, has other dangers besides slowness. It is inseparably bound up with the Government's "make work" programme of public improvements, and that programme is certain to be wasteful. In spite of the honesty and good intent of the leaders of the Administration, jobbery, political chicane and "gold brick-ing" will exact their toll. The only excuse for the programme is the necessity of unemployment relief, and of course we must subordinate other considerations to the attainment of that end. We must put up with the favoritism and the waste and the graft. There is no apparent reason, however, why we could not, if we would, start now deliberately and honestly to devise a more equitable system of taxation than that which has broken down.

IT is natural to ask why, if this evil of overtaking is plain to behold, steps have not been taken before this to eliminate it. The answer is bound up with the



history of so many American habits and prejudices that volumes could be written in explanation. Why didn't the third little pig thumb his nose at his two improvident brothers as well as at the Big Bad Wolf? It is sufficient to say here that our changed conception of the functions of government has made a growing tax load inevitable, and that we have therefore been unwilling to consider the expenses of government as a function of income. We have decided that the Government must spend, and the budget must be met for that expenditure. We have taken the money where we could get it. Whatever happens, so we have decided, we must not give up any of the new duties which government has assumed. Taxes have not only stayed high; they have gone higher.

A sociologist would say that we have adopted taxation as the principal means of redistributing wealth in our society. In a little-restricted individualistic civilization like ours, wealth has a habit of concentrating. We redistribute by confiscation or expropriation through taxes. In order that the poor man may send his children to good schools, we must give each small town an educational plant as good as the average preparatory school of twenty years ago. Pay for it out of taxes! In order that the ordinary mortal may enjoy the automobile, we must build a vast network of smooth highways, which will make it possible for small and cheap motor cars to equal the performance of large and expensive ones. Pay for the roads out of taxes! Our expanding and accelerating manner of life has brought expensive problems of policing, of public health and sanitation, of occupational relief; the list of examples is endless. It should be obvious, however, that the beneficiaries of this new paternalism are no longer pri-

marily the owners of general property in their capacity as such. Yet to an iniquitous extent we still draw from such owners the cost of our socialistic adventures. It may be sound social theory to confiscate wealth to prevent undue concentration. The trouble is that we have been confiscating the wealth of those citizens who no longer possess it.

There are several classes of people who do not want the present tax system changed. First, there are those whose income is largely derived from sources other than general property. Many of them would rather pay a large and discriminatory property tax than a fair tax based on actual income. It will be found that most Taxpayers' Leagues are largely supported by men and institutions belonging to this class. That is why no honest tax reform is likely to come from such leagues. They are eager to reduce taxes, to get a dollar's worth of material and labor for each tax dollar, and their efforts in this direction are commendable; but they are not interested in the correction of social injustice.

Second, there is the large army of office-holders. They have found in the general property tax a sweet and apparently ever-flowing spring of funds. The general property tax is easy to assess, easy to levy, and, under the threat of confiscation for delinquency, it has hitherto been easy to collect. The impulse toward reform will not come from the office-holders until the spring goes dry—which may be very soon! The captains of this great bureaucratic army are those loudest in their pleas for sharper "teeth" in the laws penalizing delinquency.

Third, there is the mass of urban citizens who are not consequential owners of general property, and who are opposed to any change which is likely



to increase the amount of their own taxes. They are perfectly willing to go on voting taxes for the other fellow to pay. They do not realize that no nation can have real prosperity with half of its population financially sick. If it could be brought home to them that, having already brought the general property-owner to the verge of ruin, and having thus helped to destroy the American market, the present tax system is shackling the businesses upon which they themselves depend, thereby prolonging the depression, their opposition would dwindle.

Fourth, there is the hierarchy of Federal financial ministers, who are having trouble enough with their own fiscal problems, and are unwilling as yet to assume the full responsibility which their broad vision of the sweep of Federal activities must eventually entail. There are a few faint but hopeful signs that they are gradually learning the elements of a practicable taxing method.

Finally, of course, there are the inert millions who have never given taxation a thought except to resent it, and from whom it is hopeless to expect intelligent action. Even these, however, know that they and their fellows are uncomfortable and distressed. They will follow if and when leadership makes its programme seem plausible.

WHAT steps should be taken to correct the evils of the present system? The writer has seen no better suggestion than that made by Mr. Hoover. The first step is to give the problem the place it deserves in public attention by calling a conference of State representatives to discuss the outlines of

a national tax policy. The second step is to lay the foundation for progress by correlating tax information from the various tax-levying and tax-collecting authorities throughout the United States. The third step is to study this information in the light of our present knowledge about the income of the people of the United States and its distribution. While these steps are being taken, growing tax delinquency will continue to impress the public with the urgency of the need for reform. The steps can not be honestly and earnestly taken without leading to a change of the system. The change, indeed, will come whether the steps are taken or not; but it will come more easily and with less further pain to our citizens if we withdraw from the wailing wall or the ballyhoo wagon long enough to become acquainted with reality.

There may be another programme more simple and more direct than that which Mr. Hoover outlined. It is to be hoped that such is the case. It is probable, however, that the collection of all taxes will ultimately have to be assumed by the Federal Government. As this is a matter involving a real working agreement between the Federal Government and the States, the forms of constitutional procedure must doubtless be carefully observed. The exact method of operation is for the lawyers to determine. The layman may only hope to point out again, as the writer tried to do in 1931, that the time for argument and for paltering and fussing with half measures is already past. The third little pig is everlastingly tired of giving free protection and free board to his selfish and indigent brothers.



# Hitler and the German Church

BY GEORGE J. WALMER

*German Protestantism wins the first round of a fight that promises to be long and bitter*

**T**wo recent developments in the history of the new Germany have attracted the attention of the world. The first was the plebiscite on the policy of the National Socialist Government, in which forty million out of forty-three million voters professed their approval of the Nazi programme. The second was the wholly unexpected and, so far as it went, successful rebellion among the clergy of the German Protestant Church against the attempt to fasten upon their necks the yoke of the "German Christian" movement sponsored by Adolf Hitler.

The plebiscite, if we concede that the official figures of the results of the balloting are to be taken at their face value, was an exhibition of regimented mass opinion, partly cajoled and partly dragooned into support of the Nazi cause by methods which transformed the exercise of the franchise into a farcical perversion of democratic procedure. The sweeping victory of the dictatorship, on a scale unparalleled in the history of popular suffrage, seemed to put the seal of finality upon the programme of *gleichschaltung* (coördination) of which Hitler has boasted so loudly as the goal of his internal policy. It bore witness that all opinion at variance with Hitler,

save for the consciences of three million exceptionally bold but unorganized citizens, had been quelled. All the great political groupings which at one time or another had been pointed to as barring Hitler's path to power had been either abolished or captured. The Social Democratic party, the Communist party, the trade unions, the semi-military republican *Reichsbanner*, had all vanished from the scene so completely that it now seems almost incredible that they once ranked among the most powerful organizations of their kind in the world. The Roman Catholic Centre party and the Junkers' Nationalist party had been disbanded and their membership amalgamated with the National Socialist movement. The *Reichswehr*, the police and the Steel Helmets had become little more than tame auxiliaries to Hitler's bumptious storm troops. Field Marshal von Hindenburg had signed away the presidential prerogatives to the dapper, scowling fanatic with the Charlie Chaplin mustache and the persuasive tongue. The governments of the autonomous states had been subverted beneath the Nazi steam-roller. The civil service, university faculties and chess clubs had been purged of Liberals and Jews. The



Roman Catholic Church had negotiated a concordat pledging itself to abstain from all political activity. As a minor incident scarcely worthy of note amid this welter of expiring causes, it had been reported that the twenty-eight regional churches that represented the faith proclaimed by Martin Luther and John Calvin had been united into a single *Reichskirche*, under the jurisdiction of a bishop virtually appointed by Hitler, who is himself a nominal Roman Catholic.

Such was the German scene as it was unfolded to the startled gaze of foreigners who could scarcely credit that such things were possible in a civilized nation. The outcome of the plebiscite on November 12 only confirmed their worst fears. Even under the protection of the secret ballot, less than a tenth of the German voters dared to express their opposition to Hitler. That there could be such a thing as openly voiced dissent to any policy pursued by the Nazis seemed beyond the realm of reasonable expectation. "The German nation is National Socialist, and the National Socialist movement is Germany!" proclaimed the *Völkischer Beobachter* ecstatically.

But to the welcome surprise of the outside world, and to the discomfiture of the Nazi leaders themselves, such an expression of open dissent has made itself felt and has wrung concessions from the Government. Thousands of Protestant pastors have uncompromisingly announced their determination to combat the attempts of the German Christians to graft their new doctrines upon the Bible and the faith of Luther.

WHO are the "German Christians" and what do they want? In effect, they play, or aspire to play, the

same rôle in the religious sphere that the National Socialists have played in the political sphere. Just as the Nazis insist that the German nation must sunder all ties of intimacy with other countries, so the German Christians declare that the Christian Church in the Reich must be Germanized and purged of all false notions of the universality of human brotherhood. They represent a school of thought which, with that truly Teutonic thoroughness for which Germans have long been famous, is prepared to carry the theory and practice of anti-Semitism to a logical extreme from which most anti-Semites have hitherto shrunk. Anti-Semites of former days, while declaiming against the Jews, usually remained orthodox Christians in the theological sense, acknowledging the Bible as the word of God. But the German Christians at least possess the virtue of being far more rigorously consistent in their reasoning, if such a term can be properly applied to the mysterious complex of hates and passions which fills the space where their minds ought to be.

In common with anti-Semites generally, they hold that the Jews are a racial group whose ethical and artistic concepts are so depraved and so alien to those of the "Aryans" that they only serve to corrupt and poison the well of "Aryan" ideals. But the Bible stands forth as preeminently the product of Jewish genius. The Old Testament was written by men who were Jews both by race and by religion. The New Testament was written by men who were Jews by race if not by religion. These facts have in the past proved rather embarrassing to anti-Semites who have avoided pressing their doctrine to the point of laying irreverent hands upon this most sacred monument of the Christian faith. But the German



Christians have more logic and less scruple. They have absorbed enough of the higher criticism of the Bible to know that some scholars doubt that it is divinely inspired, and this has furnished them with a peg upon which to hang their argument. The Old Testament, in the words of their former Berlin district leader, Dr. Reinhold Krause, is nothing but a "collection of tales by cattle dealers and pimps." It is un-German and must go.

Outside the German Christian faction proper, though so closely allied with it in spirit that it is sometimes difficult to draw a clear line of demarcation between them, is the avowedly non-Christian German Faith Movement. This sect, which has some 300,000 members, is led by Count Ernst Reventlow, Nazi deputy in the Reichstag, and Dr. Jakob Wilhelm Hauer, professor of religious philosophy at Tübingen University. It adheres to the theory propounded by Nietzsche that Christianity is an opiate maliciously foisted upon the unsuspecting Teutons by the Jews for the purpose of fostering the "slave insurrection in morals" among the "pre-Aryan" masses by indoctrinating them with effeminate and pacifistic ideals. Thereby the Jews seek to destroy reverence for the "aristocratic" virtues—strength, courage, beauty, knightliness—which have made Germany great. Professor Hauer, who is the chief purveyor of intellectual pabulum to this group, would sweep away the New Testament equally with the Old, on the ground that the ethical teachings of Christianity are alien to the religious concepts of the "Indo-Germanic" race. In India, where he was at one time a Christian missionary, he studied the ancient Hindu religion brought to India by the prehistoric Aryans. In a synthesis of the

"heroic" ethical concepts of the Indian Aryans and their alleged kinsmen the ancient Teutons, he holds that there is a sounder basis for German faith than in the "slave morality" of the Christian tradition. If the German religion must have a mythological background, let it be a Nordic mythology and not a Jewish one. The tales of Adam and Eve, of Noah's ark, of Abraham and Moses, of Christ Himself, must be replaced by the sagas of those heroes warranted genuinely Teutonic—Wotan and Thor and Siegfried. This does not mean, of course, that the German Faith Movement advocates a return to the whole-hearted heathenism preached by General Lüdendorff. The grosser features of polytheism are toned down and, as it were, rationalized into a vague pantheism that echoes the sentiment voiced in the last century by the poet Arndt: "We no longer regard this necessity of the earth, the physical might and sovereignty of the elements, as something unholy, for we find in them the godhead and a superabundant life."

Fully to comprehend the underlying currents of thought which have led to this curious revival of paganism, it is well to recall that with the exception of Russia—which has already repudiated Christianity—Germany was the last great nation of Europe to become Christianized. Whereas Christianity in France, Italy and Spain has a continuous history from the Third Century or earlier, and in England from the Seventh Century, it was not until the Ninth Century that it was firmly established in Germany, and as late as the Thirteenth Century the Teutonic Knights were waging a crusade against the heathen Prussians. Moreover, in the *Nibelungenlied* Germany boasts what no other European nation possesses—



a popular pagan epic, which preserves literary continuity with the pre-Christian era. It is true that the piety of the Middle Ages overlaid this work with a thin veneer of Christianity, but it is significant that Wagner, when he resorted to it to find material for his operatic tetralogy, *The Ring of the Nibelungs*, discarded the Christian element altogether and reverted to primeval paganism. The immense popularity of these operas has undoubtedly made the average German far better acquainted with the legends of Teutonic paganism than with much of the Biblical narrative, and the mass mind has thereby been in some measure made receptive to the proposed new religious dispensation. Many men, loosed from their orthodox spiritual moorings by the rationalistic interpretation of the Bible and hungering after some cause to which they can devote themselves, have taken refuge in the cult of religious nationalism which finds its ethical justification in an old paganism transformed into a modern pantheism. Inevitably one is reminded of Nietzsche's dictum that "unbelief in Catholic countries means something quite different from what it does among Protestants—namely, a sort of revolt against the spirit of the race, while with us it is rather a return to the spirit (or non-spirit) of the race."

THE German Christians, however, are not so extreme as their brethren in the German Faith Movement. They are willing to compromise by retaining the skeleton of Christian tradition, though completely revamping it to accord with the hundred and one per cent Germanism so assiduously propagated by the Nazis. They look with favor upon the theory first advanced a generation ago by Houston Stewart Chamberlain,

who seriously sought to prove that Christ was not a Jew by race, though admittedly reared in the Jewish faith. Although Chamberlain did not venture to define very precisely what Christ's racial origin might have been, his followers have supplied the missing link by affirming that Jesus was really the offspring of some people akin to the ancient Teutons. The story of his life is thereby neatly transformed into an epic struggle between "Aryan" ideals and the "Oriental" materialism of Jewish scribes and Pharisees. According to this theory, the real message of the great "Nordic" hero has been hidden from the world for nearly two thousand years by the Jewish authors of the New Testament, who deliberately corrupted and bowdlerized the text of the true Teutonic Gospel by importing into it the Semitic spirit of defeatism and pacifism. Paradoxically enough, one of the features of the New Testament which the anti-Semites want expurgated is the account of the Crucifixion, the story of which, perhaps more than anything else, has contributed to a popularization of Jew-hatred among the vulgar. The German Christians, of course, are not actuated by any desire to spare the Jews' feelings, but by the theory that Christ's unresisting submission to his fate breathes the spirit of humility and pacifistic resignation. Such a theme is obviously unworthy of propagation in the new Germany, where the manifestation of such traits is sufficient reason for relegation to a concentration camp.

As for their attitude to the Jews, it is sufficient to say that they advocate the expulsion from the ministry of the thirty-odd baptized Jews who are now Protestant pastors, and demand that Jewish Christians among the laity be segregated from their Christian breth-



ren and required to attend "ghetto churches." "A godless fellow-countryman is nearer to us than a racial alien [i.e., a Jew], even if the latter sing the same hymns and pray the same prayers as we do," is the pungent and unambiguous way in which Bishop Hossenfelder has expressed it.

The Reverend Dr. Joachim Hossenfelder, Bishop of Brandenburg, is the most aggressive personality among the German Christians. He holds to the theory that there can only be one community in the nation, and that if conscience conflicts with the will of the community as expressed by the state (i.e., the National Socialist party), conscience must be wrong.

Less brazen in his attitude than Dr. Hossenfelder is the erstwhile army chaplain who was nominated by Hitler to the headship of the German Protestant Church, the Reverend Dr. Ludwig Müller, Bishop of the Reich. By his former utterances and by his benign tolerance of the activities of Dr. Hossenfelder, the Primate of the church had given indications that he was sympathetic with the aims of the extreme German Christians, though more fearful than they of provoking the storm that would ensue if any attempt were made to implement them. Like many opportunists who are without deep convictions, Bishop Müller has attempted to straddle the question at issue by running with the hare and riding with the hounds. His recent statement of policy would seem to have been carefully phrased to give comfort to the German Christians without actually deviating from the orthodoxy of Christian doctrine:

"We German Christians want to be Christians and proclaim the doctrines of our Church after our own fashion.

We can not be a conglomeration of Christians and Nordic Pagans. Christianity did not emerge from Judaism but grew out of wars upon it. We must learn to view Christ after the German fashion."

IT is against the propagation within the Protestant Church of German Christian ideas and those of the closely allied German Faith Movement that thousands of Protestant pastors have rebelled—the first sign of organized unrest in Germany since Hitler embarked upon his coördination policy. The events leading up to the recent crisis may be briefly summarized. Among the first steps taken by Hitler after his appointment as Chancellor was the compulsory unification of the Protestant churches of Germany into a single Reich's-Church, which was to be administered by a Reich's-bishop assisted by a number of diocesan bishops. This move was not in itself unpopular, but the clergy feared that it portended the coördination of the church with the will of the state. However, the Council of the Church Federation, which provisionally assumed the government of the newly united church, was predominantly composed of clergymen of the old school. Late in May, hoping to forestall complete Nazi domination, the Council hastened to elect to the office of Reich's-bishop the Reverend Dr. Friedrich von Bodelschwingh, a pastor who adhered to the orthodox traditions. Dr. Müller, Hitler's candidate, was unceremoniously passed over. The choice of Dr. von Bodelschwingh was unacceptable to the Nazi Government, which retaliated on June 24 by appointing a state commissioner to administer the affairs of the Protestant churches in Prussia. Dr. von Bodelschwingh pro-



tested against this action, asserting that he was thereby overridden in the exercise of his functions as Primate of the church, and adding:

"We want a young, live church, in which spiritual matters will be dealt with in a spiritual way and in which the proclamation of the Gospel remains free from all means of political force. The struggle for the free church of the Gospel goes further. It is at the same time the struggle for the soul and for the future of our people."

In protest against the deposition of Dr. von Bodelschwingh, President von Hindenburg was deluged with a stream of letters and telegrams expostulating that the church's spiritual freedom had been infringed by the arbitrary action of the Government. Thereupon the weary Titan bestirred himself from the blissful Nirvana to which he had been consigned by Hitler. It was one of the rare occasions on which he has taken a hand in affairs of state since his virtual retirement following the Nazi accession to power. The President summoned the Chancellor to a conference on his country estate at Neudeck and later wrote him a letter expressing his deep concern, as an Evangelical Christian and as head of the Reich, at the prospect of a conflict between church and state. "Before God and my conscience," affirmed the aged Field Marshal with emotion, "I therefore feel compelled to do everything to ward off such harm."

Herr Hitler realized that to quarrel so early in his official career with the still widely venerated old warrior might do him irreparable injury. He immediately initiated measures to allay the President's anxiety, and on July 12 telegraphed him that the dispute had been settled in a manner satisfactory to both parties. "The inner freedom of the

church, which I also have especially at heart, is placed beyond doubt by the withdrawal of the commissioner and the sub-commissioners."

Despite this apparent concession, however, it soon became manifest that the Nazis had not surrendered their cherished design of coördinating the church, but had merely altered their tactics. A frontal attack having proved inadvisable, they resolved to try the same methods which had gained them victory in the political sphere under the guise of democratic procedure. On July 23 elections were to be held to select the membership of the national synod and the subordinate councils which were to administer the affairs of the Reich's Church. All Protestant laymen were eligible to vote, and the Nazi propaganda machine went into action with its usual efficiency. Hitler broadcast a radio address in behalf of the German Christians. Hosts of persons who rarely resort to religious ministrations save when they require the rites of baptism, marriage and burial were mobilized and sent to the polls. The result was what might have been anticipated. The German Christians won a substantial majority, and Dr. Müller was soon confirmed as Reich's-bishop by the new governing body of the church. Invoking the time-honored principle that "the voice of the people is the voice of God," the new Primate pressed forward with his plans for coördinating the church.

FOR a long time all the voices of the traditional order in the German Protestant Church were muffled, and the world reconciled itself to the reluctant belief that the heirs of Luther's great fight for religious independence were of inferior mettle to the founder of the Protestant faith. But at last the



German Christians, greedily reaching out for absolute sway, made a move which shocked the consciences of the traditionalists and warned them that they could no longer remain silent if they wished to preserve so much as the shreds of their faith.

The action of the German Christians which precipitated the crisis was a great mass meeting of their society in the Berlin Sportpalast on November 13, the night after Hitler's sweeping victory in the plebiscite. Bishop Hossenfelder, clad in a Nazi uniform, took the chair and announced that he would "fight for the German Evangelical Church not as a church for all the world but as one for the Third Reich and the Brown Shirts." The assemblage then clamorously passed a resolution demanding the abolition of the Old Testament, the expurgation of the New to eliminate the account of the Crucifixion and the missionary activities of the Jew St. Paul, and the denial of religious equality to baptized Jews.

It was soon apparent that the German Christians had overreached themselves. They had with blatant effrontery attacked and derided the fundamental tenets of Christianity. If the defenders of the orthodox doctrine were to take no action, they would in effect be acquiescing cravenly in the paganization of the eldest daughter of the Reformation and her complete severance from fellowship and communion with the Christian churches of the world.

On the following Sunday, November 19—a day set aside to commemorate the 450th anniversary of the birth of Luther—three thousand ministers who had banded together to form the Pastors' Emergency League mounted their pulpits and read to their tense congregations a declaration that was restrained

and dignified, but none the less cogent. They condemned the spirit of heathenism which was rampant within the church. They lamented the failure of the Primate to take disciplinary action against the heretics. They reaffirmed their faith in both the Old and the New Testaments, and they exhorted their congregations to stand firmly behind their pastors in the struggle that was impending.

In the days that followed, the reculant pastors held numerous meetings with their parishioners to concert measures of resistance against the Nazi aggression and demand the removal of Bishop Hossenfelder. Although Nazi partisans prevented some of these meetings from taking place, it soon became evident that the Protestant world was stirred to its depths. For the first time voices were heard which by implication condemned Hitler's anti-Semitic policy. "The Church of Jesus Christ," declared a group of pastors at Breslau, "is no community of blood but a community of the Holy Ghost, and whoever tries to exclude Evangelical Christians of alien stock denies the divine ordination of the church and the sacrament of baptism." There were unmistakable indications that if the German Christians were allowed to pursue their course unchecked, the newly united Reich's Church would be likely to founder upon a schism of major proportions which would be far more serious in its doctrinal implications than the sectarianism which had formerly divided it.

CHANCELLOR HITLER and his associates in the Government were taken by surprise at this appearance of rebellion where they had least anticipated it. More than that, they were alarmed at the sinister shape which events were



assuming. The German Christian movement was known to have all the resources of the Government behind it. If it were openly flouted with impunity, it would do irreparable damage to Hitler's reputation as a strong man who is unerringly guided by God and to the prestige of the "totalitarian" state which asserts the right to regulate even the thoughts of its citizens. Accordingly, after secret conferences between Chancellor Hitler and Bishop Müller, the Nazis completely reversed their religious policy and endeavored to conciliate and appease the recusant pastors. The Primate trimmed with characteristic agility by promptly adapting himself to the altered circumstances. He now declared without qualification that "in the new Evangelical Church the Gospel will naturally remain as a foundation on which the message of Christ will rest." As recently as November 27 he had denounced attacks on Bishop Hossenfelder as "unjustified and unevangelical," but two days later the entire ecclesiastical cabinet of the Reich's-Church, of which Dr. Hossenfelder was the most notorious member, was required to hand in its resignation to the Primate. The position of the Primate himself, in whose spiritual integrity the orthodox clergy had long lost faith, was not secure. His formal consecration as Reich's-bishop, which was to have taken place on December 3, was indefinitely postponed until the situation should have been clarified. However, as Dr. Müller is a personal friend of Chancellor Hitler, and his displacement would be an open confession of the Government's defeat, every effort was made to perpetuate his tenure of office, although in other respects the German Christians have yielded up all the positions they had won within the church. Dr. Mül-

ler himself severed his connection with their society and issued a pastoral letter forbidding church officials to hold membership in "politico-ecclesiastical" organizations. He subsequently rescinded the proposed church law which provided for discrimination against Jewish Christians. Hitler had previously ordered all Government officials to refrain from lending their support to church factions in doctrinal disputes, and served notice on the German Christians that they must fight their own battles without the help of the state. On December 8, in obedience to the Government's behest, the German Christians announced their formal dissolution as a "party," although Bishop Hossenfelder made it plain that they would continue their activity as a "movement."

Abandoning all attempts at arbitrary rule, Dr. Müller at once opened negotiations with the recusant groups within the church in a desperate effort to arrive at a working compromise which would save the face of the Nazi régime while conceding the substance of their demands to the recalcitrants. In this endeavor he has been greeted with marked coolness, and some distinguished theologians have rejected invitations to serve upon his reconstructed ecclesiastical cabinet.

What will be the outcome of the Primate's negotiations, and what in the larger sense will be the Nazis' ultimate attitude toward the question of coördinating the church, remain to be seen. Their defeat in the conflict with the Protestant Church is their first major setback. Men of their arbitrary temper are unlikely to accept it as the last word in the struggle, and their reversal of policy in November, like Hitler's pretense at conciliation in July, is to be interpreted as a change of tactics rather



than a change in their fundamental objective, although any fresh offensive on the religious front will probably be deferred until the régime has succeeded in consolidating itself more firmly in other directions. The disappearance of President von Hindenburg's restraining hand—an event which can not be long delayed in view of his advanced age—may possibly provide the opportunity for a renewal of the onslaught. It is an open secret that Hitler's ideas on the coördination of the religious activities of the people envisaged the establishment of a national German Christian Church which should include within a single fold not only the Protestant Church but the Roman Catholic Church as well. It is obvious that such a consummation could be attained only at the cost of a struggle against both churches simultaneously, on a scale compared with which Bismarck's unsuccessful *Kulturkampf* would pale into insignificance. It is indicative of the new spirit of co-operation between the two faiths that

the Protestants have enjoyed the active sympathy of the Roman Catholics in their struggle with the state. *Germania*, the leading Catholic newspaper, in an editorial that covered its front page on November 19, declared, "Belief in Christ—the thing that Protestantism and Catholicism have in common—is at stake. . . . This fight is not an internal Protestant matter. We Catholics can not afford to sit coolly or gloatingly by." These sentiments were reiterated by Cardinal Faulhaber in a sermon delivered in Munich on December 3. The delay of the Vatican in completing formal ratification of the concordat with the Reich is patent evidence of the uneasiness in the highest Catholic circles.

No one can guess what the Nazis will do next, but it is likely that in future Chancellor Hitler will make doubly sure of his ground before he again runs the risk of burning his fingers by grasping the live coals of cherished religious beliefs and traditions.





# Labor Leader

BY KARL PRETSHOLD

*John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, sees the main chance*

JOHN LLEWELLYN LEWIS, president of the United Mine Workers of America, does not occupy the *official* position as head of the American Federation of Labor so long occupied by Samuel Gompers. As the most forceful and colorful, as one of the really powerful figures in the American labor movement he might, were he so inclined, lay claim to being the *real* successor of the dynamic little man who was the first labor leader to rise to national power and prominence.

Lewis was born in Lucas, Iowa, in 1880. In that year thirty-year-old Samuel Gompers was president of New York Local 144 of the Cigarmakers International Union. During the preceding decade he had, as an active unionist, come in contact and into conflict with most of the groups, factions, sects, theorists, dreamers and revolutionists who had drifted to New York as part of the backwash of political disturbance and intellectual unrest which had swept Europe. There were Irish Fenians, German refugees, French communards, Marxian and La Sallean Socialists and the anarchists, all preaching, talking, drinking beer and making their bids for the leadership or support of labor.

By 1880 Gompers was convinced that labor must use a purely American approach to its problems. He believed the ideas and philosophies, all deeply concerned with politics and the state, which had developed in the class-constricted atmosphere of Europe did not fit an expanding, vigorous America. He was talking about and working to establish a national federation of trades unions which would replace the Noble Order of the Knights of Labor. The Knights were deep in politics; Gompers had helped win shorter hours and higher pay for many cigarmakers. He was concerned with building a national organization which would achieve the same results for the workers of other crafts.

Joining with other young labor leaders of like views in 1881, he called a "national convention." The Federation of Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada was organized with Gompers as first vice-president and member of the legislative committee. For five years the new Federation languished; mainly from lack of funds. Then a "grand convention" was called and brought together a body of delegates which included the representatives of several strong unions



which had not previously affiliated. The new and stronger alliance called itself "The American Federation of Labor" and Gompers was elected president.

Meanwhile John Lewis was growing up and living the life of an ordinary Mid-Western youngster of the period. While he attended school the young American Federation of Labor began agitation for the eight-hour day; four anarchists were hanged following the explosion of the Haymarket bomb in Chicago; striking steel workers, whose union was being smashed, fought Pinkerton detectives at "the battle of Homestead"; Coxey's "army" invaded Washington; Federal troops were used in the great Pullman and railway strike of '94 and Eugene V. Debs was jailed for violating an early labor injunction. It would seem that news of such great events did not reach the Iowa school-boy; or, if it did, it appears not to have fired his imagination. For when he left school and set out to see the world and find his fortune he followed the habit of his time and turned his face westward, away from the turbulent industrial East.

For something like ten years Lewis wandered through the West and Southwest working in gold, copper and coal mines. It has been pointed out that Lewis was never, during his Western days; a prospector. In explanation it is suggested that he completely lacks imagination. The more likely reason for the Lewis lack of interest in the vague possibilities of prospecting is that he has a profound respect for hard facts; can reason from them. By the time he had reached the West the day when a lone gold-seeker, equipped with pan, pick and shovel loaded on a plodding burro, could hope to find a bo-

nanza and suddenly win to wealth and power had passed. The huge industrialized mines in which he worked stood as facts in proof of that.

By 1908 Lewis had returned east and settled in the coal mine town of Panama, Illinois. He was a burly, broad-shouldered young fellow of twenty-eight whose mop of raven black hair and heavy, equally black eyebrows went well with his aggressive air and assertive ways. The background out of which Lewis emerged, Panama, was in sharp contrast to the conditions in which young Gompers had received his training. There was more in common between the Illinois "coal camp" and a Siberian mining village than between Panama and the stirring, vivid New York of the Gilded Age.

In such mining towns there was but one road opening toward success and that road began with power in the local unit of the miners' union. "The union" dominated in town politics; its political influence was often courted in wider fields. Through the local's connection with sub-district, district and international union headquarters and conventions, it brought contact with the world which lay "down the tracks."

There were more good jobs to be had through the union than could possibly open in the mines. A competent, industrious miner who "made good" in the eyes of the company might hope for a foremanship. But to win even that he must be lucky enough to survive the hazards of his work and put himself apart from the easy good fellowship and social life of the other miners. Even in the sub-district and district union organizations there were better paying, easier, pleasanter jobs to be won than any mine foremanship. The career of John Mitchell, who quit the presidency



of the United Mine Workers in 1908, could not have escaped the notice of an ambitious young man. Mitchell had risen from a lonely, poverty-pinched boyhood in another Illinois mine camp to national prominence, the friendship of President Theodore Roosevelt and the respect of the nation.

In an established and functioning labor union (one that has won "job control") the bright young man who would rise begins by fighting, instead of pleasing, the men at the top. If the "rebel" catches and rides a real wave of discontent he is swept into office. At least he can, by going into opposition, call attention to himself and his abilities and force "the administration" to give him "a place at the pie counter" as the price of peace.

Lewis first asserted his claims to leadership by battling Duncan MacDonald, a Socialist who had long been a power in the Illinois district of the union. His choice of opponents gave him an opportunity to improve on the usual technique—he was able at once to oppose and support an administration. When he won over MacDonald he brought himself to the attention of John P. White, international president of the Miners' Union, and Samuel Gompers. Both men were eager to welcome a youthful recruit who had proven his ability by downing a leader of the always annoyingly critical Socialist group within the labor movement.

With Gompers (by then an aging and cynical veteran) and White as sponsors, the rise of Lewis was speedy. From 1909 to 1911 he acted as legislative agent (i.e., lobbyist) for the United Mine Workers and then Gompers made him an organizer for the American Federation of Labor. That job he left upon his elevation to the vice-presidency of

his own union. He became acting president of the miners' organization when White left the union in 1919.

IN BANGING his way upward Lewis never depended on the power of affection nor did he appeal to the sentiment, imagination or idealism of his followers. The pioneers whose work and sacrifice laid the foundations of the union had been compelled to set their fellows dreaming of what might be. They could only build on faith and unquestioning trust in the few unselfish leaders. There were no spoils of office or positions of honor to be given the faithful.

When Lewis began his rise back in Panama, Illinois, many labor leaders, particularly in the building trades, had already allied themselves with the political machines and machine politicians of the industrial cities and then introduced into labor union management the strategy and methods of political "bossism." The derby-hatted, cigar-chewing, hard-boiled "walking delegate" and "labor boss" had become familiar types in American life. The methods of the "labor boss" were the methods of Lewis. He early learned the value of keeping a careful watch over the interests of "his" men as those interests came into conflict with the interests of the local mining company. He saw to it that the company observed the terms of its contract with the union. Thus he won support for himself, if not devotion.

Each step in his rise was accompanied by an extension of his machine and an addition to the number of his enemies. Those enemies charge that the first concern of Lewis is not the welfare of the coal-diggers but the interests of the members of the Lewis machine. Each assault against his rule has forced Lewis



further to tighten his grip on the machine he built. Like many a successful labor leader who began as an insurgent, his final test in all things is political regularity and "loyalty" to "the administration."

Men who have fought him for years, and grown to know him as only enemies can know each other, still wonder if he enjoys the battles which have been an ever present part of his career. They doubt it. They wonder if he understands, even faintly, their motives and their points of view. Gompers, with his free, robust enjoyment of life, loved a fight. He even enjoyed the hatreds he bore—whether for Socialist or employer opponents. He had little patience with, but he did try to understand those he fought.

When "left wingers" called Gompers "Old Sam" they seemed to pay grudging tribute to his gusto. When his foes call Lewis "John L." they intend an affront to his dignity; they level an accusation of pomposity. That Lewis dignity, which is worn on all occasions, certainly betrays the man's lack of humor.

More important than lack of humor is the absence from the intellectual make-up of Lewis of any "philosophy" as that word is understood among laborites. To capitalism and its works he gives an unquestioning acceptance. He has declared his agreement with the proposition that "the ultimate prosperity of all is best assured by the utmost endeavor of each to better his own condition." He sees trades unionism as "an integral part of the existing system of industry" since it is "quite similar to the corporation. One is essentially a pooling of labor for purposes of common action in production and sales. The other is a pooling of capital for exactly the same purposes."

In thus scorning what unionists are fond of calling "theory" he seems to be following the path marked out by Gompers. But he is not.

Against the philosophic blandishments of his Socialist opponents and their attempts to make the unions a tail to their political kite "Old Sam" preached the doctrine of "trades unionism pure and simple." Gompers, a shrewd opportunist gifted with a swift cunning, had a deep contempt for "theorists" and "philosophites." But his mind *had* rubbed against various doctrines of social development.

It is true that under his intellectual dictatorship a "philosophy of no philosophy" gradually became, as J. B. S. Hardman has pointed out, "the statement of faith, the accepted *philosophy* of American labor." There was, however, behind this, so far as the mind of Gompers was concerned, a sense of history, an understanding that social systems are less eternal than the stars. Socialists who delight in toying with ideas which seem to verge on the profound suspected, and still suspect, that in the secret places of his heart Gompers was really an anarchist.

Lewis and other lesser men, at times with the connivance of Gompers, were able to take the "no philosophy" tradition and make it a weapon useful in defending their entrenched positions. When opponents became critical and ventured to speak of "labor bosses" the "pure-and-simplers" could laugh them to scorn as "philosophers" and "theorists" or denounce them as disruptionists and seditionists.

WHEN Lewis assumed the presidency in 1919 he faced a tough situation. A sense of humor might have served to ease the blows which fell upon



him from both right and left. An economic philosophy which embraced the concept of development and change might have aided in molding union policy, served as a guide to action. War-time machinery for handling and settling labor disputes was being scrapped. The public, even before its desire had won the happy Harding label, was intent upon a "return to normalcy" and freedom from worry about the underdog. On the other hand industrial unrest was reaching "an intensity and scope far beyond all previous manifestations." Thousands of organized miners were staging their first "armed march" into the non-union coal fields of Mingo and Logan Counties, West Virginia.

Lewis was caught between two pressures. He had served on War boards and been given "public" recognition. He conceived of the union as having a duty toward the "public" with whose representatives he had worked. In the coal fields the "men from the picks" were giving eager attention to "the Reds." The grievance-angered rank and file, grown "cocky" by reason of War-time gains in membership, were demanding action from union leaders.

In those days conservatives saw him as no whit different from "the Bolsheviks" and the "agents of Moscow" who were denouncing him. When at the end of October, 1919, after their strike had been denounced as "unjustified and unlawful" by President Wilson, some 400,000 miners "downed tools," the very worst said of him seemed, to the public, to be all too true. The miners' demands were for a sixty per cent wage boost, the six-hour day, the five-day week.

A Federal injunction tying up union funds and forbidding union officers and "all others" from doing anything in any

way connected with the strike was issued. Later the judge who had granted the writ ordered the strike call canceled. After a meeting of the union executive board Lewis ordered the men back to work declaring: "We can not fight the Government." That declaration helped to rehabilitate him with the public; further damned him with the "Reds."

But tens of thousands of miners disagreed with the "We can not fight" policy, continued on strike till the union obtained a settlement in mid-December. A twenty-seven per cent wage advance, in place of the sixty per cent demanded, enabled Lewis to claim a victory for his administration.

Since the War, which means under the leadership of Lewis, the United Mine Workers has confronted the problem of averting collapse in a collapsing industry. Soft coal mining has always been plagued by overexpansion. And it is from the bituminous fields that the U. M. W. of A. has drawn its greatest strength. Stimulation of mining during the War aggravated overdevelopment. There have been large shifts from coal to oil, water power and natural gas as sources of power. Increased efficiency in the use of coal has hit mining hard blows.

Lewis has declared, with evident pride, that he could offer no "short cut, easy way or magic formula" as a cure for the ills of the industry. In 1925 he saw no "other remedy except the free play of the same economic laws which brought the coal industry into being." Lewis held that "in insisting on the maintenance of an American wage standard in the coal fields the United Mine Workers is doing its part, probably more than its part, to force a reorganization of the basic industry of the country upon scientific and efficient



lines. The maintenance of these rates will accelerate the operation of natural economic laws, which will in time eliminate uneconomic mines, obsolete equipment and incompetent management." When the high wage medicine had taken effect there would be fewer mines and fewer miners but a higher and more secure standard of living for those who remained.

Within the union the radicals urged the nationalization of mines as the only sure cure for the ills of the industry. Despite opposition from Lewis the 1919 convention endorsed the nationalization policy. For several years the radicals kept the "nationalize the mines" issue alive in the organization. They also pushed demands for the six-hour day and the five-day week in mining. John Brophy, rival and critic of Lewis, charges that Lewis sabotaged efforts to carry out convention mandates for the radicals' programme.

In negotiations with the operators Lewis stuck close to the wage issue. Bargaining on wages is the business of a union. High wage scales indicate success on the part of the leaders. In most cases it is not easy to trace part time employment—which even in the face of high wages may mean low actual earnings—to wages as a cause. Failure in wage parleys is evident even to the most stupid; failure of union leaders to adopt a policy consistent with prosperity for an industry arouses few members. Those aroused are likely to have insight and vision; fellows who can be handled with a few sneers against "philosophites" or "visionaries and utopians."

LEWIS has shown his political mastery within the union by openly flaunting policies endorsed by the membership, enforcing his will on unruly

conventions, putting down revolts, whipping rival factions, discrediting opponents and then repeatedly winning reelection. But while Lewis ruled and dominated the United Mine Workers, the United Mine Workers did not dominate or rule coal.

In 1922, at the height of the post-War "open shop" drive, the coal operators demanded that the miners take a wage cut. They refused and struck.

To make their resistance effective the union needed the help of the non-union miners of the Western Pennsylvania coke region and the Somerset field. Organizers were sent into those regions and "brought out" some 100,000 men who joined the union. When the non-union workers "joined up" two issues were involved in the strike. The operators who had had contracts with the union refused to meet the union *in conference* until the union agreed to discuss a wage cut.

The employers of the hitherto non-union men refused to concede the right of the men to *join the union*. It seemed that the strike was being waged on the issue of wages and union recognition. When the union operators agreed to meet with Lewis the national strike was automatically called off. But the men of Somerset and the coke region had not won *their* aims; and they were forced to "remain out."

The union maintained its wage scale but its triumph had been paid for by the Somerset and coke region men. After months of hardship they were forced to return to work, defeated.

After the 1922 strike President Harding appointed the United States Coal Commission. While the Commission delved into "the unbelievable complexity" of coal, Lewis and the union remained comparatively indifferent to the



possible uses to which such a body might be put in helping the union and the industry to meet its problems.

After a five months' strike the famous "Jacksonville agreement" was signed in 1924. The then Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover, and Secretary of Labor Davis were said to have aided in achieving the settlement. The agreement was to run for three years and provided wage rates of \$7.50 for "company men" and \$1.08 a ton for "tonnage men."

The interest taken in the Jacksonville settlement by Secretaries Hoover and Davis was looked upon as a semi-official endorsement of the scheme whereby high cost, uneconomic mines were to be "forced out" by use of the high wage scale club. When it was adopted the Jacksonville scale was seen as *the* major victory of the union under Lewis. The victory proved to be purely technical.

The coal fields south of the Ohio River were non-union. Operators in those regions, not being burdened by the Jacksonville scale, proceeded to gobble up the national market while mines in the organized districts were shut down. Union operators were finally forced to repudiate the Jacksonville agreement, and go non-union.

John Brophy, Lewis foe, did not exaggerate when he declared: "The three years of the Jacksonville scale were three years of war in the so-called union fields. Prolonged shut-downs, contract repudiations, local and lost strikes and a rapidly shrinking membership took their toll of the union. Two hundred thousand members were lost in the bituminous areas in those three years. District after district was surrendered to the open shop movement."

When the Jacksonville agreement expired Illinois was the only solidly union-

ized field. In 1920 the union had had 385,724 soft coal miner members; in 1929 that number had fallen to 69,325, of whom 40,893 were in Illinois. Out of 328,713 working bituminous miners in Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky the union had, membership reports showed, 2,527 members.

Just after adoption of the Jacksonville scale Lewis said he found it "difficult to conceive" how control of the coal industry "through political agencies could function" without hampering such lines of business as depended on coal for power. Yet in 1928, after the strength of the union had waned, he was urging Congress to set up a coal commission with power to sanction mine mergers or coal-selling pools provided the affected concerns dealt with their workers collectively. The membership and influence of the union in the anthracite field was sufficient to get Congressional consideration for the plan but not sufficient to drive the bill which embodied it to passage.

Meanwhile what remained of the United Mine Workers in the bituminous fields was wasting away. Renewed factional strife had been carried to the courts; shifted to claims that the U. M. W. of A. was dead and, minus Lewis, had been reorganized; then quieted to an armed truce between Illinois and international officials. It flared again in the organization of the Progressive Miners Union and bloody conflict between that group and the "regulars."

THEN came Roosevelt with a "New Deal" in which labor was to have a definite place. In return for legal recognition of collective bargaining the unions were made partners in the drive toward recovery. (In actual practice



that has meant the labor leaders.) Lewis startled his old foes. He seized the opportunity given by Section 7a of the National Recovery Act and overnight won back his national prominence. "Bill" Green, the colorless Baptist deacon who had been made president of the American Federation of Labor, watched in timid bewilderment while "John" held the spotlight.

The U. M. W. of A. retained its anthracite field strength. Dues from that section had furnished a financial backlog on which the union's international office and organizing personnel had been maintained. While General Johnson was preparing to get busy, organizers of the United Mine Workers, under the direction of Lewis, were at work in the soft coal fields "signing up the boys." In scores of coal camps "old timers" were again preaching the gospel of unionism.

Lewis once more spoke on behalf of the men of what he calls "America's basic industry." Coal operators who objected to union recognition under governmental compulsion had reason to recall that Lewis has been described as "three hundred pounds of magnificent ruthlessness." He was so dramatic, so forceful and resourceful that few persons noticed the irony of the situation. As a staunch Republican Lewis had long cherished the ambition to be Secretary of Labor. Now, under a Democratic President, who represents so many things which are foreign to the Lewis nature, the miners' leader was "staging a come-back." He worked with such persons as Sidney Hillman, Socialist-trained, brainy, far-visioned head of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and Dr. Leo Wolman, a mere "outsider" whose labor reputation reeks with the stench of "theory" and research.

But conformity has always been a marked characteristic of Lewis. "Old Sam" with his suspicion of the state and any gifts it might bear would have looked with grave misgiving on the NRA and all it implies. He would have remembered how easily the unions lost the members they gained when, during the War, the Government had encouraged labor in connection with another "great national effort." He would have fallen into line, but only after many a growl and grumble. Not so Lewis. Seeing an opportunity he grasped it.

The opportunity has been one particularly fitted to the abilities of men of the Lewis type. For those labor leaders who lack a "philosophy" and refuse to embrace any social doctrine around which to mold their policies and against which to measure programmes—who deny labor any "mission" other than to "fit in"—the new view of labor's rôle requires little mental adjustment. Under the latest dispensation, the old type of "rabble-rousing" leader, the sort of person who can "talk to the stiff" and direct strikes, becomes of less importance than the veterans who have experience in the business of political and economic negotiation, who "realize labor's responsibility to the public" and are willing to "adjust matters." Under Lewis the miners' hard-drinking, hard-fisted "organizers" had long been mere field men and lieutenants charged with the job of carrying out his orders.

Years of bargaining with mine operators in conference and contact with legislative and administrative officials trained Lewis for the immediate tasks he faced. Without doubt he knew more about getting along with "the Government" than did most of the coal operators with whom he dealt; more about the coal industry and the oper-



ators than did the officialdom of the National Recovery Administration.

But neither the "Brain Trust" with its view of organized labor as a social force nor the friendly protection of Section 7a are likely to last forever. What of the future?

Since the union still faces the task of getting itself firmly fixed and fully accepted as part of the industry, there is comparative peace within the miners' organization. The Lewis administration still dominates. But hundreds of the men who have recently joined or re-joined did so in spite of Lewis. The men of the Pennsylvania coke region whose recent strike for the right to join the United Mine Workers won so much attention still remember what they call "the betrayal" of 1922. Illinois harbors a radical "dual union" (the Progressive Miners) which has a strong following among the men who work the smaller, non-mechanized mines. Organizers for the Communist-controlled National Miners Union are busy in every field. Using novel tactics, it recently led a successful strike in the small Gallup, New Mexico, field; it may get the chance to show whether it can represent the miners "on the job" as well as in direct conflicts.

Lewis will continue as the sane and sensible labor leader. He will hold a double pose. In one aspect he will stand between the public and the operators, protecting the former from the greed of the latter; ever ready to be guardian of the national fuel supply. In his other aspect he will stand between the oper-

ators and the threat of red revolution, strife and discord; he will be their protector against the Communists and the radicals.

But perhaps the operators will prefer to deal with no union, as they did after the War, rather than choose between radical and conservative organizations. Perhaps the public will again, after a long siege of faith in socially minded leaders, lose interest in the "forgotten man."

Meanwhile "labor bosses" are likely to face a wholly new sort of accounting. Workers have been given the right to put their case in the hands of "representatives of their own choosing." Unions have had social responsibility thrust upon them. What attitude will be taken by those who have given those rights and responsibilities when it becomes apparent that some "labor bosses" are maintaining themselves in power against the will of the rank and file? Can the same people who have insisted on the democratic right of labor to organize tolerate undemocratic control of labor organizations?

Old foes of Lewis are wondering, the "radicals" are preparing to renew their struggle against his rule, many a local leader who has felt the weight of Lewis's displeasure or been antagonized by his methods is waiting a chance to "take a sock at John L." The intellectuals whom he despises have little patience with the "boss," the autocrat. They aided his "come-back"—indirectly. Perhaps they will be called upon to aid, more directly aid, his exit.





# Modern Woman's Defenses Against Living

ALVAN L. BARACH

*A physician describes the various forms in which modern woman's protest against feminism appears, and pleads for a new "womanism" to replace it*

WHEN woman set out to pursue her rights to vote, to work at a job and to make love, a champagne bottle was enthusiastically broken over the prow of her mental evolution. She was no longer content to wait around to be a wife. When she was married, she was not satisfied by the activities of a housewife. Even the joy of motherhood could no longer contain all her ambitions. The dignity and the responsibility of bringing up children had lost its prestige and frequently, almost as a sequence, its interest. There were new worlds to conquer, or at least, to explore. The notion of expanding her latent individuality was peculiarly thrilling. On all sides she heard that she was not inferior to man, simply repressed because of lack of opportunity.

With this vision of what woman might do, she daringly stepped out of the skirt of "a woman's honor is concerned with one thing, whereas a man's honor is concerned with everything else except that one thing." She too would become a unique individual. She too would obtain discerning applause because of the mental children that until

now men had kept for themselves. She grasped at the opportunity to transcend the purely physical creative pattern, and reached out for spiritual creation as well.

What has happened, now that we have been able to watch her handling of her new situation? Many outward changes are evident. Women go to the polls, they write books, they sell merchandise, they have educated themselves. Many of them have extended the boundaries of their sex life so that they rival at times their adventuring male companions. They have circumvented the risk of motherhood by birth control apparatus and are now able to make love without fear of great sacrifices. On the surface, the feminist might point to considerable progress. An outward criticism could be met by saying that they are still young at this new business of freedom.

But what about their state of mind and heart? Should they not feel happier and more fulfilled by what they have so far achieved? What has occurred to mar the shining new world that they looked forward to so eagerly? Why



is it that wistfulness, frustration and "nerves" have stained the countenances of so many who now have what they desired? Why are fortune tellers, astrologists and neurologists so necessary to the life of women whose privileges are no longer challenged?

Woman was not whole-heartedly prepared for the rights she sought, either to vote, to get a job, or to love. This was evident at the start because she embraced these new ways of spending her time *after the fashion of the male*. She picked out things to do which were male things, she sought to do them in the masculine way, and then she called it the Feminist Movement. No wonder the stuff within her rejected it. No wonder the intrinsic sources of womanliness within her would not yield to a masculine programme, just because some women—more male than female—attempted to put it over by calling it feminism. The deepest fabric of her nature finally rebelled, secretly yet stubbornly, and refused to participate in the privileges she outwardly accepted.

Her protest, however, took the form of defenses against many other ways of living. She had to build a new cloister for herself wherein she wandered even in the presence of the most flagrant outer liberty. Although the nervous woman of today is generally one whose essential womanliness has refused an easy and ignoble adaptation to a code that did not have the imagination to understand her profoundest needs, her protest has been at a great cost to herself. Her protest has outwitted her of her rightful heritages of living. And it has come from a realm of the unconscious over which she has no control, with the result that her defenses against living have effectively cheated her without her knowing.

Had she yielded full-heartedly to the new rights of woman as they were announced to her, a greater self-defeat might have been in store for her. To adapt oneself to a code of belief and practice that is in violent discord with the fundamental strains within is to promote a more explosive personal disaster. The defenses against living which the nervous woman has produced are protests which are valuable to society, because they have pointed out in a conclusive way the barrenness of some of our current formulæ of living. The people with "nerves" are not generally the dullards in the march of civilization, in spite of the contempt which the obtusely hardy visit upon them; they are often in the van; they smell a rat in the new fodder that others accept unhesitatingly. The danger to themselves of their protest is our concern.

LET us consider for a moment what are defenses against living. They are mechanisms which prevent the use of our natural inclinations, toward love, ambition, self-betterment, in order to accomplish a hidden purpose which has become all-important to the individual. A simple expression of it can be seen in the case of a girl who develops headaches that stop her from having to go to parties where she may suffer from neglect. To avoid the hurt to her pride, which has become all-important to her, an unconscious part of her personality erects a disease handicap which prevents further humiliation. The new device, however, keeps her from other activities that she could enjoy, and—if it develops progressively—from most of life's offerings.

When a woman consults a new physician with a complaint for which she has sought relief in vain for five years, she



presents a picture that is decidedly different from the expression of mingled wonderment and trust with which she may have first disclosed her symptoms to the family doctor. The patient I have in mind measures me with a practised eye. She would be a tall woman of forty-four, graceful and attractive, with a long, narrow head that makes a vertical line with an unbending back. She tells her medical history simply and intelligently, without appeal to my sympathies, but with the documents of her previous examinations at my disposal. The abdominal symptoms from which she suffers are not characteristic of any special disease, and in the course of a week we face each other again to contemplate the negative results of another work-up.

I suggest that there might be disturbance in the more personal side of her life, which was mirroring itself in physical symptoms referred to the abdomen, stating simply that conversion of pains in the mind and heart to the physical structure of the body is by no means infrequent. She consents to this new type of investigation, and in the course of time tells the following story.

She is the eldest of two daughters of an upper middle class family. She has had a superficially uneventful childhood, and enjoyed herself at school and college. The movement of women toward independence and jobs had early appealed to her, and after she graduated from college she went into business. She now has an important and highly remunerative secretarial position in which she is much interested.

The memories of her twenties contain vivid experiences of men and parties, which she enjoyed without much feeling of responsibility for the future. She was economically independent, and

found herself unwilling to settle down to marriage with any of the available men. When she was thirty-four, just ten years ago, she began a relationship with a man who meant more to her than had any of the others. He was the same age as she was, and they spent their life together most of the time, except that they occupied separate apartments. He worked in a truck division of a large automobile concern, but made much less money than she did.

One day, after their intimacy had lasted three years, he came to her with the news that he was to be sent to South America on development business for his company. He might be gone a year or more. The thought of his leaving her tore at something inside her chest, but there seemed nothing to do about it. They had not found it necessary to marry before now, when their combined salaries would have been more than ample for them: how could they consider marriage now, living together on his income which was even less than her own? It would obviously have lowered the scale of living for both of them. The subject of her leaving with him never came up. She saw him off at the boat and waved her handkerchief until he was a small unrecognizable figure. Then she returned to her rooms and surveyed the apartment she loved so much, the independence which her job gave her, but she could not still the ridiculous aching sensation she had in her heart.

When six months had passed, it was evident that he was not to return. By mutual consent they looked bravely for new companionship. Her new ventures were more brief than she liked. She began to learn what it was to wait for a call from a man who had apparently loved her. She did not now suffer from pangs of love due to arbitrary separa-



tion, but from the humiliation of perceiving that a man who made her part of his life one week might have other plans the next week. She told herself that men and women had equal liberties, and proved it to herself by summarily stopping an affair that she had begun, even before she had lost interest. She went out frequently, to parties, speak-easies, and on other adventures in which she attempted to use her wisdom in the presence of desire. Life was a pretty exciting game until she was thirty-nine, when disturbances in her abdomen began.

The various medical procedures which she tried helped her not at all. As time went on, she was forced to strict diets, to give up alcohol, and to take more rest. She was compelled to renounce most of the things which she enjoyed doing. Parties, speak-easies and the adventures of the past became more and more difficult for her, because her "colitis" symptoms became a progressive interference. During the past year, she had taken an older woman to share her apartment.

Although she still believed that the rights of women should be equal to man's, to vote, to work and to make love, a deeper element in her nature had rebelled. She gallantly carried the flag of feminism, and made no complaints about what it had brought her, but a higher integrity of femaleness had suffered a severe defeat and was now protesting against the life which had caused it. She did not recognize an inner woman who required feeling more than sensation, devotion more than conquest, children more than a job, the protection of family life more than her independence. The part of her that was profoundly unfulfilled finally refused to allow her a life of bright sensations,

of parties, speak-easies and new mates. She developed disturbances in her abdomen that kept her at home, symbols of the more deep-seated disturbances of which she was not aware.

The old walls of precedent and convention did not keep her imprisoned in her room with a woman companion. She was not held there by the headachy fear of being unsought. But an unconscious female purpose protested against the "stuff" it was being served. "Colitis" was the protest which defended her against her life.

The pathos of the situation was that this unconscious protest was a protest against other living as well. She lost her ability to be with her friends, to do her job successfully, to hunt for a man who would complete her life, to contribute joy to the world about her.

The nervous protest does not inform her that she can not express herself by following the lines of masculine tradition. The self-erected barrier is fashioned in a primitive unconscious; it ushers in a self-defeat of the total personality; it is a wholesale imprisoning, cruel and extensive; and they are difficult to get out of, these new walls of her own devising.

WHAT about the woman who already has a husband and three children? Let us say that she too is forty-four years old, that she has been suffering for five years from complaints that have resisted medical efforts. She has headaches, and she is tired. (We might say that she had indigestion, fainting spells, or palpitation of the heart; the form of the protest is of little interest in comparison with the fact that a protest has been uttered.)

She is the youngest of three children in a wealthy family. Her childhood is



happy, she goes to boarding school, comes home, and a few years after marries a successful business man. In the next five years, three children come along, who are adequately superintended by nurses and governesses. Four years after the birth of the last child, she becomes a partner in an interior decorating establishment. She is now thirty-one years old. The business pays for itself without a salary to her or to her partner. She goes there every day, usually arriving at ten-thirty, unless she has been up very late the night before, lunches from one to two-thirty or three, and leaves between five and six for home or a cocktail party.

Six years pass. Her business lunches with men and women have extended to social lunches with men and women. She not infrequently goes to a speak-easy with a man in the late afternoon. When her husband is out of town, or at a business meeting, she finds something for herself to do, with a man or a woman, or at a party. She does not step outside the conventions of her group. To the men who make love to her she permits only superficial intimacies. Nevertheless, she looks forward to these intimacies.

One evening when she is dining with a man, when her husband is supposed to be out of town for the day, she learns that he has been seen at a speak-easy with a mutual woman friend. When he returns late that night, she waits for an explanation, but none is offered. During the following day, she pieces together her own information about him and the woman in question. She decides that they are having an affair, and talks the matter over with a friend who finally tells her enough to confirm her own suspicions.

When she confronts her husband

with her knowledge, he denies everything except that he has seen the woman more frequently than he had told her. He had deceived her because he did not want to worry her needlessly. They go on together, but with a difference. She has not believed him, and makes her doubt of him a justification not only of what she has done in the past, but of more extensive liberties. Outwardly their life is not much changed. They go out frequently to parties and have people to their own house. They spend their evenings together except when he has business appointments. He lets her know of these in advance so that she can make her own plans.

During the two years that follow their talk, she has two lovers. Her experiences are exciting but worrisome. Her symptoms begin at this time, first headache and then fatigue. As the years go on, she finds it less and less possible to continue her former life. Frequently she has to remain at home when she would like to go out. She goes to a hospital for three weeks' investigation, but the programme that is recommended to her on discharge does not help her. She gives fewer parties herself, and goes out less often. Nevertheless, she keeps on, to a degree.

At first her husband is sympathetic and frequently stays in with her. Later, he goes out by himself, and she has a nurse come in to give her a massage before bedtime. Frequently, the nurse comes in early and spends the evening with her. She develops fears of being alone. Her condition slowly progresses. Although she still has some social life, and still attempts to take a part in her business, the time spent at home ill steadily increases. Her illness dominates the household. When she does go out,



she has to come home early, or she will be too tired the next day. During the first three years of her illness, she has two additional affairs, both exciting in prospect, but disappointing to her. In the last two years, she sees few men alone. It is too much effort for her to go out. Finally she goes to a sanatorium to take a rest cure. She is there for six weeks and feels much better. After she has been home two weeks, her symptoms gradually return, and are worse than ever.

We have said that this is a sample case history. Many women stop at various stages in the story which has been unfolded. It is no one woman's story, but it is, with variations, the story of many.

What has happened under the surface to take away the satisfaction of being a wife and mother from this woman? Why has it been necessary for her to devise an illness against a further encounter with life? What pain and distress was it that she suffered from that made a conversion into the symptoms of physical illness more bearable?

It is apparent that this woman is an example of a type to whom the joys of being a wife and mother had ceased to bring sufficient satisfaction. She felt the urge to go into business. After she had a job, she found it easy to adapt herself to a group that found lunching with a man other than one's husband justifiable, or having a late afternoon cocktail at a speak-easy. On the evenings in which her husband worked, she felt it her right to go out to do as she wished. She often went to parties, and a man took her home, or she went out alone with one of their circle.

Her first business lunches with men contained in them the same sensations

she experienced in her contacts with men before marriage. She compared them with her husband's business lunches, without being aware of the critical difference between them, that the overtones of erotic propaganda that characterized her business conversations were entirely absent from his. But her husband recognized it, although he was powerless to inform her of it. Her code admitted her to all the contacts with men that might be important to her business, painters, architects, dealers, men interested in doing over their houses, in fact, everybody. These contacts might be important for her business; despite the fact that the men frequently made advances to her, she still preferred to see them at lunch rather than at her office. Her husband reacted by beginning to have engagements with women himself in order to obtain similar satisfactions to those which he knew she was experiencing. Her independence had not been calculated to preserve his protective attitude toward her. Although he was not able to make an overt protest against the life she led, which had local tradition to support it, he responded none the less with a diminishing concern for her. He began to obtain more pleasure in the events that took place in the world outside his home. Their inner life together slowly but steadily evaporated. At the most, kindness took the place of love. He gave her the liberty of action that she desired and insidiously increased, but he reserved additional liberty for himself.

He did not get nervous or ill. He had on his side a long experience with the male pursuits of conquest and abandonment, and he had the ruthlessness to wage his affairs skillfully. But she had no such ability to deal with being



overcome and abandoned, which these new liberties mainly afforded her. Her pride was hurt by the kind of episodic love experience that, if anything, ministered to his. Finally, the feeling between them became too little to fulfill her actual requirements. The fugitive sensational encounters by which she had been momentarily excited were now of no help. The fundamental woman was being cheated of more real needs than those which feminism sought to supply, and it protested. The protest came from her unconscious personality as an illness which prevented her from going on with the life she was leading.

Here too was a woman who was permitted a freedom of activity unrestrained by convention and precedent. What she did with her unaccustomed liberties was to erect new barriers within herself to take the place of the old. When she no longer had any oversight of her conduct, as if to mock at her former demands, she prepared defenses against all living, of such strength and deviousness as to place her in a serious predicament. The situation she found herself in was far more serious than that from which she had tried to escape. It is easier to rescue some one from a visible prison than to aid those who without knowing have imprisoned themselves.

The protest takes the form of so-called functional disorders, symptoms without a clear-cut organic cause, with a wide range from anxiety and headaches to imitations of gall-bladder disease, syndromes such as appendicitis, or asthma. It is important to realize that no matter how consciously disturbing and even dangerous the symptoms may become, the protest has a purpose. In the case we have cited, it defended her against practices which defeated a profound part of her. She was disciplining

herself, although with primitive brutality. Her method was a wholesale prohibition against men, women, friends, work, love. She was now occupied with her illness, a cunningly wrought device of her own, capable of diverting her heart and mind from the failure of her life. She finally became a woman who conformed to the strictest Victorian standards, but not until she had almost destroyed all vestige of the love and protection she needed.

THESE stories are samples of the lives of women who have embraced the new code. They have been carried to a somewhat extreme point, but milder examples of this predicament are daily occurrences for those who have the opportunity to observe them.

There are many ways to view the problem that a woman of this type presents. Depending upon the professional activity of the one who is inspecting the situation, the problem may be envisaged as an offense against morals or religion, disposed of as an inferiority complex, or considered as a result of a faulty sex life. One might say that her illness was a method of dominating her environment, of satisfying an urgent craving for superiority sensations, attention and power, which her job and her new freedom did not furnish. Or, following another lead, that her failure to secure the satisfactions of love resulted in repression of sexuality which took the form of release provided by nervous symptoms.

These explanations do not encompass the entire truth of the situation. Women in struggling to free themselves from the limitations of an over-strict tradition have, by their use of the rights of feminism, created an unforeseen menace for themselves. While this new set of beliefs ministers superficially to woman's



prestige, they are often partly responsible for her failure to live up to the full potentialities of her character, and in some instances have actually fostered a self-defeat that was profoundly inimical to her happiness and dangerous to her health.

There is at present a golden opportunity for women to develop themselves, to participate more extensively in the experiences of love and work, to know the satisfactions of creativity and power. When her present attempts to advance herself are subordinated to a more truly feminine enterprise of securing and maintaining a feeling of relatedness with her husband and children, she may work and play at these new games without undue risk to herself. The point involved is not whether a woman should or should not dine with a man other than her husband. Advice on conduct is not intended in this discussion. There are women who indulge their modern privileges with benefit to themselves and their husbands, women to whom the presence of this opportunity has become necessary to avoid difficulties that would otherwise lead to a serious personal frustration. There are others for whom the exercise of the same rights ends by their losing more than they gained. The cases were recited to illustrate an aspect of feminism that forgot the greater opportunities of a primary fundamental preoccupation, that of submission to love of husband and family. Our suggestion is a new *womanism*, not a superficial warning against a mode of conduct. One can not expect human behavior to be modified except as a result of an inner change of personality, an alteration that is dependent upon a previous change in point of view. A search for a more fulfilling womanism, which might include the real advantages

women have achieved, must be a vital concern for those sensitive to the actual betterment of women.

When one perceives that women influenced by the feminine ideal have staked their security and their self-esteem on the possession of these new rights rather than on their position as wife and mother, the danger of this change is soon evident, for their independence makes the protective attitude of the men they love superfluous. Since the love of the male is inextricably welded to his feeling of protection, she may lose more than she gains by showing him that she can do without him. Her economic security and her social freedom are novel advantages, but they contain the hazard that man's emotional concern for her may diminish and this emotional concern happens to be a more indispensable need. Her excitement in spending time without him may be answered by a more effective demonstration of the same thing on his part than she is capable of.

Her handicap in the pursuit of this doctrine of equal rights is her traditional superiority—her greater capacity for love and tenderness, which, although she may learn to belittle it, can not be obliterated without functional disorders such as we have described. The unconscious female is still stronger than the theories of a feminism that unreservedly apes masculine activities, and, if its demands are not satisfied, engineers a protest that not only prevents a life of surface liberties, but all life.

When the desire for the prestige of accomplishment takes a prior place in a woman's life to her instinctive tendencies for submission to her love for husband and children, she has introduced herself to a new need for applause. The intensity of her wish to gain applause,



copied from the male, dampens her existence with the feeling of inferiority upon which the notion of applause is fundamentally based. Unless she develops an insight into which are her major and which her minor occupations, her emulation of man's pursuits may rob her of her traditional contact with reality, her peace of mind, and her happiness.

The unhappy account of themselves which women of today so frequently give warrants us in questioning the whole fabric of a feminism that is an

imitation of male activities. This does not mean that woman's attempts to develop herself should be curtailed, but that her development should not be handicapped by a gospel that gives precedence to a set of rights that may obscure her more important functions. Without the recognition that femaleness has a native obligation toward submission to love, to husband, children and family, the significance of women becomes reduced to their capacity to give pleasure.

## Heresy

BY FRANCES MINTURN

Each wave walks with a different foot;  
 Across the sands  
 I watched them go with purple in their hair,  
 And silver in their hands.

Sedate as worshippers they went;  
 Then came one more,  
 Wild faced and trembling; up he rose and beat  
 With clenched white fist the shore.



# Design for Diplomacy

BY HENRY CARTER

*Those conservatives who are dismayed by President Roosevelt's domestic programme may at least take satisfaction in his realistically effective foreign policy*

IT is a scant ten months since Franklin Roosevelt entered the White House, but they have been months of momentous activity at home and abroad, the full and perhaps revolutionary import of which is not yet to be descried or appraised. Depression, unemployment, economic and financial maladjustment, on a world-wide scale, have constituted the nexus of the problems which his Administration has had to face, and it is always in the light of these that President Roosevelt's acts and utterances must be read. Controversy rages and will rage as to the merits and demerits of the New Deal, of the NRA, of the frankly experimental nature of the current farm policy, the wisdom or folly of currency management. The opinion of the country is crystallized as never before into gradations of political and economic philosophy which extend from the most conservative Tory viewpoint to that of ultra-Red direct actionism. Which way the scales will tip is not yet to be seen, and Mr. Roosevelt's bold endeavor to steer a course "a little left of the centre" has not met favor in many quarters. Yet in the welter of confusion two facts emerge which give one confidence to

hope that the days of the Republic are not—not yet at least—numbered: in the field of foreign relations President Roosevelt continues to enjoy an unshaken *personal* confidence throughout the nation, regardless of criticism leveled against certain other of his policies and certain of his lieutenants; and as a result there has been a marked growth of national consciousness in the United States, a condition which in wartime would be known as patriotism, and which now might be described, perhaps euphemistically, as enlightened nationalism. American social, political and economic nationalism is the order of the day, and in building on that foundation the President has been able to find solid basis for a foreign policy which has commanded respect abroad and support at home, and one which has seldom fallen short of brilliance, whatever be the outcome of his domestic policies.

That this has been the case, that American policy is once more playing a leading and dynamic rôle in world affairs, must in the largest measure be attributed to Mr. Roosevelt's extraordinary political gifts, his instinct for realities, and his almost uncanny flair for the timely act and the opportune



word, plus his willingness and courage to venture into the unknown in the faith that the United States can take its part without fear or favor. What the final form of his foreign policy, what its fruits will be, lie beyond present-day prediction, but sufficient indications of its character have been abundantly forthcoming to mark out its general pattern, tempo and direction, and these merit consideration.

AMERICAN foreign policy has been traditionally and, in the nature of things, must be fundamentally based on three principles: non-entanglement with European affairs, the Monroe Doctrine in Latin America and the Open Door in the Far East; but all these have been variously interpreted and variously applied at different stages of our history. New circumstances have demanded new definitions and new methods of application, and this fact Mr. Roosevelt has not been slow to perceive.

It is not out of place to recall briefly the state of American foreign relations at the time Mr. Roosevelt assumed office. Aside from the economic and financial collapse of this country, as typified in the closing of the banks in March, and which led to the efforts of the special session of Congress to lay the foundations for a New Deal, our foreign relations were in thoroughly bad shape. The question of War debts embittered and warped our dealings with the dominant nations of Europe. The hope of the world was held to lie in the success of the London Economic and Financial Conference, and of the Geneva Disarmament negotiations. In Germany the rise of Hitler to power was rendering futile our well meant but ineffectual efforts to obtain some

degree of world disarmament and seemed to threaten the peace of Europe. Beyond Europe lay Russia, unrecognized, semi-hostile, potentially dangerous, unknown. In the Far East Japan pursued a cynical course of conquest in Manchuria in the face of querulous and portentous pronouncements from the White House and from the League of Nations which served only to irritate and not to deter. To the south was a violently disturbed continent of revolution and economic unrest, where any American effort toward stabilization was met with a lively and outspoken distrust of American motives and of "Yankee imperialism" and where mention of the Monroe Doctrine was anathema. What had been thought to be our great contribution to the peace of the world, the Kellogg Treaty, was daily seen to be a tragic farce. Ominously, in the light of world unrest and political instability, the American navy stood at its lowest ebb in recent history.

Such was Mr. Roosevelt's diplomatic inheritance and it was not a light responsibility at a time when domestic disaster threatened in every quarter. It was a task, however, which could not be ignored or put aside, but had to be met as it came, and the spirit and insight with which Mr. Roosevelt attacked it may constitute his claim to fame when the NRA, the RFC, the AAA, "controlled inflation" and other domestic phenomena of today are gone and forgotten.

By the Constitution the President is vested with the conduct of foreign relations, and it is certain that this clause of the Constitution is one which Mr. Roosevelt is taking at its full and literal value, by acting in effect as his own Secretary of State, as did Cleveland, as did the earlier Roosevelt, as did Wood-



row Wilson. From the start it was apparent from the make-up of the Roosevelt State Department that the President intended to make the vital decisions in foreign policy himself. As Secretary of State he chose Cordell Hull, Senator from Tennessee, a Democrat of the traditional school, an authority on tariffs and public finance, a man who commanded the utmost respect and regard of his Senatorial colleagues, both Democrat and Republican. Mr. Hull, conservative, a low tariff advocate, and mild internationalist, was balanced in the State Department by Professor Raymond Moley of the "Brain Trust," a ruthless exponent of economic nationalism and economic self-sufficiency for the United States. The general administration of the Department and of special problems was placed entirely in the hands of career diplomats and permanent officials: William Phillips as Under Secretary; Sumner Welles, later appointed Ambassador to Cuba and succeeded by Jefferson Caffery, in charge of Latin American relations; William Bullitt, now Ambassador to Soviet Russia, for Russian affairs; Stanley Hornbeck continued in charge of the Far Eastern Division and Herbert Feis was retained as Economic Adviser, both permanent Departmental experts; administrative matters were left to Wilbur Carr, Assistant Secretary of State for the previous nine years.

The combination was not altogether harmonious, as friction quickly and inevitably developed between Mr. Hull and Professor Moley, which finally resulted in the latter's forced retirement, although not until he had seen his ideas on economic nationalism triumph at the London Economic Conference and become a recognized and integral part of American foreign policy. His place was

filled by Mr. Walton Moore, a former Congressman from Virginia and an old friend of Mr. Hull's. The conservative internationalist element was further represented by the appointment of Norman Davis, Under Secretary of State in the Wilson régime and delegate to the Geneva Arms Conference under Hoover, as Ambassador at Large in Europe and Head of the American Disarmament Delegation, and the Departmental staff was recently completed by the appointment of Francis Sayre, a son-in-law of Woodrow Wilson and professor of international law at Harvard, once legal adviser to the Siamese Government, as an Assistant Secretary of State. But for all these with their unquestioned abilities, the active control came straight from the White House.

SO MUCH for the State Department set-up. Things began happening at once after March 4 as the debtor nations of Europe rushed to present pleas for immediate War debt revision with pointed references to the Lausanne Conference of the previous year which had abolished German reparations, and to the partial defaults of the preceding December which had so alarmed Mr. Hoover. President Roosevelt riposted by inviting Ramsay MacDonald, Herriot and other leading statesmen from practically every country in the world—except Russia—to confer with him personally in Washington with a view to ensuring the success of the London Economic Conference. Success there, it was argued, through a stabilization of currencies and a general lowering of tariff barriers, might be expected so to restore prosperity through increased international trade as to relegate War debts to their proper economic perspec-



tive. MacDonald came, Herriot came, as did the others, but they were still on the water when Mr. Roosevelt in a characteristically rapid decision cut the umbilical cord that bound our finances to Europe by going off the gold standard. The chagrin of the European nations, particularly of France, was keen and anguished, deprived as they were of their advantages in the American market and of their most effective weapon in influencing American economic and political policy. This step marked the true beginning of our policy of economic nationalism, but it was weeks before it was fully recognized as such—indeed not until Mr. Roosevelt sent the message of July 3 which broke up the Economic Conference was its significance made utterly apparent.

However, before the Conference had met, a new storm cloud appeared which threatened to destroy not only the Economic Conference and the Geneva Disarmament Conference, which was hopefully pursuing its perennial sessions, but the peace of Europe as well. This was the accession to complete power in Germany of Adolf Hitler and his Nazis, who were bellicose in their demands for revision of the Treaty of Versailles and for the immediate restoration of Germany to a status of arms equality with the rest of Europe. This threat to the hegemony of France and of her Eastern European allies stirred the gravest misgivings as to the possibility of fresh war in Europe. Upon the news that Hitler would announce his foreign policy on May 17 and in no uncertain terms, Europe turned instinctively to the United States for the word which might avert calamity. The President was prompt to seize the occasion and, through a direct and persuasive plea to the nations of the world to per-

mit the Arms Conference and the Economic Conference to achieve their purposes in an atmosphere of peace and friendship, he gave Hitler the opportunity of moderating his tone and his demands without compelling him to lose face in Germany or in Europe.

The tension thus eased, the Arms Conference resumed its feverish, if futile, activities and attention once more centred on the Economic Conference. The Conference opened inauspiciously, from the American point of view, on June 12, with the injection into its proceedings of the expressly barred question of War debts, and three days later the general default of the debtor nations, excepting a few scattering "token" payments from Great Britain, Italy and others, created a most unfavorable impression in the United States as to the good faith of the nations participating in the Conference. This was heightened a few days later by a virtual demand on the part of France and the "gold bloc" nations that the United States stabilize its currency forthwith and return to the gold standard. This was at once rejected by the White House and Professor Moley was despatched to London to see what could be salvaged from the Conference which had hopelessly bogged down on the stabilization issue. He was met by modified requests for stabilization which were relayed to the President, at that time on a yachting cruise. But by this time the full implications of the New Deal with its domestic policies of controlled agricultural and industrial production, managed currency and economic nationalism had been fully appreciated by the President. His patience with European politicians was at an end, and his brusque and sharply worded message to the Conference on July 3, refusing



to consider stabilization at that time in any form, broke up the Conference and marked a new era in American national policy—political independence from Europe we had long enjoyed; it was now proposed that we should enjoy a similar degree of economic and financial independence, the ultimate word in the doctrine of non-entanglement in European affairs.

THE failure of the World Economic Conference brought us as its natural consequence to an increased appreciation of South and Central America as our most important and potentially most promising field of legitimate interest. Traditionally this had always been the case, and the World War had brought us fresh markets there which the European nations had been desperately seeking to regain, and with some success. Negotiations toward the conclusion of trade treaties with various South American countries were now pressed, and the success of the Pan-American Conference which had been called to meet in Montevideo this winter was made a principal objective of American policy. There was however a grave political obstacle in the way, namely the deep distrust held throughout Latin America of "Yankee imperialism," whether military or economic, and a marked skepticism as to our honesty of purpose in various recent applications of the Monroe Doctrine—Nicaragua and Haiti were incidents hard to explain to a Latin American. The test of our sincerity came in Cuba, where President Machado's record of oppression and of governmental extravagance was fast leading to open rebellion. Mr. Sumner Welles was accordingly sent from the State Department late in May as Ambassador to Cuba

with instructions to seek through friendly and informal mediation with all factions a solution which would restore political peace and economic order. His mediation proved successful. Machado fled into exile and was peacefully succeeded by a provisional Government of moderate complexion under Señor de Cespedes, which received the immediate recognition of the United States. Unfortunately revolutions, whether peaceful or otherwise, seldom stop halfway, and within three weeks the de Cespedes Government was forcibly ousted by a more extreme group of younger men headed by Dr. Grau San Martín and backed by the rank and file of the Cuban army, who had successfully mutinied against their officers. Active fighting broke out in Havana and elsewhere and has continued sporadically ever since as various factions sought to overthrow the new Government. In spite of this and in spite of American reluctance to recognize the Grau San Martín régime under such uncertain circumstances, the Government has managed to stay in power and to put down armed attacks upon it, although its control of Cuba outside Havana appears to be slight.

It is almost needless to say that there was an immediate and insistent demand on the part of Americans owning interests in Cuba, and Cubans associated with them, for American intervention under the Platt Amendment. Indeed warships were ordered to the island and the stage seemed set for a good old-fashioned intervention. But at this point President Roosevelt proceeded to set a new style in Latin American relations, by calling to the White House all the Latin American diplomats in Washington to apprise them fully of the existing situation, and by disavowing to



them all intention of intervening. Furthermore instructions were sent to the warships off Cuba that their activities were to be confined to taking off the island American citizens (and foreigners) who might feel their lives were in danger—significantly there was no reference made to the protection of American property. These steps constituted a radical departure from previous American practice in dealing with similar situations in Latin America, and the practical recognition of the right of the nations to the south of us to order their internal political affairs in their own way, even by revolution, opened a new chapter in the history of the Monroe Doctrine. It was in fact a return to the earlier concept of the Doctrine which was originally designed merely to prevent further extensions of European political control in the Western Hemisphere, and has gone far to reassure the Latin American nations of American good faith and respect for their sovereignties, a reassurance, it may be said, that was badly needed. The Cuban affair is not yet liquidated, stable orderly government is yet to be established throughout the island, and our continued non-recognition of the Grau régime has been criticized, although recent developments such as President Roosevelt's decision to reassign Mr. Welles to the State Department and to send Mr. Caffery to Havana suggest strongly that a modification in our recognition policy, as it applies to Cuba, may be impending. None the less, in its larger implications the fact that we have not chosen to intervene, in spite of our treaty right to do so, has not been lost on Latin America, and one result has been that the Pan-American Conference has proceeded in an atmosphere of good will

which would not otherwise have been possible.

IN THE Far East an equally significant change of policy has taken place. With Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration the vehement note-writing on the subject of Japanese aggression in Manchuria, which had characterized the preceding Administration's handling of the question, ceased abruptly. True, the puppet kingdom of Manchukuo remained unrecognized and the American fleet remained in the Pacific "for maneuvers," but on the question of the rights and the wrongs of the case Mr. Roosevelt remained scrupulously silent. Instead, Mr. Roosevelt blandly started a programme of naval building intended to bring the American navy up to full treaty strength. Undeterred by the blustering warnings of Matsuoka, the roving Japanese diplomat, he then picked his time and proceeded to recognize Soviet Russia, thereby gaining for us a much needed friend in the Far East and one who was in a position to lend a diplomatic counterpoise to the theretofore unrestrained ambitions of Japan. Simultaneously, and by way of reassurance to Japan of our pacific intentions, he ordered the American battle fleet to Atlantic waters. The significance of these successive acts was plain to Japan who forthwith recalled her Ambassador from Washington, presumably in disgrace, and thus without a harsh word spoken a measurable degree of political stabilization, long lacking, was introduced into the Far Eastern situation. The end of course is not yet, and on the expiration of the Naval Treaties in 1935 diplomatic disturbances may be anticipated, but the time factor is on Mr. Roosevelt's side and he will know how to take advantage of it.



The concluding chapter of Mr. Roosevelt's 1933 diplomacy, the formal recognition of Soviet Russia, is still fresh in every one's mind and completes the general foundation of the foreign policy which he seeks to pursue. Its immediate background has points of interest. At the London Conference in June the most cordial, if informal, relations were maintained between Maxim Litvinoff, the Russian representative there, and members of the American delegation. The world had moved since the days of the Red Terror and the diatribes of Mr. Colby and Mr. Hughes, and it was an open secret that the question of recognition would be considered at the first opportune moment. The occasion, curiously enough, arose out of the break-down of the Geneva Arms Conference in October and Germany's resignation from the League of Nations over the issue of immediate arms equality for Germany. France and Great Britain, with the tacit approval of the American delegate Norman Davis, had been urging a four-year probationary period for Germany before complete equality should be granted, and in rejecting this proposal Germany left the Conference and the League. The issue as between France and Germany, never far below the surface, once more lay bare and confronted us with a dilemma: Should we join the Allies in putting pressure on Germany to conform to the punitive Treaty of Versailles which we ourselves had refused to ratify, or should we support the position of a Nazi Germany, whom we did not wholly like or trust, against our erstwhile associates in the War? Mr. Roosevelt did not hesitate. He recalled Norman Davis from Geneva for consultation, thus entirely dissociating the United States from the European

political question, and once more making it clear as he had in May that we regarded land disarmament as primarily a European question. This still left the United States in a somewhat invidious position. A change of ground and of emphasis was indicated, and Mr. Roosevelt, perhaps crying inwardly "a plague o' both your houses," produced his master stroke by opening direct negotiations with Russia with a view to formal and full recognition.

Aside from the possible benefits to American commerce, the political fact was that a friendly Russia—and in the preceding century Russia had been notably our friend—would fortify our diplomatic position in Europe as well as in Asia, and by recognition Mr. Roosevelt in effect redressed the world balance of power. This was checkerboard diplomacy on the truly grand scale and its results in the field of world politics promise to be momentous. The details of recognition followed quickly and easily. Litvinoff came to Washington where he gave adequate and gratifying guarantees as to the treatment of American citizens and interests in Russia, the cessation of Communist propaganda in the United States, and the settlement of outstanding claims between the two countries, and left Washington with formal recognition an accomplished fact and normal friendly relations established to the great potential advantage of both nations.

A RECORD of accomplishment such as this in ten short months is no small matter. Under Mr. Roosevelt we have gained our economic independence of Europe and have in effect liquidated our involvements in Europe which had ensued from our participation in the



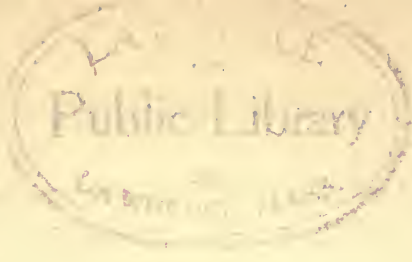
War. The War debts still remain, but such has been the course of events that a repetition of the June defaults has passed comparatively unnoticed—we have had too many more important things to think about. In South America our redefinition of policy has produced an atmosphere of good will which brings economic coöperation between the two Continents well within the sphere of practical politics, and has at the same time relieved us of our self-assumed responsibility for maintaining domestic order in Latin America. In the Far East our diplomacy has at last seemed to give Japan pause in her career of conquest, and has afforded what may yet be a basis for peaceful stabilization in that troubled area. Finally in the recognition of Russia we have found an opening for new markets and enterprise, and have at the same

time found a friend whose influence and support will be felt in Europe as well as in Asia.

American prestige abroad is now high where it was low; American foreign policy is dynamic where it was inert; it is courageous where it was vacillating; it is respected where it was resented or despised; above all it is realistic and has not sought unattainable miracles; and it is backed by an expanding and effective navy. Throughout the initiative and decision have been Mr. Roosevelt's. He has acted where others talked. His instinct and sense of timing have been well nigh flawless in the treacherous crises of world politics. He may not go down to history as our greatest President, but in the light of his conduct of our foreign relations he may well be remembered as our greatest Secretary of State.







# The Snowslide

BY GERALDINE SEELEMIRE MACLEOD

*A Story in Two Parts: Part II*

VI

THE crust still held. The winter seemed never intending to break. But you couldn't tell, Mrs. Turner thought, as she dipped a snowy cupful out of the depths of the flour bin. And the sugar was nearly gone—it wouldn't last forever. Lard was about all they had enough of—and she'd rendered that herself, off of their own hogs. But you couldn't raise flour and coffee and sugar—*hay* was all you could raise in this God-forsaken country where winter was nine months long, and summer only a breath on the heels of the late spring. And you couldn't eat hay. Fred had best go while the crust held. Ellen Lou too; it would cheer her up, and she could help with the bringing home. And she herself would be glad enough to live the day alone.

"We need provisions, you better go down tomorrow," she turned to say to Fred coming in with an armload of thin kindling sticks, but their falling into the box made such a clatter she had to repeat herself.

Fred stood with his head down, puffing a little, as if he were counting the planks of the floor.

"Did you hear?"

He looked out from between the

ear-muffs of his cap like something peering out of a hole. "Are we clean out?"

"No, but we will be. You better go while there's crust to take you. Ellen Lou can help you fetch home."

He turned his back and began a careful pulling of his mittens away from his hands. As he stooped to the water bucket he met himself in the dingy mirror. With these ear-muffs dangling, a person would hardly be able to tell he had a sore face. He peered at himself among the other shadows.

Ellen Lou came banging in with two buckets piled with milk like snow, and striped Tom appeared from nowhere, beginning his evening song to the milking pails.

Fred's tongue struck out like a frantic beak, "No, I tell you, no, you can't go!" and E'Loo held her own tongue, watching his few preparations for town. He tied his ear-flaps under his chin, he stepped into his skis, he pulled on his sheep-lined mittens. His mother, coming out, handed him a small flat package of cold pan-cakes to put in his hip-pocket. "Here's a snack for you. You got the list now?"

He nodded, and shoved away downward along the hill.



Ellen Lou watched him go, and the mother glanced at her from under her heavy lids, but the girl turned back into the cabin door.

There was nothing to say to anybody, Ellen Lou thought. She went to the window and looked out through the cold glass at the coldness out of doors. Her breath shrouded the pane as if she had brought a miniature snowstorm with her, and she turned back to the stove and the breakfast dishes. The fire had died down, the cabin was dark and clammy with cold. She thrust her hands into the lukewarm greasy dishwater. No sound stirred on the whole hill except the little slop of the water under her hands.

Even that ceased. Ellen Lou stood with her shoulders hunched. It seemed a little warmer to stand in a knot than to try to move. Then she hurried through her work, keeping ahead of her thoughts. Her mother must have gone down to the barn. She'd take Rover and go for a run on the hill.

But out on the hill-slant, under the silent trees, she soon stopped her running. She walked as slowly as if she hunted for something lost on the blue-white crust. But it wasn't a lost thing she hunted—it was something she'd never had. What was the matter with Fred and her mother—was it only because Bert was gone that they acted so queer?—*Only!* That was enough—but did her mother think that Fred? The thought slipped away again out of her reach.

She hadn't really believed that Bert was dead—he'd be back some evening in time for supper, with his eyes like fireflies, his cheeks roughed by the wind. He'd be coming—hallooing along the hill—

That's what she'd been thinking, way

in the back of her mind. But now there was something crowding it out: her mother's quiet, spreading through the cabin—the look in her face as if the upper half of her was dead.

"I been pretty quiet myself," she said, "padlocked and boarded up. We all been, with thinking of Bert. But Fred's all we've got now. We've got to be good to Fred—he'll have to be my favorite brother now." She felt suddenly that it had been harder for Fred than for her, or even for their mother. He had had to bring the news home. And he had had to carry his grief around with him alone. Only that one night, when he had cried out loud, their mother had comforted him a little. And she herself had followed the way she saw her mother take, as if she could not act for herself, not knowing how to conduct herself in the changed ways of grief. She had shut Fred out. They had treated him almost as if he bore some guilt.

Ellen Lou's thoughts stopped to puzzle again over the look she had found in her mother's stone-colored eyes. Was that what it meant? But her heart rejected it. No! He was Bert's *brother!* He was *her* brother.

She hunted a break in the trees to see if she could find him down on the shining flat—ready to forget the sting of his tongue a little while earlier.

And she ran back to the cabin ready to cheer her mother's face with, "The snowbirds are busier than grasshoppers, and I do believe the old spring's on her way at last."

Under the pressure of each long slide ahead, the snowcrystals crackled faintly, but Fred's shadow ran by his side without a sound. The head glided far out on the crust; but the feet clung to his feet as if they would trip him, and with each



step reached after him like some deformed thing, unescapable.

On his left the low dark mound of pine-clad foot-hills kept him company like another shadow, and far away to his right across the flat, the mountains rooted mightily in the earth, and their three peaks like great white pines ascended into the sky.

While E'Loo was holding aside a dark needled branch to find her brother, diminished to a bit of black far south, Fred was thinking (thrusting forward a long ski, sliding beyond on the other): "If I make out to be Bert—if it's *me* that's dead and not Bert—" shrill and insistent the whispering skis scraped over the crust—"if it's *me* that Bert's killed—" the long ski-stride slowed—"it's Bert'll be taken—it's Bert'll be hung—"

He stopped. He stood still in the ski's silence, in the wide bright quiet of the bitter, glittering morning, hearing a screaming like the sound of his skis in his head: "Fool! Fool! Bert's dead. He's *dead!*"

A lonely nausea gnawed his insides. He realized it had been at work, eating a great slow hollow in him ever since that last irrecoverable glimpse of Bert overridden and borne under—sucked from life. The gnawing had stopped for a little this morning—but he hadn't known it was stopped till it set to again, startled awake at thought of Bert's gone-ness.

"It's *you* that'll hang, whatever you tell. Saying you're Bert won't help. There's only you—whether you're Bert or whether you're Fred. You can't get out of yourself!"

But it seemed that he *would* get out of himself. He jerked his head upward and struck out with unconscious fists at the world: "I didn't kill Bert! Bert's

under that slide—he's dead under the slide—"

He slouched again, staring as if he would burrow into the snow with his eyes, seeing himself at Bert's burial, standing over, clawing, scratching at the pile, thinking, "It's like I'd killed him and buried him here—" A smile hardened his lips at the picture of himself, a small black streak on the hill-side, filling in a grave to fit a giant as tall as the hill itself.

"But *they* think you did it—"

He pitched himself into motion, leaning and hurrying away, trying to leave his thoughts behind. He swung his eyes wide, hunting out some small variation in the crust to fasten upon; some bit of sage-brush plume above the snow; a hole burrowed by a small thing from earth to air; a snow-shoe rabbit leaving his long lazy track on the hard crust. He set his mind on these things: a hole in the snow; a bit of sage and its shadow; a lonely rabbit on an errand. But another part of his mind that clung like the shadow beside him was remembering: "Last time I come here Bert was here too. We come traveling into town together with our pelts. Bert he could see and think and hear—and one time before we come away we took a chew of plug that we never told Ma or E'Loo of, nary one of us. And on the way home storm was coming up from behind the hill."

Fred's mind wandered along the memory of their goings and returnings together, and of a time last fall when they had come home with their news and their talk of Winslow. They had talked for a long time of Winslow's terrible deed, and they had been in agreement on what should be his punishment. He could hear Bert's answer to his own insistence, "Why *sure* he ought to be



hung, what else *is* there?" as if his own excitement were foolishness, as if such things had long been settled, and there was nothing more to say. And now they had Winslow in prison. He was sitting there in the dark, waiting for what was coming to him.

He urged his skis faster.

But presently he thought, "There's town yonder," and his skis balked again, as if they would go this way, as if they would go that way—any way but into that small scatter of houses. But Fred drove them steadily ahead.

"There's town yonder, and the people'll be coming forth in a body to meet me." And the people he saw made a long black winding on the white snow—many more than had ever been in the little town.

## VII

HE DREW slowly alongside the pink brick wall of the Mormon church. He couldn't remember coming the last of the way.

He looked around the corner. The dirty snow-road, winding here and there to take in the dozen or so buildings set down any place as if by a flood grown tired of their weight, was almost empty. A shaggy sorrel pony held up its saddle in front of the frame saloon, and a bob-sled had dragged its shining tracks from the post-office to the blacksmith shop to the dry-goods store as if to make things look a little livelier. From his church corner Fred could see the bob-sled now, standing in front of the square false-front labeled "Nephi and Joseph Norton, Dry Goods." This identification was needless, since every one knew what was behind it, and if a stranger *had* come to town he must have guessed its identity, since there was no second false-front to cause confusion—and surely the one

brick building within all these miles must be a Mormon church; and the dance hall and livery stable could be nothing else. As if aware of its superfluity, the lettering was fading away, slowly escaping back to the elements. But the false-front still stood square-shouldered to the world. The bay team looked small beneath, resting noses on the edge of the high plank porch.

Another team with an empty hay-rack drove around from behind the livery stable and trotted out the other end of town—to some ranch for a load of hay, probably, to feed the team that hauled it. From the looks of things there would be no other horses standing in the livery stable. But just then the blacksmith shop up the road a way let out a gray horse who was led across the street and into the dark square door of the big old barn.

A hammering began in the shop after the visitor's departure. Fred kicked off his skis and balanced them on his shoulder. He stepped out from behind the church and into the dingy road. Town was so quiet, he could never really have had any fear of it, or if he had, he had left it back there hiding behind the church.

But he went by the blacksmith shop softly, and did not look in. He held the great black cave of the door away from him, making it nothing. And the voice that called out from the darkness, "Hi, young Turner!" received no answer. Fred was not sure that he had heard any voice at all. He stepped hurriedly through the flicker of his thoughts toward the store.

The high hollow porch shouted his foot-steps back at him. And he leaned his skis against the wall carefully so that the tap of their heels would not be echoed, too. He set an easy thumb on the



easy latch of the smeared glass door. It opened as if it would drag him in, and he breathed a hot mouthful of leather and rubber and denim and apple and tobacco and damp clothes and packing-box smells. His ears sucked up the sound of a lazy voice and its answer. But he only glimpsed the straggle of loafers hanging around the stove at the other end of the store; he held his eyes and face aside to the counter and show-case here at his right where fat Joe Norton hid his belly. The chomping face that sat above the tobacco display looked over at him, pink and shining and pleasant as a scraped hog's, and "Howjadoo?" came up from the paunch. "How's things treatin' you?"

"Howdy," said Fred, trying to lower the other's hog-calling with his own soft drawl, wishing the store were empty, feeling the others behind him—a row of gum-shoes and German-socks staring at his back. He leaned on the counter. "I'll take some—"

But the loud voice wanted to know how things was up his way? His mother—how was the winter treatin' *her*? Fred, trying to hear if the others were listening, at last heard a dry eager laughter and a waver of indolent talk that must have been going on all the time if he could have heard it against the uneasiness in himself.

When the storekeeper's questions had been answered to his satisfaction, his legs maneuvered his fatness along between the counter and the shelves. He seemed to be ready to wait on his customer.

But Fred couldn't find his list. He started to pull off his mitten to hunt. He felt Norton's small sharp eyes on him, felt them waiting to pounce on his scarred hands. He drew the mitten back on. In the heat of the store his ear-muffs

burned his ears and cheeks. He lifted his clumsy hands to push his cap back, and remembered the thought that had stared at him last night out of the smear of the mirror at home. He dropped his hands. A hot wave passed over his eyes, a ringing vibrated in his head under the storekeeper's scrutiny. But when he could look up he found Norton mooning across the store and out the steamy window.

He turned aside a little to slip off his mitten, snatching a glimpse of the stove-huggers from beneath his lashes. They were more interested in the stove and the spittoon and their joke than in him. He stood in a quick cold immersion of relief, his fear running off him like water.

He turned back to the counter. He had found his money, but no list. "Well—guess I'll have a try at remembering—" The store seemed pleasantly warm, the presence of the men behind him friendly and snug.

As the storekeeper crackled through to the end of his wrapping, he said conversationally, making his trade at home, keeping his place of business a pleasant place: "Where's your brother? Never seen the one of you without the other was along before—never thought you could git shet of one another! Lessee now, which are you—I never could tell the two of you apart?"

Fred's eyes clung to the counter top.

At last he said, "I'm the other one," and looked up at his tormentor's fat face.

The face belched a trickle of good nature through the nose, and Fred, gathering up courage along with his bundles, said, "I always found it a little hard telling you and *your* brother apart, too!" And the fat proprietor good-naturedly accepted the joke aimed at himself and



his wall-eyed brother, long and thin as a fish.

Fred, elate with escape, set his thumb on the door-latch. But a voice assailed him—"Hey there! What's your hurry?"—and a hard hand on his arm joined in the greeting. He looked up into the grinning bony face of the young taxidermist, who himself resembled some of the long-necked, bulge-eyed animals whose stay on earth he perpetuated by means of stuffing their remains. One of the bright animal-eyes winked. The Adam's apple in the long neck winked too. "Whatcha doin'? Catchin' a train? Come on back and you may learn somethin' you don't know!" And he tried to propel Fred with his hard fingers toward the grins around the stove.

"Hi!" Fred gulped a greeting, and eluded the grasp. "See you later," he said, and tried to grin, and got himself out the door. As he snatched up his skis, the lean hard face and the hard shining brown eyes of the taxidermist stuck out the door. "Awright," he agreed, "if I'm not here, see you over to the saloon. I'll keep an eye peeled for you!" and he stretched down an under-lid with a finger. Then: "Hell, I thought you was Bert!" And he drew in his head.

Fred hurried back along the shiny bob-sled tracks. His heart stuck against his ribs. The cold air seemed to get no farther than his throat. He saw himself at the other end of town—out in the flat, leaving town behind. He stretched his stride till his loins ached, trying to catch up with the thought of himself safe out of this place. He nodded in return to the nod of somebody's wife wrapped in her apron with two dirty-nosed young ones trailing whining behind, and he had to speak this time to the blacksmith who stood suddenly (wrapped also in

his apron) in his wide black doorway. Then he hurried on toward his church, and his safety behind its corner.

Behind the shelter of that pink brick corner again, he stopped. No one in town could see him here. He gulped at the cold air, trying not to make a noise with his breathing. Christ what a shave! Thought he was Bert! The shock of memory ran up his spine again and caught at his back teeth as if he had eaten something bitter.

He'd have to look at that list to be sure he had everything. He'd have to look, or he'd worry all the way home. He began a hunt through his pockets.

But the scrap of paper was gone, lost. Then he remembered: sugar—that was it—the first thing on the list. The thing she'd said they had most need of.

He saw himself going into the store again—meeting that lank, skin-tight face, those voices and eyes poking their fun at him.

He'd tell her they were out of sugar! "The last load of freight was late getting in—" But she'd see through him! No, she wouldn't see through him, but he'd see through himself! Coward! Sneaking back of a corner with his teeth chattering! Fool! He hadn't done anything. What was there to be afraid of? He recognized himself suddenly—and the church and town and the white hills surrounding, familiar in a quiet vacuum of sunlight.

He looked around the corner. It must be noon. A dozen or more youngsters were trailing home from school to dinner, their faces under their stocking caps busy with giggles and chatter and squeals, their voices high and sharp in the sunny air, their feet busy on the packed snow. He waited until the last one had hurled his last snow ball and dawdled out of sight into silence. Then



he stepped out into the empty road, and fear jumped out after him. He held himself to a walk back along the shining bob-sled track, but each long step was a terror.

He passed the high porch of the store, trying to see from the corner of his eye, trying to guess whether the taxidermist and his friends were still inside. He looked around and over his shoulder quickly, and dodged behind the corner. He could wait there for the sound of their coming out. Then he would hurry around the corner and in for the sugar—he could feel the words ready on his tongue—"I forgot to get sugar—I aimed to fetch home a little sugar—but it plum slipped my mind—sugar—"

The store seemed to hold only quietness. He could hear nothing through the wall—they'd gone on along to the saloon. Listening, a wondering floated in his mind: Bert and that knife-jawed taxidermist? Perhaps Bert had gone to the saloon—last summer—likely he *had* gone. They had been in town together. Bert had had a good time. He had danced with a girl.

Fred could hear nothing. There seemed nothing to hear inside the store. He stepped out around the corner, up on the porch.

The damn place was so hot inside, he'd open up a little first. He unbuttoned his mackinaw and jumper. He set his thumb on the easy latch; he hesitated, and pressed it down.

They were gone! Only quiet was here. The cracked iron stove and the spittoon were left to themselves. Then a tow-headed nine-year-old slammed through the back door and galloped across the store, shrilling, aglow with her errand, "Daddy! Mama says some maple syrup and cinnamon, maple syrup and cinnamon!"

The fat pork face rose from behind the counter and glared over at its young one. "You tell that mother of yours—" then the small eyes discovered Fred.

"Unh," Norton grunted, turning and hunting up and then down for a small houseful of syrup and the red can of cinnamon. "Here, Jeanie, here's your maple syrup and cinnamon. Run now."

Fred, thinking vaguely, vindictively, "The old hog, she'd never've got it if I hadn't been here," heard, "Your brother was in a little bit ago. Likely you're lookin' for him. But he went on out—didn't say where he was headed for. The boys was joshin' him about goin' over for a little drink, but I don't know whether or not he went."

Fred moved toward the counter. "I'll take some sugar," he said, "twenty pounds."

"How much?"

Fred cleared the whispers out of his throat. "Twenty pounds," he repeated loudly.

The bulbous hands plunked down the wrapped package. "Will that be all?"

Fred thought, "It'll look queer, getting only sugar," and felt heat surging up to his eyes again. He fought it back, "And some maple syrup and a can of pepper—" he strained after the name of something to eat—"and I guess I'll take a nickel's worth of them lickrish cegars." Memory of Bert and the real tobacco they had bought together flooded his heart and mind.

The fat hands rummaged in the candy case. A recklessness surged up in Fred: "Some coffee too, you can gimme—or did B—" he swallowed—"did my brother—did Bert get the coffee, do you recollect?"

"Oh, so that was Bert, was it?"



Fred's mouth drained dry and harsh. His heart lifted and clung against his ribs.

"I was joshin' him a little, and he wasn't a mind to say which he was, you or him."

Fred's strained eyes brought the other's back to their business.

"Coffee?" Norton caught the word. "Coffee? Come to think of it, believe he *did* get coffee. Lion's—yeah, he got Lion's."

"Well, wha'do I owe you?" Fred's voice cracked, and he scuffed his throat.

The swollen fingers were doing the figuring for the swollen head. "Ten's better'n one," the head said, coming up to announce the amount.

Fred turned to get out of the store once more, and crashed into a girl standing close behind him. She giggled a teasing scale, and stared up at him out of blue eyes half lost in a touse of yellowish wool. He recognized in the yellow nigger's wool the girl that Bert had danced with last summer on the Fourth of July. He himself had holed up among the other boys and men at the back of the dance hall.

"Hello, Bert!" She laughed and sparkled her eyes at him till her cheeks seemed to sparkle too.

"Hello," he began.

Joe Norton came to his rescue. "Even you young ladies can't sort 'em out," he teased. "*That* ain't Bert. That's *Fred*."

"Ain't it?" he appealed to Fred, as if in doubt again himself.

"Yeah, I'm Fred awright," and Fred stared at the girl and shifted his bundles and sidled past her out the door. "Bye," he muttered to the disappointment gaping after him, and ran down the steps and humped himself through town to his skis and his bundles waiting behind the church.

## VIII

MRS. TURNER shooed a sassy camp-robber off its perch on the last shoulder of elk that hung on the north end of the cabin, and Rover chased the flight of its plump gray body and its chuckles around the corner. Winter and the meat were coming out about even this time, she thought, as she took hold of the lower ends of the frozen ribs and hefted the quarter to unhook it from its nail. She lugged the stiff awkward weight around the corner and into the cabin. She should have had Fred saw off these ribs this morning. He used to think of such things himself without being told. She strained it up on to the table, and reached for the short saw on the wall. She'd get rid of the ribs for supper. The young ones liked them—though the Lord knew why—same reason the dog did, probably. She might as well take off enough for a stew for tomorrow as long as she was at it. The ribs wouldn't be good for much more than a meal. She sawed through the veined pink iridescence of the frozen meat, setting her teeth on her lower lip, bracing herself hand and foot and knee for the struggle. The shoulder thumped on the table, the saw spat and whined.

"Here, Ma, let me do that." Without answering, Mrs. Turner straightened, her lip still caught in her teeth, her eyes still on the meat as if they would finish the job. She released the saw to E'Loo, just come in from the barn, and let her breath escape. "Well," she conceded, "take off enough for a stew too, while you're at it."

"I never bargained for *that*," E'Loo teased, sizzling her saw back and forth with short sharp jerks as if sawing up the side of an elk were no trick at all. But her back leaned as stiff as her



mother's had, and there was no time for breathing. One of the long tawny braids slid over her shoulder and she tossed it back. It slid again, and she snatched at it and wrapped it around her neck like a muffler, out of her way.

The mother glanced at the matter-of-fact look that E'Loo's face wore when she tackled a job that might be too much for her, and turned away. Her brothers had taught her that look—Bert had taught her that look. It was a boy's look. She had learned to wear it, keeping up with Bert and his bragging.

But she'd soon forget to wear it now. A good many of her old ways were gone already, with Bert. Quieted, she set her pace to Fred's pace—and half of Fred was gone. They echoed each other—and Bert—only like shadows. Their faces were shut. And when E'Loo tried of a sudden to take up her old way, Fred seemed even more quiet, going and coming among his chores. And yet he never opened the door to come into the house that she didn't catch herself hearing Bert coming too. She never looked up to find Fred, that Bert's face didn't stare over his shoulder.

Mrs. Turner went to look at the pencil mark on the sill of the south window, and glanced out to the timber of spruce and naked quakin' asp and their climbing shadows. "Fred ought to be showing up. It must be three o'clock. I s'pose I might as well put on the rest of that yellow meal for supper. He likes his mush and milk." And she turned from the window and leaned aslant for the last of the meal in its bin beneath the table, remembering how Martin had been partial to mush and milk too. How like Martin this boy was—and how unlike.

Bert had been like him too—and unlike. Martin's insistent good humor had

passed from him into Bert—the bullying kindness. And in Fred was his stubbornness, his quick temper, his tenderness. It was Martin in Bert who made her go and lie down on the bed when she looked tired. It was Martin in Fred who kept the wood-box and the water bucket filled for her. In giving her these twins, had he given her only half a man in each?

When spring came would Fred stiffen his shoulders again and take a new lease on life? Would that beaten look he wore fade, and some glimmer of determination meet spring's responsibilities? Would he take a-hold and shoulder the work of two? *Could* he stand on his own feet without Bert?

Or was he crippled for life? *Was* it for more than lack of Bert that he dragged in his tracks? If he *did* carry something about with him, if something *did* happen between them that morning—

She thought again of their quarrel over Bert's skis at the start. If somewhere, out on a hill the quarrel had worked itself into words again, or blows, and Fred's temper and rifle had gone off together—

Her veering thoughts closed bitterly upon memory of her husband. He was to blame. *He* had brought her out here to these mountains, to this life he'd got so set on, he'd brought her into this and dumped her down. Given her three youngsters to take care of and then left her to fend for herself as best she could. . . .

E'Loo caught up the shoulder she had been working at and carried it back out to its nail and its camp-robber on the shadowed north wall. She came around into the sun again, feeling the brightness on her cheek like a touch.



She looked down into the white peaceful valley, quiet with winter afternoon. It seemed as warm here against the cabin wall as in summer. But the yellow winter sun would soon slide down the back side of the Tetons and their shadow would come over the whole valley and up this hill with its dark and cold.

Her eyes took flight along the hill with its sad blue shadows—but the sadness of shadows was a sadness she didn't mind. Those yonder held almost a pleasant sadness—so much else in the world felt the sun—the day was so almost spring. And the air reached out a warmth to you, as if asking you to forget to be sad, as if it said, "Here's *peace*, if you can't be *happy*!" And Ellen Lou's body remembered some of its old ways of contentment. It sent a message to her thought to escape its prison and come out—to try its old ways. But when her thought crept out from its dark inner-brain, and stretched, and took a swift flight downhill into the sunny emptiness below, it met Fred coming home alone. And it turned, fled back up the hill, and away along an old track, seeking a torn sidehill. There it found Bert, lying in the snow, and crept into its old place beside him. And Ellen Lou ceased her dawdling, her picking at the old pine bark in the shine of the sun.

"I better be getting the chickens fed," she said. "The poor brainless things'll be going to roost with no supper," and she went in to get their can of warmed wheat.

From the chicken house she heard Rover's commotion as he humped himself downhill with agonized yelps to meet Fred. Then she heard their feet on the path going by. But no voice. No talk and no laughter. Rover yelped and whined by himself.

When Bert and Fred used to come home from town together she had always been so glad. Their cold cheeks and their bright eyes, their voices, their packages, were something to wait for all day. They had brought more than themselves and packages. They had brought the festive smell of the store, and an excitement of adventure to share with E'Loo.

But now Fred's face would be tight. His voice would be thin as if he spoke to some one far off. And her thought of the cabin was bleak as out here in the chicken house. She gathered each egg as if it were two.

Lonely and cold she stood hunched by the last nest, curling her fingers around the fading warmth of an egg, adread of the liveness and cold that Fred would have brought home with him into the cabin.

As she pushed open the door, she heard her mother's voice, "Where's the flour?"

And Fred, turning from the stove, alive with response to her irritation: "*Flour*?—I never knew you wanted flour."

## IX

"**Y**OU can *feel* the leaves on the quakin' asp, even if they aren't out yet," Ellen Lou said, standing beside Fred on a small hillside bareness wreathed by snow. She looked out into the sunny world, and sniffed with her blunt freckled nose at her scant bright handful of buttercups that had escaped from under the snow and thrust up their yellow waxen petals to the sunlight with their small sweet gesture of daring the cold aura that clung upon the tracks of the receding snow.

"You can feel the frost too, even if you can't see it," she added, and the



expression that fluttered in her face, though it was not a smile, seemed a smile. Her freckles had popped out like the buttercups as if they too were on the look-out for the first pussy-willow and spring.

After dinner she and Fred had come out with Rover to wander along the afternoon hill from one bare spot to another, and E'Loo had felt a straining in her flesh give way as if she were thawing with the spring. Her blood that had seemed to climb and climb purred softly, as if contented now. She looked at Fred. The longness of his face seemed not the longness of set jaws and pulled muscles, but of relaxation, almost of sleep. He was looking along the hill, but she thought he could not be thinking.

An old log lay in its sleep of dissolution on the hillside, drying a little in the afternoon sun. And they sat down. Rover came from the mystery of his business and squatted before them and let his tongue hang out. "It's a strange thing," Ellen Lou felt, "being out here with Fred, quiet and not saying—not thinking. We didn't think to come. We just came—walking along the hill—walking up a hill with the sun shining on us." She dreamed herself into autumn, and she and Bert and Fred were robbing a bumble bees' nest of its scant summer gleanings, carrying the sweet pale liquid in its small cocoons carefully home in their hands. She could taste it—she could feel the fear of the bees. It was as if the fear were all in her ears, like their buzz. But they were stupid things. The first frosts of fall had settled in their brains. . . .

—"Remember . . . ?"

And Fred turned a face of sleep with eyes at peace and dark as the hillside shadows to his sister's face. "Bert was here then."

"Yeah, Bert was here then."

"Bert's dead now."

"But he's not really dead—not as long as we remember . . ."

"He was going down the hill—flying almost. If I hadn'ta hollered it never would have happened. I hollered and the snow broke loose."

"It might've happened though. It might've been anyway. It may've been his going jarred the hill."

"It may've been." But Fred's face shrank taut, and his jaws fought for a moment. His voice cried, "I can *see* him, though! I can *see* him looking back—surprised—the way he used to. . . .

"I got this to thank God for: we didn't have no quarrel—he took and sucked my arm where I scratched. We had no quarrel agin each other when we stood there on the hill. . . .

"And his ski—when I pulled it, it came away in my hands. Broke half in two. His new ski—"

"His new skis—the ones he promised. He said after that morning he gave those skis to me, to have for mine. . . .

"We ought to go. Don't you think we ought to go—" Ellen Lou tried among the words she had, hunting some she didn't have. "It'll be thawing—it's almost spring—and the coyotes?"

Fred: "It ain't far from the bumble bee log—the next slope north." He sat with his hands viced between his knees, as if the pain were in his hands, but the pain crept up across his face too, like some change occurring in his flesh, as he stared out of his eyes along the hill.

"Freddie?" E'Loo questioned. And Fred turned from his staring and looked into her eyes. His mouth-corners flickered, and the flicker ran up his face like a light. His shoulders relaxed, and he doubled face forward into her lap.



She sat a long time patting his shoulder.

She had never thought what her Ma thought—no, she never had. She always believed whatever she was told. "It's best to believe and not be thinking, not be thinking till you know." She remembered her mother at home in the cabin alone with her thinking. She roused Fred. "We'd best be going home. It's growing chill."

Fred's voice when he stood up was thick and strange as if he'd taken cold. "We'll go tomorrow," he said, "after I get back from fetching that flour I forgot. I better get the flour. I put off going long enough."

E'Loo looked up with a second's quick doubt of him (was he trying to get away?) and Fred looking down caught the suspicion that darkened her yellow eyes against the sun. He turned, and they walked down the hill with a silence between them.

In the dark, that seemed to wait with him for the window across the room to fade from blackness into pale gray squares, Fred lay under his heavy quilts, setting his body rigid against the jerking in his brain. For his brain kept picturing to his body the ease and relief a sudden violent twist, a fling of arms and legs, a retching of his whole trunk would bring.

And presently he threw himself to his other side and tried to force sleep into his brain, down through his body. But it only made motion more necessary.

He wondered again what time it was, and again thought of himself going "between two days," making a get-away, riding away into hiding among the hills. At the head of some rocky butte to the east a cave opened narrow jaws. He watched a thin dark figure, himself,

scrambling up to it. Then his hands were reaching out to the small juttings of granite that lifted him up. He crawled inside the dark hole, he spent his days there, looking down over a tangle of dark-treed hills. He saw the sheriff and a whole hillside of men riding to get him.

Again he twisted his body away from these picturings running like rivers that could not be stopped along the same trails through his brain.

Why hadn't his Ma seen fit to let him be, why had she stopped him that night from going back? Bert might have been waiting, he might have been alive. It was *her* fault Bert was dead—and she blaming *him*. And she'd prodded him with her blame into a ditch he'd never pull out of.

Then his thought turned its teeth on itself like a crippled animal that eats away its own flesh. He hadn't had to stay. He could have turned about and gone with E'Loo and some shovels back to Bert. He hadn't had to cave in and snuffle because his Mother had said Bert was dead. How did she know?—But she had known. The strange lifeless sureness of her voice returned like a remembered nausea: "There's no use your gettin' excited. Bert's dead."

But he had no proof that she thought *he'd* killed Bert. She had never said so. But he'd thought she thought it. And if she thought so, everybody would. But what right had he to think she believed that of him?

No, he'd got himself into it. He'd done it himself. He didn't have anybody to blame—not Ma, not E'Loo. They didn't know how he'd gone about like a fool saying, "I'm Bert," saying, "I'm Fred," making two of himself with Bert dead and buried—till he'd left no way out.



The whole valley would find out soon enough now. He was going for flour. Then he was coming home to go to the slide with E'Loo. That's what they'd planned. He and E'Loo would be bringing Bert's dead body home (frozen stiff, and blue and bruised with death and the cold). Then they'd turn on him and ask questions—the people come up from below. (Not his Ma—she'd have no word. *Her* mouth, set the same in her long face, would ask him no questions.) "Why did you lie if you didn't have nothing to hide? Why did you go about making out you were Bert when Bert was dead? You killed him!"

"I didn't!"

They'd hang him up by the neck! They might have believed him before, but they'd never believe him now. He had nothing now he could say. It was too late now. He'd built a trap for himself. He'd walked into it.

It seemed the black middle of the night when E'Loo heard Fred get out of bed. She saw a pale lightness through the bedroom curtain. He had lighted a candle to dress by. The floor creaked under his step. She heard him rattling at the gun-rack. The lightness at the curtain blackened. The door opened and closed. Fred was getting an early start. He ought to be back by noon. She wondered if her mother heard too, but she could not tell. E'Loo turned on her back and tried not to think, tried to let the black night sink through her eyeballs, deep into her head.

Poor Fred, going off alone. She'd like to call to him, to cheer that look around his mouth into a smile. But something hushed her voice—something more than the quiet.

Poor little Ma. She'd like to put out a hand—pat her side—comfort her. But

something held them apart—something more than the dark.

Fred stepped outside, rousing Rover from the curl of his sleep at the doorstep. The dog peered reluctantly out from under the penny-spots on his brows, and twisted his black nose in a sniff. He uncurled stiffly and sat up. But Fred opened the door and ordered him inside. Rover set his claws on the floor softly, wise enough to keep still.

Fred stood looking at the dark, feeling a netting of frost like fine wires form in his nostrils. But it was warmer. He hunted his footing along the splintery path of mud frozen to rock toward the barn. He couldn't tell where the hill left off and the barn began. The valley below was only a black emptiness. The sky was a blackness waiting to let something fall on his head.

Inside the barn, Fanny and Molly lay in their straw bedding, faintly warm and odorous. Fanny came to life reluctantly at Fred's slap on her flank, and lunged herself up from her bed. She stepped stiffly down from the pole floor, breathing up some of the cold night and blowing it out again, a dead weight on the halter rope. Her tender feet stumbled against the ragged ground. Back of the closed door, Molly nickered softly, forlornly.

Fred swung himself up on the mare's bare back, stooped for his rifle leaning against the barn, and turned her haltered head downhill. Her body followed her head unwillingly. Away from the buildings they struck snow, and the darkness seemed to lighten a little. Fanny poked down the slope, at each step jerking her weight onto a front shoulder. Fred felt the barn sinking farther and farther into the hill and the darkness behind them. The cabin



seemed lost in some past he could hardly remember. Fanny parted the darkness, stepping into the darkness ahead.

x

E'Loo's impatience had no time to wait for Fred. The morning stood past ten by the clock and by the mark on the window sill, though you couldn't always tell by the clock. She looked out the window for some sign of movement on the trail below, watching for Fanny's sorrel head to push around a turn. But the pines stood quiet, with their dark branches low across the trail, their bronze trunks columnar and mysterious in shadow. The sun had come only far enough across the hill to reach a few pine tips farther up.

Ellen Lou looked down the trail again, but there was nothing—and Rover slept outside, curled on the chopping block as if nobody breathed within forty miles. He'd be awake enough if Fred was within ear-shot. She could hear her mother downstairs in the cellar, sorting potatoes. She went to the gap of the open door in the floor and leaned down to the smell of sprouting potatoes and mold and burning oil from the lantern. "I'm going out and putter around awhile, Ma."

"Well."

E'Loo shrugged herself into her blue and black plaid mackinaw, and pulled on her stocking cap. She went out and down the slushy trail to the barn. Rover hopped with a fox-like twist of his slender body down from his chopping block and trotted after, his pointed ears and pointed nose attentive to the world.

Ellen Lou jerked the wooden peg from its hole, and swung back the wide barn door on its elk-hide hinges. Inside, Molly turned her sorrel head and

rolled her eyes like great brown agates against the pull of the halter.

"No, it ain't Fanny. Fanny ain't back yet."

E'Loo got a spade and set it outside the door, then led Molly out. She scrambled up on the warm bare back as Fred had done, urged Molly toward the spade, and having swung it up to her shoulder, she turned the mare's head up the hill, thinking, "I'll go up around by the big pine. Ma's always got her eye out for something or other. I'll go up around so's she can't see."

But her mother had already seen. She stood in the turn of the path, her apron a muff for her hands. "What're you aimin' to do?"

E'Loo leaned to pat Molly's neck, and Molly nudged at the halter, wanting to go. "Oh," E'Loo's voice sang out, "I thought I'd ride fence a spell. Old Molly's lonesome, and the sun's out down below."

"I never seen fence-ridin' done with a *spade* in *my* time." The mother, glancing aslant at Ellen Lou, turned to go back up the hill, as if she had said enough and the matter were settled.

The girl sat still until she heard the creak and slam of the cabin door. Rover pattered about in the mud, hunting a decent place to sit down. But he gave it up and leapt out joyously ahead as the tall sorrel mare turned up the hill, taking the way Ellen Lou's hand on the halter rope suggested. They went "up around" so that the watchful eyes in the cabin would not see them go.

Molly stepped out eagerly, breaking the shallow snow, ears alert and nostrils flared, free of the barn, with a mountain-side and a whole wide valley below to breathe into her lungs. Her hind feet overstepped the tracks of her front as if she could not walk fast enough and



must try a trot in a moment. Ellen Lou dodged a needly branch reaching out for her face, and gripped the sorrel hasty beneath her with knees and calves and heels to save her balance. She straightened again and opened her eyes, and the day seemed brighter. The sage in the valley shone like water.

To be on a horse again after so long a time was a thing to be glad for, Ellen Lou's heart whispered to itself and to her, taking a gallop of its own to keep time when Molly stretched her long legs to a lope over a level bareness. The air with its sharp reminder of winter and its whistle that promised spring willows blew by, reaching for Molly's mane, crowding under Ellen Lou's cap with words for her ears in a language she did not know and yet could understand.

But the slip of a hind hoof on the slimy surface and a muscling scramble brought both heart and E'Loo jarring back to this life. Molly took it a little steadier, and E'Loo's heart and soul and brain joined in a sad rejection of joy and the world with its spring. She turned from the pale new needles on the trees around her, and from the sun in the valley below. Down there would be dozens of buttercups, slipping like quiet magic up out of the ground while you watched—leading you from one to another, to another, to another. But Ellen Lou's face behind the smile of her freckles had set its young lines to grimness. She rode on, looking ahead out of eyes as deep and lustreless as the chunk of rosin that lay at home in the cupboard, left from her Pa's fiddling.

"It ain't far from the bumble bee log—the next slope north from the bumble bee log." Her breath kept forming the words in her chest, in her throat, in her

nose. She couldn't make it break time with Molly's long eager steps.

Mrs. Turner walked back up the path and into the cabin. She slammed the door behind her, and her long feet set themselves on the floor, one before the other, to carry her across the room to the old cupboard.

"Well—it's come. I may as well get ready."

But when she opened a drawer, it was as if her body said to her mind: "Don't—don't think—we'll do this—we know where everything is—we'll do it."

She thought: "That white shirt—and two sheets—" Her thoughts fumbled in her brain like her hands among the folds of clothes in the drawer. She stood still, looking at her hands where they stood like ugly spiders on their long jointed fingers. Her memory fled back among things strange to this need: the look of the valley stretching away north and south in summertime; Martin standing at the yard gate at home, in the sunset, with a broad hat pulled down. A wheat field, in the shock, stretched behind him. She could feel the hard-breathing tiredness she had felt then after a day lifting the bundles, setting them in shocks. At the yard gate in a blue dress talking to Martin (with that tiredness that would be gone tomorrow—a tiredness that felt as if a wind had blown down her throat, sweeping her clean) she looked like Ellen Lou—Ellen Lou in a blue dress, looking up in Martin's face wanting something, hunting something.

Her hands sought through the door. She was getting old. She couldn't set her mind on what she was doing.

Suddenly her hands began the search as they were directed: "Clean drawers



and an undershirt—that blue tie—” She walked across the room to the shelf above the bed. She took down a pair of new black shoes and blew the dust from them, her pale eyes stubborn, her face calm as if the shoes had not been Bert’s.

Ellen Lou, with a sweating weakness seeping along her veins, threw a spadeful of snow back over the dead face. She turned toward Molly and tugged at the rope. “Whoa! Molly, whoa!” She shoveled snow over the shoulders, the bent knees, the whole body. “Whoa! Whoa, now, whoa!” she cried again to the staring sorrel drawing in long breaths, blowing long snorts, suspicion and fear bulging her eyes, her knees a-tremble, her feet braced ready to bolt.

“No, Rover, no, I tell you, stay where you are!” And Rover subsided again with a thin soft whine to his place beside Bert’s body in the snow. He hid his sharp little muzzle between his paws.

With Ellen Lou only half on, Molly turned short and headed for home. By the time Ellen Lou had captured her seat, the mare had broken into a run, and the girl let her go, careless of trees and branches and fallen logs that might block the way. A log to stumble and fall across or the blow of a branch in the face were not things her mind could recognize.

Her eyes kept seeing what lay beneath the snow she had re-piled against coyotes or birds or the sun till she could bring Fred. Poor little Rover! A chattering hurried in her brain; “No, no, no, I was wrong to think it of Fred! He’s curled up there like he’d only laid down to catch a nap, his arm flung out, and his head resting on it—his knees bent under, like it was only sleep.” Her thoughts dodged aside to escape the face, and fled away after a memory:

“It’s like he used to look when he’d stay in the water, when he’d swim till Ma had to come and fish him out with the rake—blue—and spots—and his flesh turned cold—only, it’s worse.”

The young face frozen with death and winter clung back of her eyes. She could not shut out nor ride away from that glimpse she had before she hurried a hiding of snow back over it. The eye was so sunk—that nose, like a beak, was not Bert. It *couldn’t* be Bert! But she knew it *was* Bert.

She laid her face close against the plunging sorrel withers, and let Molly carry her home.

Fanny’s nicker greeted them at the barn door. He was home then—they could go.

She tied Molly in the stall beside her sister. The hot mare thrust her nose impatiently into the empty manger.

“Why didn’t he feed her—he likes *his* meals on time?” She crawled over the manger and forked some hay to the eager heads.

Ellen Lou shoved open the cabin door, and saw her mother standing at the stove. Fred must be out with the chores. Her mother turned, quiet-lipped, with a look of greeting, and Ellen Lou came in. She went to the bucket on the wash-stand for a drink, seeing the table in a streak of sun from the window, with its cold blue oil-cloth and its centre-piece of sugar bowl and glass vinegar cruet and spoon-glass, set for two.

“Fred’s back,” she gulped on her last swallow, correcting her mother’s table setting, and dropped the dipper back in the bucket.

“Yes, he’s back.”

“I believe I’ll change—feet’re wet.” A long stride swayed her toward the



bedroom door. She'd be glad to sit down for a minute.

"Here, change here by the stove where it's warm. I'll get your things."

But E'Loo had already started into the bedroom. She shoved the curtain back with one hand, and stood still, looking at something lying long and still under the white sheet on the bed. For a second she wondered how they could have got Bert here so quick.

Then she knew it was Fred.

Her mind remembered the sound of her mother's voice urging, "I'll get your things."

She heard the voice again. Her mother stood close. "It ain't Fred that killed Bert," the voice grated. Then it broke away to a high pitch: "It's *Bert* that killed *Fred*!"

But Ellen Lou did not hear.

"They found him down there—" Mrs. Turner waved an arm backward. "He'd shot himself!" Her eyes pierced Ellen Lou strangely, accusingly. "They brought him home."

She turned away as if that were all. Then, "They've gone for the coroner. They want everything to be just right!" She shut her mouth on its bitter sneer, clamping her lips as if she would hold

it there forever. "It'll be just right all right—with the two of them—*my two sons*—lying there on that bed—under that sheet—*together*!"

Ellen Lou turned her head a slow inch to stare at her mother. "Be just right—" her mind echoed.

Her mother's voice attacked her again, high in the strung throat: "He shot himself! Shot himself through the heart!—Oh, it ain't *his* fault—it's no fault of Fred's. It's living the way we do—nothing but mountains—where you can't see out—and your thoughts turn crazy—you can't see out till you choke!" She lifted her raw-boned hand to her throat in a strange gesture (Ellen Lou's eyes followed the hand) as if she had something stuck in her throat. "Buried in mountains—bent double with them hangin' over you—and him going back and forth with Bert in his heart—longing for his brother till he couldn't stand it—

"It wasn't *him* that killed *Bert*," she repeated, as if she would scathe her soul with saying it over and over.

E'Loo stood still. She looked at the handful of curtain she held twisted back from the doorway. She let go of it, as if to see what would happen. It fell back into its place over the doorway.





# THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



**S**LACKEST of slack seasons is this, for those who write of books. With less than three weeks to run, 1933 is already ended from the publisher's point of view, he having some time since seen his wares laid upon the tables of bookshops and being engaged at present, if devout, in praying for

the success of things already done. As for 1934, who can say what it will bring to an eager world, either between the covers of books, or in other ways? January will see new novels by Pearl Buck and Sinclair Lewis; beyond this the offerings of the new year remain hidden in the proofsheets of publishers' new catalogues, or perhaps even farther back in the minds of authors.

This is not to say there are no good books about and, even if there were not, old ones in plenty. Fiction alone is very scarce, the outstanding new novel being Herbert Gorman's *Jonathan Bishop* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50), an historical romance of genuine merit by a young man who has put a lot of solid work behind him since he wrote that Joycean piece of fiction, *Gold by Gold*. The present book centres about a young American—address, Cambridge, Massachusetts—who goes to France during the time of the Franco-Prussian War, and is witness not only to the siege of

Paris, but also to the bloody days of the Commune. It is a background made to order, of course, and Mr. Gorman has taken every advantage of it to fill his pages with color and action. The scenes range from a magnificent costume ball to the slums of Belleville, and the descrip-

tions are not only admirably done, but authentic. Saint-Just is one of the principal characters. In addition to the historical interest of the novel, Mr. Gorman has provided his readers with love and adventure in plenty, and altogether, the story is one that should interest any lover of good fiction not very definitely prejudiced against this type of book. It will be recalled that one of Mr. Gorman's fine biographies was of Dumas, and his tale recalls the swash-buckling yarns of that great romancer.

## Other Good Novels

**I**N A recent backward glance at the fiction of the past few months, the Landscaper mentioned one of his favorites, Helen Waddell's *Peter Abelard*, and with few new books to talk about, takes advantage of the opportunity to suggest again that for discriminating readers this is one of the choicest of the new books. Others that ought not to be overlooked in the rush of new stuff that



will shortly be upon us include Isabel Paterson's highly original study of middle-aged men and women, *Never Ask the End*, and Margaret Kinnan Rawlings's *South Moon Under*, the latter beyond a doubt one of the best of the regionalistic novels that has yet appeared in this country. The reason for its superiority may be very simply stated: Mrs. Rawlings is a novelist and knows by instinct that no amount of background can make up for other defects, notably poor character-drawing. Another strong appeal her tale of the Florida scrub had to this reviewer lay in her people's love of life, and in their energy and ingenuity in laying hold of enough money to be able to continue living. Intellectually, one may be entitled to question the value of life, and to say with Socrates not to be born is better, but not even the gloomiest of us could deny that there is something attractive about human beings who are frankly glad to be alive, to whom being alive means more than anything else. The real sickness of this age is that not many people are glad to be alive, although there are a good many who are, or else the suicide statistics would be climbing even faster than they have been for the past two or three years.

### *Out of the Ordinary*

ANOTHER more recent novel referred to here once before, but which a second reading convinces the Landscaper is worth another reference, is Foxhall Daingerfield's *Mrs. Haney*, a shortish book about a poor-white woman and how she not only battled with life, but won, and enjoyed herself while she was at it. There are many admirable things about this novel, which lingers with a curious vividness in the memory, but one of its most

striking points is the exactness with which the psychological changes in Mrs. Haney are suggested, until the mild and gentle creature who can not bear to kill a chicken is willing and able to use an axe on a human being. This makes the story sound rather gruesome, which it is in a manner of speaking, not only gruesome, but very touching at times, and in spite of all this, a cheerful book. How it can be all these things at once the Landscaper would rather leave to the reader to discover, but whatever its tone, it is a good piece of work, good enough to make one feel a keen sense of regret that its author was dead before it ever saw publication. It rates a place very easily among the distinguished novels of 1933.

### *Atheists and Eggs*

IF THE fiction shelves are skimpy, there is at least variety among the books of non-fiction. Side by side the Landscaper found a book on atheism and a book on eggs. Not far away was a book on how to enjoy poetry, and three books on the effect of motion pictures upon the young of this country. . . . And so it goes, a ceaselessly fascinating picture of the wide-ranging human mind, such as every bookshelf is bound to be. Dr. D. M. Brooks is the author of the volume on atheism, which is called *The Necessity for Atheism* (Free-thought Press Association, \$2.50), and which makes out a very fine case against religion. He believes that the world would be a much better place to live in if it adopted the ethics of atheism in place of the ethics of Christianity or of any other religion, and one of his most interesting chapters is made up of quotations from leaders of modern thought, ranging from Whitehead to Einstein, and including Mencken, Lippmann,



Dewey and Barnes, Harry Elmer. His charges against the church are familiar, and in many cases irrefutable: your atheist always has the advantage of this kind of argument because the history of the human race is at the same time religious history, or in other words, the ethics of religion has been given a long, practical trial, while the ethics of atheism has rarely been tested, and never used at all by any large masses of human beings. His book is temperate and reasonable, however; very often the atheist is as hot in the collar about his dogma as any member of an evangelical sect, and quite as tiresome.

### *The Romance of Eggs*

THE book on eggs strikes the Landscaper as rather more useful than the learned treatise of Dr. Brooks, although the remark is made without any particular prejudice against atheism or its ethics. It is, as a matter of fact, two books, or two volumes in a box, sent out by the Institute of American Poultry Industries. Volume I is entitled *Whence Come Our Eggs and Poultry*, and does not, as some people might expect, consist entirely of descriptions of chain grocery stores, and Volume II is called *The Best of Food: Eggs and Poultry*, and contains pages and pages of recipes, including a number from ancient days, one of which reveals the white-plumed Henry of Navarre as the author of the crack about a chicken in every pot. Henry not only wished his followers to have the chicken, but furnished them with information on how to cook it, which is a point the Republicans overlooked, although, of course, it would have been possible for any one with the chicken to write to the proper bureau in Washington and find out what to do with it.

The first book contains a good history of the development of the American strains of chickens, and some excellent plates of early cock-fights—we might never have enjoyed fried chicken and cold-storage eggs for breakfast if roosters hadn't been so pugnacious, for in the early days this was the principal value of the chicken family. There is also much other information to be gleaned, such as the location of the largest chicken farms, the best-laying breeds and the best for meat, artificial incubation, etc. There are a number of contributors, but the principal ones seem to be Mary Engle Pennington, Frank L. Platt, Clara Gebhardt Snyder and Paul Mandeville. One of these authorities states flatly and finally that there is no difference between the contents of a white and a brown egg, and with this scientific information before us, we feel certain that housewives in different parts of the country will continue to be willing to pay a premium for whatever color they prefer. Perhaps this notice of the book on eggs is not so literary as it might be, but the books themselves are quite well-written, besides being informative, and anybody with as much of an agricultural background as the Landscaper is certain to enjoy them. They hereby take their place on the recommended list.

### *All About Sharks!*

A BOOK of much wider appeal, however, deals with sharks in all their aspects. It is called *Shark! Shark!* and subtitled *The Thirty-year Odyssey of a Shark Hunter*, by Captain William E. Young, as told to Horace E. Mazet (Gotham House, \$4). There is also a foreword by the Count Felix Von Luckner. Captain Young, as one might gather from the foregoing, has put in



the better part of a lifetime in pursuit of sharks and shark-lore, and the book is a compendium of a combined sport and commercial enterprise. All the waters of the seas, says Captain Young, are full of sharks, only most of them go about their business without ever interfering in the slightest with the affairs of human beings. The evidence of this authority upon the much discussed question of whether or not sharks ever attack human beings is quite positive; in Australia, they certainly do. Also they remain bloodthirsty after they have been hooked, hit on the head, and practically put to death, as Captain Young knows, having very nearly lost a leg on the deck of one of his vessels. Shark's brains are small and well-concealed.

One may learn from this abundantly illustrated volume just about all there is to know on the subject. There are dozens of varieties of sharks, some of them sixty feet long. . . . It is the sawfish, not the swordfish, that goes after sharks, and a shark is afraid of a large octopus, which invariably wins a long drawn-out battle. . . . Captain Young has had a grand life getting together all these stray bits of information, a life that has taken him from one end of the earth to the other, and his adventures make excellent reading, aside from the amount of information to be derived from perusing his book, which is that rarest of volumes, something really unusual. The decorations are by Helen Sewell, and the layout of the book is first-rate. There is a limited edition for \$15, bound in genuine sharkskin.

### *Cream of the Crop*

THIS is a roundabout route the Landscaper has taken to reach what is without a doubt the most important of

the books that lie before him, Ralph Roeder's *The Man of the Renaissance* (Viking, \$3.50), some five hundred pages, well illustrated, of as rich and engaging reading as you will strike in a long time. Faults there may be, such as some purple patches, and occasional misplaced emphasis, but one is very willing to forgive minor faults in so abundant a feast as Mr. Roeder's fine scholarship offers. Taking for his four "lawgivers" Savonarola, Machiavelli, Castiglione and Aretino, he has built up bit by bit a magnificent mosaic of as thrilling a period as has ever existed in human history. Whatever inclination the opinionated may have to quarrel with the selection of these four men as representative of the Renaissance, there is no denying that Mr. Roeder has brought each one vividly to life, and that he has been equally as successful in his brilliant painting of background. With a book as good and as important as this, there is, unfortunately, not much middle ground between writing a long critical essay and hitting only the highest of the high spots, but the Landscaper feels no hesitation in saying that this volume belongs high on the list of the 1933 publications for its lasting value; it makes a genuine contribution to an understanding of the times, but what is perhaps more of interest to the general reader it is steadily entertaining. It was chosen by one of the book clubs, and it is very hard to imagine any displeased subscribers. Mr. Roeder's biography of Savonarola was a promise of what he could do; he has realized the promise in his new book. One bows low to so charming a combination of erudition and scholarship with skill and grace, and forgives with all readiness an occasional baroque flourish.



*Mr. Rascoe's Prometheans*

BURTON RASCOE, whose informal history of literature was often mentioned by the Landscaper—*Titans of Literature*—upon its appearance, is once more with us, this time with a slim volume called *Prometheans* (Putnam, \$2.75), which is evidently only a small part of a projected consideration of the fire-bringers. Whether Mr. Rascoe wearied of the idea for the book before it was finished, or just what happened, is probably not a reviewer's business, but there is very little comparison in any way between this book and *Titans*, the latter a delightful adventure into the realms of interpretative criticism and biography with one of the best living guides. Mr. Rascoe's *Prometheans* are Saint Mark, who receives the lion's share of attention, almost one-third of the book, Petronius, Lucian, Apuleius, Nietzsche, Lawrence, Dreiser and Cabell. The essay on Saint Mark is entertainingly done, but has very little to say about Saint Mark; most of it is made up of Mr. Rascoe's ideas about Jesus Christ. Of the other pieces, the Landscaper found the one on Lucian most to his taste. The essays on Dreiser and Cabell are sound and good to read also, as might be expected. Some of the others, notably the one on Nietzsche, are of little importance. Also the publishers have padded the book by almost every known device. If you, gentle reader, are thinking of buying it, and do not own a copy of *Titans*, dig up another dollar and buy the earlier volume. . . .

*On the Old Plantation*

PROCEEDING with this examination of miscellaneous publications, it gives the Landscaper pleasure to recommend

a book of South Carolina plantation life by Julia Peterkin and Doris Ullman, called *Roll, Jordan, Roll* (Ballou, \$3.50), the text by Mrs. Peterkin and the splendid photographs by Miss Ullman. There is, one hears, a de luxe edition with many more photographs, signature, etc., which sells for \$25, and ought to be worth the money. Mrs. Peterkin's work as an interpreter of Gullah Negroes to the civilized world is perhaps too well known to call for much comment; from *Green Thursday* to *Bright Skin* she has never faltered in her mission of making these primitive people humanly understandable. In the new book she has written some 250 pages of text, which Miss Ullman's photographs illustrate to perfection. Together they cover every phase of life on the plantation, which may be recognized as Mrs. Peterkin's own, near Fort Motte, and which has appeared in her books under the pseudonym of Blue Brook. There are remarkable sketches of personalities, with portraits; there are chapters of Gullah lore, records of superstitions and discussions of spirituals, tales of the supernatural, and a splendid variety of material, all handled with Mrs. Peterkin's rare skill and understanding.

It is needless to say that such a record is bound to be of permanent value, for eventually change is bound to find its way even into this quiet backwater where life follows an ante-bellum pattern to this day. But aside from the possible importance of the book to the future, it makes excellent reading, and Miss Ullman's contribution is of great importance. Occasionally the photographs seem blurred, probably for the artistic effect, but in general they are not only beautiful but full of meaning as well.



### *Every-Day London Life*

IT is a longish jump from the coast country of South Carolina to the world's greatest city, and yet there is a similarity between *Roll, Jordan, Roll*, and a new book about London, *We Explore London*, by Jan and Cora Gordon (McBride, \$2.75). Both books strive to reach the heart of something; the Gordons were not content to do a conventional book about London, and so set out to discover its real people. There are many sketches of the life of the city itself, and a most delightful account of the people, as human a lot as ever existed. Your Cockney may remain as much of a xenophobe as ever, but both he and those of his fellows who mind their aitches won their way into the affections of this wanderer a long time ago; there are no better-mannered or more agreeable people in the world than the run-of-the-mine in London. The Gordons have gone into the matter a good deal deeper than those of us who are casual visitors, and their book is not only charming to read, but a genuine contribution to the understanding of a metropolis whose hold grows upon those who love it with every moment they spend in it, or away from it, for that matter. Those who know something of London will like the Gordon volume; those who do not will like it and understand it better for having read the book.

### *A Book of Authors*

A USEFUL, and at the same time, entertaining book is *Authors Today and Yesterday* by Stanley J. Kunitz, assisted by Howard Haycraft and Wilbur C. Hadden (H. W. Wilson Company). Mr. Kunitz did not write the book, nor did his assistants; it is made

up for the most part of autobiographies, and just about everybody you ever heard of is included. The sketches are quite informal. Kay Boyle, for example, declares she doesn't like big cities, small towns and Edward Titus. Stuart Chase doesn't like Mr. Charlie Mitchell. [Mr. Titus runs a bookshop in the Rue Delambre, just back of the Café du Dôme, Paris; Mr. Mitchell used to run a bank in New York—Ed.] Erskine Caldwell doesn't like to read books. Laura Riding admires no one except Juan Marroig in Deya, Mallorca, who takes care of the electric light plant, and thinks everybody else is either a fool or a villain. This is enough for a sample of a valuable volume; read further it may reveal whom your favorite author doesn't like.

### *A New G. Washington*

JOHN C. FITZPATRICK, author of *George Washington: Colonial Traveller*, published a year or so ago, and editor of the definitive edition of Washington's writings now being prepared under the auspices of the United States Bicentennial Commission, has written a complete, full-length biography of the Father of His Country, using his own writings as the main source. Mr. Fitzpatrick contends that most of the many lives that have been written are not soundly based, since their authors had access to only a small part of Washington's letters, and he has set to work with great care to repair the omission. He lays much greater stress upon Washington's earlier days than do most of the biographies, his explanation being that this, after all, was the period when the character of the man was being formed. His book is called *George Washington Himself* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.50). Such historians as James Trus-



low Adams are among those who have paid tribute to the work of Mr. Fitzpatrick; the Landscaper can testify that he has written a most interesting narrative, which has the ring of authenticity, and which is certainly of far greater importance than the spate of "popular" Washington biographies that have been turned out by all sorts of hacks in the last few years.

This is the outstanding biography of the moment, although the Landscaper who has long cherished a great admiration for its author would like also to call attention to Philips Russell's *William the Conqueror* (Scribner, \$3.50), a fine biography with a fully done historical background that not only does its subject justice, but illuminates the entire period. Mr. Russell has written about John Paul Jones, about Franklin, about Emerson, and has never failed to turn out an interesting piece of work, both well done and scholarly. He has a wide range, obviously, and very genuine gifts as a biographer; the Landscaper would be loath to miss any book from his typewriter.

### *Senator Long's Story*

OF autobiography, the solitary representative is *Every Man a King* by Huey P. Long (National Book Company, Inc., New Orleans, La.), a curious hodge-podge of fact and apologetics from the famous Louisiana Kingfisher. Senator Long says he has accomplished wonders for his native State, and has pictures to prove it, including many of improved highways for which he naturally takes all the credit. He also contends that he is the victim of the Capitalists, who don't like him because he wants to redistribute the wealth of the country; it is they who have spread unpleasant stories about him, and helped

to make him the laughing-stock of the country. He was born in a log cabin, although he is not yet forty years old; this in itself is an answer to all the allegations of his critics. The truth is Long is a back country idol, cut off the same block as dozens of other Southern representatives and senators; blabmouthed blatherskites with loud voices and a certain amount of low cunning who make suckers out of the hillbilly and red-neck element with an ease that ought to make them despise themselves. He is the veritable symbol of pure democracy in this enlightened country of ours, and it is as a phenomenon of this variety that he needs to be studied and analyzed. There is no space here to go very deeply into the matter, and time only to shed a tear for the vanishing aristocratic tradition in the South, which with the help of conventions used to send good men to Washington. What really hurts is that numerically the Huey Longs are genuinely representative of the States that give them office.

### *The Wicked Movies*

SOCIOLOGISTS, educators and parents who wish to find out what effect promiscuous visiting of motion pictures is having upon the younger generation will be interested in the progress of a series of studies in this field that is being made under the auspices of the Payne Fund of New York City. Three volumes have been added recently: *Movies, Delinquency and Crime* by Herbert Blumer, associate professor of sociology of the University of Chicago, and Philip M. Hauser, instructor in sociology of the same institution; *Movies and Conduct* by Dr. Blumer; and *How to Appreciate Motion Pictures: A Manual of Motion Picture Criticism Prepared for High School Students*, by Edgar Dale,



research professor of the bureau of educational research, Ohio State University. Macmillan is the publisher. The first of the three is made up of a large number of case histories of delinquents, together with interpretative comment, the second of case histories of normal college students who were questioned concerning the influence of the movies upon their lives, and the third is intended to help students understand the movies and to seek higher standards. The Landscaper is frankly skeptical of any effort to explain delinquency and crime by the influence of the movies, since it is obvious that boys and girls went wrong before the birth of the kinetoscope, much less the motion picture palace, but there is much of real interest in many of these case histories, much to show that particularly in the case of adolescents, the movies are having a direct and immediate effect upon the morals of the nation's youngsters. This is the first attempt to study the question scientifically and out of the whole survey will doubtless come some suggestions; what they will be it is hard to foresee. Perhaps each generation has to be exposed to the evils of its generation; certainly censorship is not so effective as it would seem. It would all be simpler if we were not so closely related to monkeys, sharing their taste for mimetics.

### *The Use of Poetry*

As a result of his recent visit to this country, where he delivered the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures at Harvard University, T. S. Eliot has become the author of *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism: Studies in the Relation of Criticism and Poetry in England* (Harvard University Press, \$2), a slender volume that embodies the material of the lectures. The book makes

excellent reading for any one interested in the subject, and the Landscaper wishes there were space for a more detailed discussion, although such a wish brings the threat of deep and stormy waters to an inexperienced sailor. The Landscaper has never caught up with modern poetry, and goes around wincing for days when one of his old-fashioned favorites is ripped to pieces by some young gentleman with one or perhaps two utterly incoherent, but thank God, slim volumes to his credit. But no matter how unintelligible Mr. Eliot may be in his poetry, he writes, or talks, clear and understandable prose, and there is much that is deeply suggestive in these lectures.

As for poetry itself, nothing has been said here before about the *Collected Poems* of William Butler Yeats, now available from Macmillan's, and containing some of the loveliest of verse that has been written in our time. Also recently published is *Selected Poems* of Oliver St. John Gogarty (Macmillan, \$2) with forewords by A. E. and Horace Reynolds, and even if the poems were not so deliciously fresh and original as they are, the book would be worth having for these two essays.

### *Laughs Ahead*

WORD has just reached the Landscaper that a genuinely amusing novel will be available by the time this is published, and with novels of this variety as rare as they are and as badly needed, no time is lost in passing along the information. The book is *L'Affaire Jones*, the author Hillel Bernstein, and the publisher Stokes. The scene is France, where a young and unsophisticated American becomes entangled with French officialdom, and advance reports are that the book is a riot.



*Tros Tyriusque mibi nullo discrimine agetur*

# *The North American Review*

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## Apéritif

### *The Chicken or the Egg?*

THE question has a medieval sound. Why, in a scientific age, should people be worrying about which came first, the chicken or the egg? But they do.

For instance, as between Rooseveltians and reactionaries, there is the question which came first before the present slim evidences of recovery, the Roosevelt measures or natural forces. After almost five years of near-starvation it might seem that the point was academic, but no one need do more than read the metropolitan papers to discover that it really matters. *The Herald Tribune* and *The Times* have it that eternal laws have been at work for human betterment and if only the Administration professors can be curbed, canned or killed all may still be well. On the other hand, *The World-Telegram* and, to an extent, *The Evening Post* under Mr. David Stern seem to be on the side of the Roosevelt measures, accepting the philosophical view that human beings are really able to influence their own destiny. Obviously, the only way to settle a matter of this kind would be to set up Mr. Adolph Ochs and Mr. Ogden Reid on one side, and Mr. Roy

Howard and Mr. Stern on the other, and allow them to hurl caviar at each other until some one got bored.

Then, in a similar vein, there is the matter of when CWA expenditures should end. Originally, Mr. Roosevelt intended that the final date should be May 1. His PWA was to be functioning at full speed by then and the combination of the two was to serve as a primer for private business that would, anyhow by 1936, have the latter in such a state that no more governmental spending would be needed. The CWA was set up because the PWA was slow in getting started, but that reasoning was soon lost sight of in the heady atmosphere created by \$75,000,000 flowing out into political channels every week. The question came to be whether the CWA funds by themselves would be sufficient to keep things going even if they stopped by May 1 or whether the clean-thinking legislators at our national capital could stop up the head of the pork-barrel by the same time. Admittedly, this is a confusing choice. Which came first? Or, in the final analysis, what? Either prosperity was to return in time to obviate the necessity for such relief funds, or such relief funds were to stop



being handed out when prosperity returned. Caviar-throwing is no solution for a problem like this.

The commodity price level, embattled as it is on all fronts, should probably be left out of this discussion. However, there is a general question, or perhaps two general questions: (1) whether the price level has risen because of New Deal measures, or whether it just grew; (2) whether it really has risen. Mr. Bassett Jones says that the angels are unable to dance on a needle point at all, by proving, according to his lights, that such a thing as a price level is impossible anyhow. Mr. Roosevelt insists that first things must come first. The proof of the pudding may be, after all, in the consumer's appetite. But what in the world comes first?

The NRA, for instance, was intended to increase the purchasing power of industrial workers. Minimum wages and maximum hours were set, with the idea that if employers could be forced to augment their outlay to the masses their income from the same would be similarly affected. The argument in this case became immediately plain and vociferous. Employers wanted low minimum wages and high maximum hours and prices to come first; employees wanted the exact opposite. The results have not all been proven up yet, but there is at least a suspicion from what egg our chicken has been hatched.

Mr. William Randolph Hearst, incidentally, is the main proponent of one chicken-and-egg argument concerning the NRA. A typical editorial appeared in his *New York American* of February 4 containing this sentence: "While approving the benevolent aims of the NRA, Mr. Hearst described it as a measure of social *amelioration* and *not a measure of recovery*—a measure of

social and socialistic betterment which should be applied only when recovery has actually occurred and business is better able to sustain its requisitions and impositions." To use Walter Lippmann's terms—recovery first and reformation later. Those who disapprove this view of the case are graciously offered ammunition later in the same editorial thus: "Of course, it [the NRA] is a menace—and a serious one, to the individual liberty which is the very foundation of our American institutions. . . . It is a doctrinaire development of state socialism—a radical departure from American political and economic precedent, and an invitation to the bitter conflict between Fascism and Communism, from which our moderate American democracy has hitherto fortunately been free." Judging impartially from this kind of writing, it seems most likely that if Mr. Hearst had his way the egg would come first all right, but would be scrambled and eaten long before it had a chance to hatch into a chicken.

Mention of Mr. Hearst leads inexorably to the thought of national defense. In his *New York American* has been published a series of gruesome pictures taken during the War, the sort of pictures which have been used more or less surreptitiously now and then in the past dozen years as pacifist propaganda. But one of the Hearst headlines read: "Grim War Pictures Show That America Must be Ready to Protect Herself." The chicken-and-egg analogy is a little hard to work out in this case. Pacifists say that wars come out of overarmament; jingoists that underarmament tempts other nations to attack. Calling war the chicken, perhaps we could reduce the debate to a question whether it hatched from a vulture's egg



or a dove's—the trouble with this solution being, of course, that the recalcitrant fowl would go right on laying eggs of her own.

The recent stabilization of the dollar at 59.06 cents should have ended another such controversy, but at this writing there seems to be some doubt whether it will. Most of our conservatives had been arguing since last March that business recovery would never come until the dollar was stabilized; the Administration people had been arguing that stabilization could not be achieved until prices rose and a measure of recovery had appeared. Conservatives were outraged at a policy of deliberately depreciating our money; now they are inclined to argue that the thing will not work anyhow, that the dollar will refuse to stay down. And it does seem to bounce up after every Roosevelt move to lay it low.

Well, there are probably a thousand other examples of this sort of thing and it will get us nowhere to go on naming them. People with common sense say that hardly any argument would go on in the world if there were agreement on premises. There never is, of course, and it would be idle to bother about the matter if Mr. Roosevelt were not so insistent that "first things must come first." Since he is, however, so insistent, a tremendous clamor has arisen over which things really are first, and it promises to be hard to stop.

Our own view of the matter is that it will get worse. By 1935 an American Stavisky scandal may be accompanied by such extraordinary incidents as gentlemen of renown meeting in Madison Square Garden to hurl whole baskets of assumptions at each other's heads at twenty paces. Mr. Ogden Mills may be going around saying, "In my country

that word 'syllogism' means fight." Al Smith undoubtedly will have a postulate on his shoulder and a look of battle in his eye.

Maybe it all *is* more medieval than properly scientific and up to date. At least it assures entertainment for any who can keep from starving long enough to listen.



### *Obit*

ASIDE from the founding of the Republican Builders in New York and a rumor that Mr. Roosevelt is edging toward the right, relying more upon the Douglasses in his administration, the strongest evidence lately produced that this country has not decided to stop cutting its hair is a newspaper story of the death of two young men. It may have been suicide, apparently, and they were Communists. If this means discouragement in the Marxists' breasts, conservatives ought to be told. They have had enough disturbed sleep in the last few years.



### *The Consumer*

AS AN instance of the consumer's share in this new era, the recent taxi strike in New York City made interesting reading. People outside Manhattan could not be expected to remember the background of the little drama. Briefly, the late unlamented Tammany administration, in a desperate attempt to raise revenue, sought to impose a number of nuisance taxes, all of which were howled down by the irate citizenry excepting a five-cent-per-ride impost on taxi fares. Cabs had been charging fifteen cents for the first quarter mile and five for each quarter mile thereafter. Last fall their meters were changed to read twenty



cents for the first quarter mile. Some \$500,000 have been collected by the taxi companies to pay this tax.

But legal objections to the tax were raised very soon and while the case was still in court the new Fusion administration took office, contemplating severe economies and no additional taxes if they could possibly be avoided. For a while the companies went on collecting the extra five cents a ride without any one's seeming to think much what was going to be done about it. But gradually public sentiment was stirred up over the matter and suggestions began to be made. It appeared that the city government was willing enough to let the matter drop if the \$500,000 could be distributed in some equitable manner. Obviously, it was impossible to refund each nickel to the citizen who had paid it in. Some one suggested that the fund be turned over to charity, but that idea found no observable favor with the taxi companies. Then the point was raised that cab drivers had received less in tips since the tax went into effect than before, thrifty citizens feeling that the proper thing to do with a tax was always to pass it on as far as possible. Consequently, cab drivers felt that they should get some of the money.

Finally, Mayor La Guardia came forward with a suggestion that the drivers and their employers divide up the fund in a certain manner. Immediately a howl went up from the drivers and within a few days most of them struck, demanding all the money for themselves. Mr. La Guardia appointed a mediator who, for a few hours one night, thought that he had struck a compromise with a scheme to divide the fund equally between drivers and owners, but the hastily formed union of drivers turned it down and the strike went on. By

February 5, the union was declaring that the paramount issue was its recognition, that division of the fund was secondary.

How the fund eventually will be divided up is not known at this writing, but the consumer's side of the question is already very clear indeed. By the time the debate became warm it was being carried on on the assumption that the twenty-cent fare had become a habit with New Yorkers and that it might just as well be continued. No particular outcry was made against this assumption, but evidently the Mayor's mediator felt that some sort of sop ought to be thrown to the consumer, so he suggested as part of his compromise proposal that for three successive Mondays the cabs be operated at two-thirds of their regular fare. This unheard-of generosity was apathetically received.

Despite the Securities Act (still, perhaps, to be softened for the sake of tender lambs who distribute stocks and bonds) and sundry other New Deal optimisms, it seems just possible that the old sign "*Caveat Emptor*" will hang awhile yet.



### *The Market for Crowns*

THE recent outbursts of rioting in Paris have doubtless been explained sufficiently in newspapers. Whether they die away or flare up again and end in revolution as well as devaluation, not even Walter Lippmann cares to venture a guess. However, it is entertaining to note that the press carries a report that two pretenders to the French throne are watching events with more than usual interest. These are the Duc de Guise and Prince Louis Napoleon. The former issued a manifesto in 1932 calling for establishment of a "dictatorship



under a monarchy," which at least showed some appreciation of the style trend in tyrannies.

Just what are the chances for royalty in 1934? A year or two ago observers were wondering whether Hitler would reinstall the Hohenzollerns in their former glory, though today he seems to feel his power secure enough to turn a cold shoulder to the former German Emperor. Spain, after a short period of experimentation with radical government, has turned perceptibly to the right, and the monarchists appear to have considerable strength, though Alfonso may not have much of a chance to regain his rakishly tilted crown. There were rumors that even the English King, so traditional a figurehead, in the crisis of 1931 assumed the prerogative of a ruling monarch. That faint apparition, the Grand Duke Cyril Vladimirovich, occasionally still presents itself in the news as the rightful Emperor of all the Russias. Our own country is happily in the hands of the royal Roosevelt family.

Still, if recovery keeps up and enough citizens can get their hands on a few extra francs, marks, pounds, pesos, dollars or what not, probably not a great deal will come of all this. Monarchies have,

after all, been as expensive and trying in their way as any Harding or Daladier administration, and are notoriously harder to get rid of.



### *Justice*

OUR private nomination for something on the grandest scale is a case, presumably decided by now, in the Philippine courts. Three defendants went on trial in October, 1931, charged with forgery. Almost without interruption the court sat until our last report, in January, 1934. By that time there were 23,000 pages of transcript in the record and 46,000 exhibits—a number so monstrous that three different systems of cataloguing had to be resorted to in the attempt to keep things straight. The presiding judge was appointed to the insular Supreme Court during the trial, but had to defer taking up his new duties, probably because it would have been another two years before a new judge could assimilate the facts of the case.

If all cases in this country took as long, there might be less complaint about the delay in bringing them to trial, but we should certainly need a new Dickens.

W. A. D.



# Free Silver

BY HERBERT C. PELL

*Bimetallism advocated as a monetary policy which would be  
banker- and politician-proof*

WE ARE all sick of magic formulæ. In 1929 our financial structure was overexpanded and blew up, leaving us the job of setting up a brand new one, designed to be more permanent but made mostly out of the old wreckage.

We can resign ourselves to the fact that no possible strengthening of the covering can permanently guarantee us against explosions. There must be safety valves and these valves must be banker- and politician-proof. To find such things is a large order.

Some years ago, when intelligent and honest financiers, conspicuously William Harding at the head of the Federal Reserve, suggested that there was too much easy credit, they were met by volleys of obloquy from Senators of the type of the Honorable Thomas Heflin and from the boy bankers whose exploits have been since revealed. Credit can not safely be left to short-sighted bankers or politicians, who, ignoring the long run, can see only an immediate profit for themselves at the expense of the interests entrusted to their care.

The best possible money imaginable would be a combination of cash and credit controlled by responsible and in-

telligent men, acutely conscious of the importance of their task, and considerate of their reputations, rather than of their profits. Such men should know their country and their countrymen. Where are they to be found? Among illiterate go-getters or politicians fearful of the next election?

In default of angels from Heaven, we can pass to the next alternative. We will not ask for a currency which can be well managed by honest bankers and courageous politicians, we will be more than content if we find one that can not be ruined by scoundrels and cowards.

We must not allow ourselves to be carried away by mere words. Expansion and contraction of what is generally known as money are continuous phenomena in every organized society. They are the systole and diastole of commerce. The law of demand and supply when applied to the currency is generally expanded into what is known as the quantitative theory of prices: prices depend on the amount of goods on the one hand and the amount of money on the other. Many students of economics conceive of these two fundamentals as being static, as if the determination of prices were a question of balance, somewhat like a see-saw, made immensely



more complicated by the great number of factors which are contained in the problem.

The question really is quite different. It is not a balance of weights, but a balance of momenta. On the commodity side, we must consider not only the total number of articles offered for sale, but the frequency with which they come to the market. One cow driven to ten different auctions will have the same lowering effect on prices as would ten cows each put up once. The enormous turnover on the New York Stock Exchange is made with a very small proportion of the total securities of the country. There are only 8,703,252 shares of United States Steel common stock in existence, and yet the average annual sales for the last five years have been well over nineteen million.

It would be a perfectly safe thing to say that less than three million shares of Steel have actually been sold in the last five years, and that these three million have been turned over about thirty times apiece.

Momentum, as we all know, is mass times velocity. The force of the downward pressure on prices exerted by commodities can be measured in much the same way—the total number of articles offered multiplied by the frequency with which they are put up for sale. The upward pressure exerted by money can be similarly measured—the total amount of money actually brought to market multiplied by the number of times it is offered; this may be expressed as sum times turnover.

IN PRACTICE in the United States, the actual amount of currency has varied comparatively little. The measure of the spending power of the nation has been increased or decreased by the

rapidity of turnover and by the use of credit.

In certain countries, conspicuously in France, a very large amount of money in the aggregate is held out of circulation by individuals. In France, a very much larger proportion of transactions than here is conducted in cash. This national habit accounts for the fact that there will be at all times in France an enormous amount of money which will be comparatively inactive. There is less metallic money used in the United States, in proportion to business done, than in any other country in the world. The momentum of the upward force is increased rather by a change in velocity than by an increase in mass.

An increase of the mass will very probably not raise prices to the full proportion of the increase in the quantity of currency in existence. The rate of circulation will, to a certain extent, decrease. Where we now do a million dollar business with a hundred thousand dollars, it is probable that with two hundred thousand we would only do a million and a half. But this would have a steadying tendency on prices. It is more difficult to affect the momentum of a large mass moving slowly than of a small mass moving rapidly. A ten-ton tractor, going five miles an hour, will be less subject to variations than will a medium-weight car going fifty. That is why France is less affected by the vagaries of credit than we are.

Since the introduction of steam power and transportation, the great commercial crises were 1857, 1873, 1893 and 1929. These affected the whole world, which took many years to recover from them. We may profitably consider the effect of these crises on France, England and the United States, as types of great and well organized nations. All three



suffered from these crises, but in a very different degree. In every case the United States was prostrated, and the suffering of England, although much less than that of the United States, was in every case greater than that of France. And yet, by a curious coincidence, three of them occurred at a time when the economic resistance of France was at its lowest. The year 1873 found the French just recovering from the loss of territory and the defeat of the War of 1870. In 1893 the French were recovering from the corrupt wreck of Panama, and in 1929 the ruin of the Great War still oppressed the French; 1857 left France practically untouched.

I believe that the principal cause of the comparative immunity of the French nation to these tidal waves has come from the habitual French use of cash. Before '57, '73 and '93, exactly as before the present crisis, the United States had been treated to a tremendous expansion of credit.

We all of us remember how six years ago every office was besieged by boy bankers, anxious to lend money on all or any or no security. There was no one who could not command a loan far beyond any reasonable need. Those who were overlooked by the wandering vice-presidents were raked out by the installment salesmen. Every hot dog stand in the country was urged to set itself up as a first class restaurant; every householder was urged to build an addition, and every citizen to buy a car—all of this to be done on credit. There was a carnival of debt, which ended almost in an hour.

In December, 1929, a hotel could not hope to get the credit which six months before had been liberally offered to its own newspaper stand. The purchasing power of the nation was almost an-

nihilated. Those who had succumbed to the call of the go-getter, urging them to risk their comforts to attain luxuries, found themselves suddenly with only a very weak hold on necessities. Chauffeurs, jewelers, house servants, stock brokers, salesmen, kept women and even bootleggers found themselves thrown on the pavement in droves with no prospect of employment. From a merely financial point of view, the wreckage caused by the first month of the crisis in the United States was more than the loss suffered by the French, as a nation, in a year of war. During the course of the crisis, many despaired; credit could be got nowhere; although the currency on which the structure of credit had been built still remained, every one feared to spend.

In France, when the crisis came, people spent less, but this meant that they kept money in their pocket, rather than that they ceased to borrow.

A slower rate of circulation would tend to avoid such performances as the great crisis through which we have just gone, which was largely caused by the enormous increase in the purchasing medium, made possible by leaving the credit of the country in the hands of men who really knew nothing of the machine over which they had control.

Some expansion and contraction of the purchasing medium is absolutely necessary, and its final and more delicate phases must be left to result from the actual contact of individuals. But these individuals, whether bankers or business men, acutely conscious as they are of their own needs, are not best fitted to control the great locks which govern the currency and maintain the equilibrium of commerce. The practical disappearance of credit, and with it of purchasing power within a few months



of the crisis, when offers of credit had been stuffed down everybody's throat six months before, goes a very long way to account for the violence of the crash. If in 1929, instead of having our dollars passing from one transaction to another so fast that they began to smoke, we had had twice the number going at a more leisurely pace, we would have suffered very much less. These solid dollars which operate slowly to raise prices will not disappear at the stroke of a banker's pen whenever danger may threaten.

SINCE the discovery of America, there has been produced approximately ten times as much silver as gold. During all this time, the destruction of silver has been vastly greater. Almost all the gold used in the arts is recoverable, and as a rule is recovered. Fragments of gold jewelry will be preserved and sold, whereas broken silver spoons are thrown away.

The opening of the mints of the United States to the free coinage of silver would have a very slight immediate effect on the economic structure of the country. The great advantage of the free coinage of silver would be that there would be many more metallic dollars in the country, and that it would be possible to lower the proportion of credit to cash, and, to a considerable extent, to slow up the circulation of the purchasing medium. Cash would not suddenly disappear at the first sign of trouble to anything like the extent that credit will melt away. Of course, in hard times there will be more hoarding and less spending no matter what happens. But with a very much larger indestructible base, we would find at least that our money supply could not contract out of sight over night.

It has been suggested that if silver were remonetized, enormous new silver mines would be developed. It is most improbable that this increased yield would amount to very much. Most silver is mined today in conjunction with copper and other metals and there are practically no first-class mines shut down. The increase in silver yield, although it would exist, would be practically negligible, and certainly would not amount to as much as five per cent of the silver mined annually. Very large supplies of already mined silver might come into the United States from other countries, for which we would be expected to pay gold. At this point, the unthoughtful gold bug is very likely to refer to Gresham's Law and to point out that if the United States Government offered an ounce of gold for sixteen, or twenty, or thirty ounces of silver, whichever rate might be adopted, the result would be that all the silver in the world would come into the United States, and all the gold leave this country.

If we conceive of silver as an object as common as salt water, this would undoubtedly be true. In actual fact, however, long before a quarter of the gold supply of the United States was exhausted, another great economic law (supply and demand) would begin to apply. The withdrawal of a hundred million ounces of silver from the available supply of the world would so raise the price that the profit of further sales to the United States, at the selected rate, would be very materially lessened, and when this point was reached we would find the United States with an enormously increased base of money which it could easily stabilize, that is to say, keep at the selected ratio in the markets of the world. If, for example,



there were a great increase in the gold supply, as occurred after the simultaneous appearance of gold on the markets of the world from California, and from Australia in the early 'Fifties, the United States would allow silver to go out and gold to come in. If in any country an enormous strike of silver were made, we could let gold out, take in silver, and in this way, keep the balance at any point we might choose.

Obviously the best course would be for the United States Government to buy silver on the market, and turn it into currency until the price of silver had risen to the desired proportion, and then open the mints to all who brought bullion, either silver or gold.

The advantage to this country is obvious. Since 1900, more than half the silver produced in the world has been produced in the United States, and in the year 1932, less than ten per cent of the gold.

In practice the people of the United States probably would not want to carry great masses of metallic money in their pockets; the actual circulating medium would be in the form of certificates of deposit.

The very great increase in the amount of available cash in the United States

would necessarily result in a restriction of credit and probably in a decreased velocity of circulation, that is to say, an unchanged momentum of purchasing power could be maintained with a very much slower circulation for a greater mass and, most important of all, with a much greater proportion of indestructible material money at the bottom.

With free silver, or with any other system of currency, the sudden withdrawal of credit would be a great misfortune, but it would not result in such a complete destruction of the entire economic structure as occurred four years ago. Although the immediate effect would be slight, I believe that such a widening of the base of our currency would very much lessen the violence of future shocks. It would add ballast to our financial organization, but of course it would have to be accompanied by laws increasing the amount of reserve necessary and probably a tax on bank cheques. The real advantage that could be got from opening the mints to silver, would be that it would provide the community with a money base which could not be withdrawn as suddenly as the credit collapse of 1929. Although more clumsy, silver currency would be banker- and politician-proof.





# Japan and the Future

BY HANSON W. BALDWIN

*The naval conference year 1935 marks a fork in the road  
for Japan, and her choice may decide world history*

FROM the felt tents of the Siberian nomads and the snow steppes of the north to the muddy floods of the Yellow River and the tangle of shipping in Shanghai's Bund the course of empire has swept across eastern Asia. Since September 19, 1931, Manchuria and Jehol have been conquered by Japanese armies; the rising sun ensign of Japan has floated above the ancient ramparts of the Great Wall and the sturdy little soldiers of Japan have pushed to the gates of Peiping.

In some twenty-two months of intermittent fighting Japan has changed the map of Asia. Great slices of territory have been lopped from the Chinese body politic and have been sutured by one means or another to the Empire of Japan. Japan's mainland empire, exclusive of Korea or her conquests south of the Great Wall, is as large as the area from Hudson Bay to Kansas City, from the Great Lakes to Wyoming.

While her soldiers have been trudging through snow and sand and mud, marching and fighting, Japan's salesmen have, on the economic front, been winning other battles. Partly aided by the depreciated yen, partly by the advantage of proximity and partly by cheaper labor, Japanese products have

invaded India and other parts of Asia to such an extent that British trade has been seriously cut. Forced by the Chinese boycott of Japanese products to find new outlets for their mills and their manufactured goods, the Japanese merchants quadrupled their exports of cotton yarn to British India in 1932, while India, the Dutch East Indies and Egypt "increased their purchases of Japanese cotton piece goods by more than fifty per cent," thus more than making up for the losses incurred due to the Chinese boycott. A temporary boom further aided the broken-down Japanese economic machine in 1932 and continued to quite an extent in 1933; commodity prices rose, and total exports and imports were both greater in volume than in 1931. While the rest of the world struggled in the slough of depression, Japan—despite her costly expeditions along the trails of ancient conquerors—experienced a sort of relative prosperity, incomplete and perhaps temporary, but nevertheless solacing.

Thus at the date of writing Japan has not only won her battles with bullets, but she has been, at least relatively, successful on the economic front. Because of the lull in hostilities in northern China following an armistice between



Japanese and Chinese armies, and because the spotlight of publicity has temporarily shifted in the rush of great events to other scenes and other nations, Japan and her future fate have been temporarily subordinated in the popular mind to domestic or European considerations.

But what of the future? Will China be the cockpit of the history of tomorrow? Has the course of Japanese military and economic empire been fulfilled; will the rising sun of Japan set in a slough of stagnant ambitions, as Napoleon's did on his retreat from Moscow? An old French proverb has it that "*L'appétit vient en mangeant.*" Will the Japanese appetite increase or is it already surfeited with conquest?

THE two principal factors which may be expected to affect Japanese policy in the future—political and economic considerations—are, in turn, so influenced by a complex variety of both domestic and foreign situations, situations ever-changing, that literally anything may happen in the Far East of the future. But at the present, and for the immediate future, Japan's policy is fixed and immutable.

Under the tutelage of General Sadao Araki, Minister of War, and real ruler of Japan, the Empire has firmly set its face toward unchallenged supremacy in the Far East. Supremacy may not mean dominion, but Japan today wants to be recognized as having a primary and paramount interest in China and in the islands of the southern seas that abut on Japanese territory. How far this sphere of influence may extend only time can tell; there have been various prophecies and various interpretations of what Japan intends. The Tanaka Memorial—the authenticity of which has been

consistently disputed by Japan—envisaged an Asia under Japanese domination and the conquest of America. This is certainly an ambitious and very probably an exaggerated interpretation, but it is safe to say that Japan will not admit, unless compelled to, any change in the *status quo* she has now established in the Far East. Rather than restrict her dominion she is more likely to extend and increase it.

Her policy, then, means a Japan supreme beyond question in the Far East. That in turn means Japanese domination of the western Pacific, with all that that implies, commercially, strategically and politically; it means an aggressive and extensive trade campaign in Asia and the islands of the Pacific; it means a revision of the *status quo* in China and the Pacific islands; it means absolute Japanese domination of the mandated islands; and it means—as past events have already shown and as Secretary Stimson pointed out—violation of the Nine Power and Four Power Pacts and virtual violation of the Kellogg Peace Pact.

The three treaties Japan has already violated with impunity; the mandated islands are reputedly fortified and are clearly under Japanese domination; the *status quo* existing in China and the Pacific islands at the time of the signing of the Washington Treaty has already been revised, and an aggressive trade campaign has been started in the Far East. But Japan is not yet supreme in the western Pacific.

There are several obstacles to such Japanese supremacy. The course of empire—as far as it can be seen—is not an easy highroad; stumbling blocks pave the future. Some of them that loom large today are: (1) the United States; (2) Russia; (3) Great Britain; (4)



China; (5) united anti-Japanese action by a combination of foreign powers; (6) Japanese internal discord.

THE policies of the United States and of Japan conflict at almost every point in the Far East. This clash is emphasized by the American possession of the Philippines and the current freedom agitation; the position of the islands which makes them geographically an outpost of American dominance within the sphere of Japanese influence is an added and constant irritant.

Our policy of preserving the integrity of China is in direct opposition to the Japanese desire for expansion. It is to the Japanese advantage to have a China dismembered, disunited or united under the Japanese ægis. Even our few gunboats on the Yangtze River—there to “protect the Standard Oil,” the navy says—and our marines in Peiping and Tientsin irritate the Japanese, who want no flag but their own to float above the crumbling temples and ruined beauties that Li T'ai-po immortalized in lovely verse twelve hundred years ago. Our “Open Door” policy has never met with Japanese approval, and Japanese authorities—the real rulers of the recently created puppet state of Manchukuo—have threatened to slam the “Open Door” in our face if we fail to recognize the nominal province of Henry Pu-Yi, the “boy emperor.”

Economic strife and racial differences have added more terrors to the international incubus. The Chinese boycott of Japanese products hurt and is still hurting the Nipponese pocketbook, and it was no balm to the injured to see Chinese traders dealing more and more with American and British merchants. In China proper, where the yellow race is supreme numerically, the problem of

the brown men from the islands off the coast is not primarily one of color, but the racial question has added another vexing difficulty to the economic imbroglio in the Philippines, in Hawaii and particularly along the western coast of the United States. The Japanese exclusion provisions of the post-War immigration act were one of the severest blows to amicable relations between Japan and the United States history has ever dealt. It is ancient history in this country, but its sting is still fresh in Japan.

The Japanese influx into Hawaii and the Philippines has produced an aftermath of distressing economic and social difficulties—so clearly exemplified by recent disturbances in Hawaii. In the Philippines the conflict between the natives and the immigrants is real and bitter, and will undoubtedly play some part in the independence decision. That question alone—the problem of the independence of the Philippines, is one which is unsettling to both countries. The Japanese undoubtedly would breathe more easily if this country withdrew its western outpost to Hawaii—or even to Guam or Samoa, which offer no threat to Japanese supremacy. But the Philippines under American control are a stumbling block to Japanese domination of the western Pacific. In the opinion of this writer they are also something of a stumbling block, or at least an irritant, to America, and were it not for the blow to national prestige that it would involve, complete withdrawal from the western Pacific would seem to be the most desirable course for the United States to pursue.

But complete withdrawal—abandonment of the islands to their fate—is not even practically contemplated; even those who most ardently advocate



Philippine independence want to keep a string tied to the islands—a string which would make this country morally and actually, if not theoretically, responsible for the Philippines for years to come. The very fact of independence agitation, however, and the strong possibility that independence in some form or other may be tried shortly may encourage the Japanese, under the protection of possible new Philippine immigration laws, to try peaceful penetration in the islands, and thus gradually still further extend their sphere of economic and political influence.

In addition to the political and economic aspects of the rivalry between Japan and the United States, the naval question looms large. The naval problem is, of course, only one phase of the more complex problem of economic and political supremacy in the western Pacific, but since the Treaty of Washington brought the issue into clear-cut relief, it has assumed an importance of its own. Washington was supposed to make the Japanese fleet preëminent in the western Pacific, and the American fleet preëminent in the eastern Pacific. To ensure this, the United States agreed not to fortify any further, or to change the *status quo* then existing of the fortifications in the Philippines and other western islands. The five-five-three ratio of the naval treaty was predicated, however, on the Four Power and Nine Power Treaties, the first of which guaranteed the continuance of the Pacific *status quo*, and the second of which guaranteed the territorial integrity of China. The succeeding naval conference at London, instead of continuing and amplifying the ratios which were built upon these two treaties, gave Japan a slight further concession—and the naval inactivity of the United States during

all the twelve years of Republican rule from 1921 to 1933 gave Japan still further advantages—so that today, taking into consideration bases and logistics, the two fleets are near a stalemate in fighting strength.

This situation has caused apprehension in both countries. In the United States that apprehension has, until recently, been confined to the navy and those familiar and close to the naval establishment; in Japan it has developed into more or less of a nation-wide insistence on increased naval strength. This insistence has led to a formal change in Japanese naval policy; in the years to come Japan will no longer be content with a ratio of three to the American five. She has already officially notified the world that after the expiration of the London Treaty in 1936 she will require a larger naval ratio.

At the same time, as former Secretary of State Stimson hinted, Japan, by her actions in the Orient, has violated the spirit of the Nine Power Treaty, upon which the Treaty of Washington, the keystone of the entire naval agreement, was based. With Japan striving for a larger navy, the naval problem is clearly assuming a more and more important place in Japan's future.

Recent events, however, have on the whole helped to better Japanese-American relations. The "Buy American" policy and the depreciation of the dollar—both a part of the economic nationalism sponsored by the Roosevelt Administration—have hurt Japan's export trade to this country. But the depression halted the American commercial conquest of the Orient. The United States has withdrawn into its business shell, and the commercial rivalry between Japanese and American interests in the East has, therefore, been somewhat



(though probably temporarily) lessened. Last summer's visit of part of the United States Fleet to the Atlantic has done much on the other side of the Pacific for the cause of Japanese-American friendship, and the tentative proposal of Japan for international conversations preliminary to the 1935 naval conference has eased the naval tension.

For the moment Japanese-American relations are clearly improved, and there is even talk of an arbitration treaty, but the basic and fundamental differences between the two nations will remain to perplex and irritate future relations, unless one or the other changes its foreign policy.

PERHAPS even larger than the United States—particularly since the recognition of the Soviet by the Roosevelt Administration—looms the menace of Red Russia to Japanese ambitions. Since the turn of the century Russia, with its interests in the East, has been the natural and nearest enemy to the pet projects of Japan. Since the great Communist experiment was started, however, Russia has been in no condition, or under no necessity, to oppose Japanese aggression. Except by infiltration, except by flooding China with Communist propaganda, by sowing the seeds of communism in Japan itself and by attempting to organize revolutionary units in both countries, she has not attempted militant measures. True, great slices of the Asiatic hinterland, vast steppes and wind-swept plateaus, quietly came under the Russian influence; most of Mongolia was Sovietized. But in late years some of the early Russian gains have been negated. Manchuria, which Russia looked upon with covetous eyes, has been lopped off by Japan, and some of Mongolia has come under the rule

of Japanese armies. With Manchuria has gone Mukden, important trading centre of the East, long considered fair game for Russian ambitions. With Manchuria also has inevitably gone the Chinese Eastern Railway, half-owned by Russia—a railway which made Russia's economic and strategic position in the East not unassailable, but vastly stronger than it is today. Negotiations for the purchase of that railroad have been held recently, but with the two principal countries far apart on terms, and with the negotiations daily more bitter and less likely of success. But with Manchukuo in Japanese hands the Chinese Eastern is practically no more Russian-controlled than the New York Central is French-managed.

With Japanese dominance in the East pushed up to the shores of the Amur River, the Soviet border, and with Japanese control of the Chinese Eastern assured by the conquest of Manchukuo, Vladivostock, Russia's only Eastern port of consequence, is dangling like a ripe apple, ready—when Japan shakes the branch—to fall into the hands of the armies of the island empire. At the end of the Trans-Siberian Railroad (single-tracked much of the way), 5,809 miles from Leningrad, Vladivostock—even in the old days—was strategically hard enough to defend. Today, with the Chinese Eastern short-circuiting Vladivostock, and the great hump of Manchukuo pushing up into the body of Siberia, Vladivostock is still nominally Russian, but to all intents and purposes it is Japan's whenever she wants to take it. Japan's rapid construction of lines of communication in Manchukuo, particularly her building of a railway from Harbin to Taheiho on the northern boundary, has made the wartime fate of Vladivostock and the contiguous area



more certain. By the Japanese conquest of Manchuria and Jehol and by the extension of the Japanese sphere of influence into Mongolia, Russia has been thrust back, strategically, to Lake Baikal, and has left Japan supreme in the northwestern Pacific.

Russia has watched with jealous eyes the ever-advancing frontier of Japanese influence, but she has done little—could do little—to halt it. There are signs that her attitude and her ability are changing. The strength of the bear that walks like a man is growing, though slowly; Russia is not anxious for conflict, is trying to avoid conflict, but she is more ready for war than at any time since the last of the Tsars met a miserable death in a cellar at Ekaterinburg. Her recent non-aggression pacts with the nations that border her western and southern frontiers and the recent recognition of Moscow by Washington and Peiping have relieved her of many of her international burden of fears, while the at least partial success of her Five Year Plans and the development of her army and her industrial plants have solved some of her domestic problems. The wily Litvinoff suggested a non-aggression pact with Japan, but the Japanese politely refused. Since then a series of “incidents” along the Russo-Japanese borders has heightened the tension between the two nations to such an extent that a Siberian war is openly predicted. But Japan is now bending backward to avoid such a war, and Russia is not completely ready. In another decade or so, perhaps Russia will be resenting such incidents with force.

JAPAN, in her march of conquest, has alienated even those nations who were once her friends. The French, apparently, are still sympathetic to, or

at least tolerant of, Japanese ambitions, but Great Britain, for long an ally in being, has drawn somewhat apart. This is primarily due to developments of recent months; Great Britain looked somewhat askance at the Japanese conquest of Manchuria and Jehol, but felt that the order established by the conquerors might help, rather than hinder, trade. But when the economic soldiers of the island empire began winning their profitable battles in India and Egypt—when the Indian market turned from the Lancashire cotton spinners to those of Nippon—then indeed England felt affront.

So severely has the British market felt the Japanese competition that the Indian Government imposed a supposedly prohibitory tariff on Japanese textiles. The Japanese spinners retaliated with a boycott of Indian raw cotton. Thus, with their best market for textiles at least partly closed to them, and with six months' notice served by the Indian Government that it expected to terminate a twenty-seven-year-old trade agreement, the Japanese responded, as one writer has put it, with a “natural if possibly misguided militancy.” Posters—“Defend Asia: Drive out the British”—appeared in Japan; they were but expressing one phase of the old Japanese policy—“Asia for the Asiatics.” In England this economic warfare aroused outbursts in the House of Commons. “The yellow peril is now upon us in a far more insidious form than that of war,” one member declared, and added that “unless the Government can take immediate action every calico printing works in Lancashire will be closed within five years.” In a more recent outburst the Japanese were accused of unfair trade practices. The House, on the motion of a Man-



chester member, adopted a motion which urged the Government to take every possible step to check Japanese competitors, who have been, it was clearly shown, underselling Manchester manufacturers in the world's markets. Japan's cotton piece goods exports, it was said, increased from 1,400,000,000 yards in 1931 to 2,030,000,000 in 1932.

India and Japan have been trying to settle their differences in a series of negotiations based on the principle of bartering raw cotton for cotton cloth, but to date the settlement is still incomplete and Japanese manufacturers have threatened to continue the boycott, unless India yields to Japanese demands.

The Chinese boycott of Japanese goods, which turned much trade temporarily into British channels, did not help Japanese-British relations. While Japanese merchants struggled for existence, their British neighbors in China thrived, making money from the very customers that once patronized Japanese shops.

The attitude of important sections of the Empire has also done much to change the traditional British policy of a close *entente* with Japan. Australia, New Zealand and Canada—particularly Australia—have long feared Japanese infiltration, and have long suspected Japan of ambitions which included in their scope the domination of these parts of the Empire. Australia has watched with great uneasiness every aggressive step of Japan; she has barred her door to Japanese immigration, and it was largely because of Australia's fear of conquest that the great British naval base at Singapore was started. Canada, Australia and New Zealand have supported the American policy toward Japan, and in all their relations

with the Nipponese they have been closer in spirit and in practice to the American attitude than to the British. All this has had its effect on the motherland's viewpoint; with the start of economic war she has been forced willy-nilly to relinquish that close *rapprochement* with Japan which had distinguished her Far Eastern relations in the past.

Since 1922 England has watched with concern the rising might of the Japanese navy. During the War that navy was a friend indeed; it took much of the burden from the British fleet. But since the War the Japanese navy—like the Japanese army—has been gradually growing stronger and stronger and has consolidated its position in the western Pacific by extensive harbor improvements and naval base developments in many of its sovereign and mandated islands. Singapore—though mighty—is somewhat too far removed from the Japanese sphere of influence to satisfy Great Britain, and that country is apparently beginning to think that it is time to put a check rein on Japanese aggressions and ambitions. This does not mean that Britain is preparing for war with Japan; that is not the way British policy works. Her traditional system of playing off one nation against another, of friendships with all but too close alliances with none, is beginning to be revived. She is in a position today—if she shuffles her diplomatic cards carefully—to sympathize with the United States, thus appeasing her dominions, while at the same time she can retain friendly, if not cordial, relations with Japan. The rôle of Great Britain in the future is not likely to be a militant one in the Far East—except on the economic front—unless Japan stretches the hand of imperialism out



towards Australia and the southern seas.

In China itself—tortured China—Japan has grasped a tartar. Like Napoleon in Russia, Japan may lose herself in China's vastness. On the other hand it is just possible that Japan may know when to stop. China has absorbed "conquerors" before and will again; perhaps Manchuria and Jehol can well be shaped to Japanese designs, but China proper may bend but will scarcely break.

One of the very factors which thus far has aided Japan in her conquest of China has been China's disunity—the constant striving between the war lords—the division between Canton and Nanking, the continual strife between factions. But though this division has helped Japan in her military conquests, the very fact of it has been a source of economic weakness and a constant irritant to the conquerors. China as a country can never really be conquered by Japan, because there is no country to conquer. No sooner is one section pacified and reconstruction started than in some distant corner of the conquered territory a new war lord requires bribery or defeat if the tranquillity of the territory is to be preserved. Outbreaks are spasmodic, unpredictable; the territory is almost never conquered or is only pacified after years of effort. Guerrilla warfare—the hardest kind of guerrilla warfare—drains the strength of the conquerors, saps their energy, and at the same time hampers the economic development of the country. The Japanese have found this to be true in Manchuria and Jehol; they are finding it true today in the so-called neutral ground of northern China. The very structure of China itself—its disunity, its chaos—though a help in the winning of military battles, is one of the greatest obstacles the Japanese have to over-

come if they hope to consolidate and make profitable their gains.

The passive resistance of the Chinese—probably the only spark of a country-wide nationalism that has been manifest in that war-torn country for years—reached its highest manifestation in the effective Japanese boycott, which is still causing Japanese merchants losses. This hurt, and is still hurting the Nipponese pocketbook; the battle on the economic front in China has been a losing one for Japan since her military conquests began. Before Japan can hope to realize any benefits from her newly-conquered territories she will have to be able to show a profit on the right side of her territorial ledger, and the passive resistance of the Chinese in the form of the boycott, and the intermittent, spasmodic, but nevertheless dangerous armed resistance of the scattered armies of the war lords are large stumbling stones in the way of such a success.

IN ADDITION to the opposition of single nations to the Japanese programme, there was a time during the course of recent events in the Far East when it was predicted that Japan—if she continued in her conquests—would find herself opposed by a combination of nations. The much-publicized proposed boycott of Japanese goods was to have been made a world-wide affair, but not at all oddly, a number of the nations were not enthusiastic about it. The League of Nations, of course, condemned Japanese aggression, but despite the apparently unanimous action of the League there were, and there are, some powerful nations in the world today who are sympathetic to Japan and are not actively opposed to her ambitious projects.



The difficulty of international action has been often enough demonstrated in the past. There is little likelihood, particularly in view of the present wave of nationalism that is sweeping the world, that a strong combination of nations, which might bring pressure to bear upon Japan in either economic, military or political ways, could be accomplished in either the near or more distant future.

Japan had no hesitancy in flouting the expressed wishes of a large portion of the world during her mauling of Shanghai because she fully understood the difficulties of international coördinated action. She apparently has little to fear from such action in the future; the League of Nations may exercise some moral suasion, but its prestige has been impaired, rather than enhanced, by the course events have taken in the Far East, and the League has never exercised other than a nominal influence.

But despite the unlikelihood of combined action, the recent recognition of Russia by the United States has clearly aroused Japanese fears. The possibility of a Russian-American alliance—though remote—has nevertheless become a real possibility in certain Japanese minds, and it is a spectre to Japanese statesmen which is far from pleasing. And Japan fears scarcely less than an actual alliance, signed and sealed, the *entente cordiale* that may readily result from the improved relations between the Soviet and the United States. To offset such an *entente*, there is the possibility—remote, but worthy of consideration—of a political *rapprochement* between Germany, isolated in the West, and Japan, isolated in the East.

But what eventually may prove to be Japan's greatest obstacle to the real-

ization of her ambitions is not one of the world's raising, but a stumbling stone on her own doorstep. Japan's internal problems—at one time acute—now, not aggravated, but still grave enough, may some day assume tremendous proportions.

Her financial situation, though not desperate as yet, is grave, and the proper and rapid development of the territories she has conquered is essential. The tremendous expenditures necessary for her conquests and for building up the navy came at a time when Japan could ill afford them. In common with the rest of the world Japan suffered heavily from the depression. Great sums had to be appropriated for relief and for public works construction to make employment; the national debt increased by 231,900,000 yen in the year ended March, 1932. There followed Japan's "little boom," caused by the decrease in yen value when Japan went off the gold standard, and by increased governmental expenditures. But the boom has been so far of only partial benefit. Some classes have suffered from it; others have profited. In the meantime the Japanese Government approved the largest budget in the nation's history—2,239,100,000 yen, and "faces a probable deficit at the end of next March of between 890,000,000 and 1,000,000,000 yen."

"This," as one writer explained it, "must be added to a national public debt which stood at 6,521,800,000 yen in November, 1932, and has been increased since."

The tentative budget for 1934-35 will probably add another 1,000,000,000 yen to the national debt.

So far Japan has put far more money into Manchuria than she has got out of it. Exports to Manchuria have



increased, but those to China have temporarily decreased. Imports have increased but Japanese domestic producers have complained of the competition, and restrictions have been placed on such imports. Manchukuo's opium-growing possibilities are now being exploited, but much of the world is opposed to the opium traffic. Private investors have put large sums into the development of Manchuria—sums which can not possibly be repaid for some time to come. Some experts have estimated that the pacification alone of the conquered regions may take ten years, and until complete pacification has been achieved, it will be impossible for Japan to develop the mines and reap the full fruits of her military victories. In the meantime, while the Japanese Government is struggling to consolidate its territorial gains, the shoe of penury may pinch the Japanese people tighter and tighter.

Japan's population increased by more than 1,000,000 in 1932; she led the world in the ratio of increase. Only about one-fifth of the area of Japan proper is tillable; the pressure of the masses confined in the little islands is growing greater and greater. Manchuria offers no final solution for the overpopulation problem; the Japanese have found to their sorrow that this territory is not well suited for Japanese colonization. The masses—pressing for food, for employment, for land, harassing a Government dominated by a war machine, a Government deeply in the morass of debt—have found some political solace in the tenets of communism. The doctrines of Marx have sowed their seed in Tokyo as well as in Moscow; communism is not to be neglected as a factor of the future in considering Japanese internal prob-

lems. The religious and chauvinistic fanatics lend another note of fear to the future; plots and assassinations are part of Japanese life. Fascism, with its dictatorial form of government, seems, however, even more probable than communism, but the only thing certain is change.

There is a distinct possibility of an economic and political collapse of the present Government—a possibility which Professor Tyler Dennett of Princeton considers "eventually inevitable."

That Government has a far graver task ahead of it than the pacification of Manchuria; it must answer the cries of the people for bread, for land, for work, and at the same time it must keep the wheels of industry turning in Japan and keep the products of Japan moving across the seven seas—despite trade barriers, despite boycotts—in exchange for the products of other lands.

**S**UCH are Japan's problems of the morrow. She faces the future with a load of debt upon her back, and the territory she has conquered still unpacified and undeveloped. How is Japan's history likely to be written; over which obstacle, if any, will she stumble on the highway to empire?

There are inexorable forces in the histories of all nations which force them along the paths of destiny, regardless of the desires of the rest of the world—regardless even of the desires of the country itself. The pressure of an ever-increasing population is such a force in Japan. If the Japanese armies do not win new territory (but it is likely that they will), new room for expansion, the Japanese peasants will filter through the racial and economic barriers erected against them, and peacefully penetrate



other areas. No treaties can stop such a process; as Professor Frank R. Eldridge of New York University has said, they are driven by necessity.

"For Japan there is no military or diplomatic retreat, because there is no economic retreat," he has declared. "Millions of unborn Japanese are the dominant factors that set Japan's diplomatic course. The resources of Manchuria must support them.

"In time, perhaps, the resources of other undeveloped and empty areas of the world, now held in fief for unborn children of other nations, may have to be given up to the virile race that has proved itself unconquerable in Asia.

" . . . the battle for the world's resources is on and to the victor belong the spoils. As long as there are resources to be had we can not expect restriction of population growth."

Such then is the prospect of the future, but it is a long view. As Professor Eldridge points out, the resources of Manchuria must and can support millions of unborn Japanese. The problem of the immediate future is one of consolidation, of development, of reconstruction, of financial rehabilitation—of bread and work and land. If the present Japanese Government can solve this problem satisfactorily in the next few years it will doubtless remain in power; if not a new political dynasty, even a new political system, may prevail.

With the attention of the rest of the world focused inwardly upon domestic problems, and with the eyes of the Western world turned towards Europe, Japan has a breathing spell, diplomatically, in which to strengthen her position and consolidate her gains in the Far East. Between now and the expiration of the naval treaty in 1936,

there may be expected some slowing—some lull—in the rapid rush of events which have streamed across the stage of the Far East in recent years. Not until the conference on the reduction of naval armaments set for next year when Japan will surely and definitely insist on either naval parity with the United States or on a substantially increased ratio of naval strength is it likely that American-Japanese relations will suffer such a strain as that to which they have been subjected recently.

Certainly not before 1936 or even several years later can Japan hope to start reaping the fruits of her Manchurian venture; not before then can she hope really to accomplish much in the economic and financial rehabilitation of her Government and her citizens. By that time Japan's withdrawal from the League of Nations will be an accomplished fact; she will stand alone.

Not until after 1936 and probably not until the 1940's, will the Japanese Government (if that Government survives internal discord and economic debacle, and that is touch-and-go) be ready again to challenge international, and particularly Russian and American, opinion. By that time Russia will probably be ready to answer sharply; by that time this country may be—and from present trends seems likely to be—almost as aggressively nationalistic as Japan is today.

But whatever fate holds in store for the Japan of tomorrow, it seems clear that the next naval conference will be a landmark of the immediate future in the course of American-Japanese relations. Friction at such a conference can be avoided only if the United States agrees to Japanese demands, and we are not likely to do that, with President Roosevelt in the White House. Bar-



ring that, Japan might sign, unwillingly, a treaty she would dislike—which she is extremely unlikely to do—or the world's attempts to limit naval armaments may be abandoned.

In the first case, the conference would produce an irritated, sore Japan; in the other, there is a possibility, even a probability, of unchecked building—an armaments race, with its inevitable consequences—which, it appears from recent events, has already started. Announcement of the American three-year construction programme was followed

shortly by revised estimates for Japanese army and navy expenditures in 1934-35. In turn, England announced that she plans to build up her fleet to a "safe" point, emphasizing cruisers and naval aviation.

Undoubtedly the conference year 1935 marks the fork in the road of tomorrow for Japan, and upon the road she takes will depend the course of world history. There is an intermission today in the "greatest drama of the Twentieth Century"; in 1935 the curtain will rise on Act II.





# The Distressful Dairyman

BY MARK RHEA BYERS

*While producers of other farm crops enjoy useful governmental aid, dairymen angrily watch prices for their much more valuable products drop further and further*

THE dairy industry, depending upon the point of view, is either the problem-child or the step-child of the New Deal for farmers.

Out in the dairying districts of Wisconsin, Minnesota and northern Illinois the step-child theory is bitterly entertained by the farmers between milk strikes.

In Washington the problem-child thesis holds sway among bewildered experts. They have got most of the rest of the farmers feeling fairly happy and passing resolutions in praise of Secretary Wallace and the AAA—but they can't seem to do a thing with the dairymen except to make them madder.

The dairy industry refuses to yield to treatment. Just before Christmas, while the New Dealers were sending out holiday greetings to the public in the form of charts showing beautiful sweeping curves of prices rising from the end of 1932 to a nicely higher current level, the dairy industry suddenly developed acute melancholia. Down went butter to a thirty-five-year low, cheese nose-dived, the milk-marketing agreements for the cities grew pale and wan and turned up their little toes, and in Chicago and California 1934 was

ushered in by milk strikes with their usual accompaniments of violence, bombing, assault and the dumping of milk on the highways.

Whatever the New Dealers in the department of agriculture may have thought when they first tackled the farm problem—it is really a series of problems, all intricately related—they know by now that these symptoms of acute distress in the dairy industry bode them no good. The dairymen sourly avow that the New Deal has only recently discovered that the dairy industry is something more than a side-line to regular farming. They say—this is the step-child theory—that all the New Dealers could see when they went into their first huddle was wheat, cotton, corn and hogs, in that order of importance. (This is the reverse order of their importance, incidentally. Corn, cotton and wheat is the due order of precedence based upon the relative value of the crops.) But greater than all these is dairying, with which, so the dairymen believe, the Government has until recently concerned itself hardly at all.

The relative importance of the dairy industry in the total Ameri-



can farm industry can be seen from a few comparisons. Using 1929 figures, the total value of milk alone, on the farms, was more than two billion dollars, slightly exceeding the farm value of corn, the next most important crop. Wheat, the distress of whose producers has been the pet concern of farm relief specialists for years, compares unfavorably. The nation's milk in 1929 was worth two and a half times the whole wheat crop. Cotton, the first of the distressed farm industries to be tackled by the recovery programme, was valued in 1929 at nearly a billion less than the milk production of the nation. Add the farm value of cattle and calves for the year to the value of the milk produced and you discover that the dairy and beef industries—closely related over a wide area—accounted for almost as much of total farm income in dollars as wheat, cotton and hogs put together. The farm value of milk for the year was approximately twenty-five per cent of the total income to the farmer of all crops, livestock and other sources of agricultural income.

So why is dairy farming the step-child of the New Deal? ask the dairy-men; and what is going to be done about it?

These are the questions agitating the minds of the owners and operators of nearly one-third of the agricultural plant of the United States. The question has been asked with increasing vehemence ever since other lines of agriculture began to get out of the red last summer. It was underscored three times in 1933 by milk strikes which destroyed millions of dollars' worth of food; and italicized in January by the short, sharp and enormously effective Chicago milk strike. Unless the agricultural New Deal can find a reasonably

satisfactory answer to these two questions in a relatively short space of time, there may be a new political movement in the dairy States which will startle the country with its radicalism. That movement is already in its opening stages, an unbranded maverick running wild across all established party lines.

The attitude in Washington, where the industry this winter has been making its dissatisfaction loudly vocal, may be compared to that of the dance-hall management in the mining camp which hung a sign over its battered piano: "Don't shoot the professor; he's doing the best he can." It is probable that Washington has been doing the best it can. But that best hasn't been enough to satisfy, or even pacify, the dairy farmers. And it didn't help their frame of mind a bit to watch butter prices celebrate the New Year by falling to sixteen cents a pound.

That is significant. Butter is the basic dairy commodity—even much of the fluid milk bottled for city consumption is sold upon the basis of its butter-fat content according to the price of butter. The price of butter determines the price of whole milk, cheese, ice cream and condensed milk. And when butter, in mid-winter, drops to record lows—any consumer knows that butter normally costs most in winter—the state of mind of the farmer whose dairy herd is his means of livelihood may be understood.

The situation is not being helped by the fact that the dairyman is beginning to develop a fixed conviction that the New Deal not only is failing to help him out of his difficulties, but that it is even helping to push him further in. The NRA and its fair trade practice provisions, he is convinced, are pushing up the prices of the things he has to buy. The cotton programme has increased



the price of his overalls. The corn and wheat levitation projects have jacked up the cost of the feeds which he must buy to keep his cattle through the winter.

Nor is that all. The dairyman has not failed to note that wheat, cotton, corn and tobacco acres taken out of these crops for the coming year at Government expense will still be lying under sun and rain, raising something. And that something is likely to be grass or a forage crop of some sort, the most natural thing to do with which will be to feed it to cattle. Which means, unchecked, more and more farm acres going into competition with the dairyman, and a deeper and deeper flood of milk to drown the dairy business, already keeping its nose above the surface with difficulty.

Here is another curious fact: the CWA and public works programmes, substituting cash pay cheques for relief doles, have perceptibly reduced the consumption of dairy products. The reason seems to be that families receiving their first cash in months or years are buying butter substitutes in order to make the money stretch. The relief agencies supplied butter, milk and cheese as part of a scientifically balanced ration.

THESE are some of the reasons why the dairyman is asking why the dairy industry is being treated as the step-child of the agricultural family. Other reasons have to do with the manner in which his calls for help—such help as was rushed to the cotton and wheat belts—have been answered.

The only immediately tangible result of these calls for help have been two: the milk-marketing agreements for the large cities, and the purchase of butter

in the market for relief distribution through the Emergency Relief Administration.

It must be set down that the dairyman for the most part does not think much of these two gestures toward his relief. The metropolitan milk-marketing agreements, limited in scope, covered about 100 of the larger cities, and were worked out with great pains and detail by the AAA. Now 100 "milk sheds" in this large country handle a considerable amount of milk, but when considered in relation to the huge gallonage that flows into the milk pails of the nation night and morning it is little more than a drop in the bucket. The supply of fluid milk to the cities is a side-line—large, but a side-line nevertheless compared to the dairy business as a whole.

Moreover, the dairy-farmer outside of these "milk sheds" has a notion, however erroneous, that the most definite effect of the milk-marketing agreements was to fix prices at levels profitable for the big distributing companies. A few large concerns, owning distribution systems in most of the larger cities, dominate these fields. The milk-marketing agreements fixed prices the consumer had to pay, and promised fines and revocation of license to dealers who sold below these prices. They also fixed prices to the producer—for his "fluid" milk. Fluid milk is that part of the supply which appears on city doorsteps in bottles. The agreements left the "surplus" milk price to be set by the law of supply and demand. "Surplus" is that portion of the supply of a particular milk shed which can not be sold in bottles. It goes into butter, ice cream and condensed milk—chiefly butter and ice cream, since most of the condenseries are out in the country.



There was no set price on surplus milk.

What happened in effect was that the increased price to consumers cut down the consumption of fluid milk. So the surplus was correspondingly increased—it being all the milk consumers did not buy in bottles. The surplus was turned into butter, that being a form in which it could be stored conveniently without great spoilage or deterioration.

The result was that the enormous butter supply increased rapidly, and the butter price went to pot.

Incidentally, another reason why the butter surplus has gone to such unwieldy heights was the milk strike of late fall. The farmers by the thousands could not bring themselves to dump or destroy the milk which was not marketed during the strike. They turned it into butter, which would keep until the strike was over. In Wisconsin and Minnesota, where many dairy farms have so completely specialized in producing whole milk for condenseries and cheese factories that they possess neither cream separators nor churns, the family washing machine was frequently called into service. Thousands of pounds of butter with a faintly soapy flavor were ultimately rejected by dealers after the strike was over. Many more thousands of pounds of marketable butter were sold after the strike for what it would bring—and the surplus leaped.

Just how serious the surplus became may be seen by the fact that the cold storage holdings of creamery butter on December 1, as published by the *Wisconsin Crop and Livestock Reporter*, were about three times as large as a year previous, and twice as large as the December average from 1928 to 1932. Storage holdings of cheese were larger than either the previous year's volume

or the five-year average. It is little matter for surprise that butter dropped five cents a pound in the second week of December, and cheese went off two and one-half cents. Government purchases for relief distribution were simply unable to cope with the flood of dairy products coming on the market.

While all this was going on, with Washington apparently believing that the dairyman's problem was being solved by the fluid milk-marketing agreements, the larger part of the industry was slipping further and further down-hill. What the AAA was doing, as one of its officials has since ruefully remarked, was to raise the price of one-third of the dairy production, and slash the price of the other two-thirds. The more the milk-marketing agreements attracted milk to the cities by artificially higher levels of prices, the larger grew the surplus which went into butter and the lower went the price of butter fat. Along with butter went cheese and condensery prices.

Convinced, perhaps, by the farm strike of late autumn—it was most effective in the Wisconsin dairy region, where it persisted for a week after all other regions had called it off—the Chicago milk-marketing agreement was rescinded January 1. It simply hadn't worked. It had cut down the consumption of milk by city families, had increased the butter surplus alarmingly, and had involved the New Deal agencies in a few bitterly contested cases against independent milk dealers who refused to charge the prices set by the agreement. The independents, operating cash and carry stations, insisted that if they paid the producers the price set by the agreement they could charge what they pleased to the consumer. The price charged was less than the big



dairy companies got for delivered milk. So the independents were haled before the AAA authorities for trial and punishment.

But it didn't work out exactly as planned. The independents made out such a good case for themselves, and displayed such eagerness to take the whole matter into court for determination of the legal and constitutional angles involved, that the AAA took time out to think. Its thinking—aided no doubt by the vociferous displeasure of the dairymen outside of the "milk shed" territory—resulted in the abandonment of the milk marketing agreement in Chicago, with other similar agreements slated to follow into the discard.

Much to the disgust of the marketing authorities, the Chicago milk strike promptly followed, with the AAA refusing to take any steps in the situation. Washington declared it was all through with attempts to fix consumer prices or regulate competition. If the dealers and producers could get together on a buying price they would endeavor to enforce it by license—but all the rest of the elaborate marketing code was scrapped. The dairy industry was back just about where it had been before Washington endeavored to help it out of the hole.

Now let us see what happened to the other scheme for helping the dairy industry. Last August, after the summer milk strike in Wisconsin (the second of the three strikes of 1933 in that State), at the urgent request of Governor Schmedeman the Emergency Relief Administration agreed to buy and turn over to the Federal relief agencies enough of the surplus butter supply to reduce the stored butter to

normal proportions. The idea was that this would raise the butter price, and so lever up all dairy product prices. The size of the operation agreed upon was to be measured by an appropriation of \$43,000,000. By mid-December the Government had bought 60,000,000 pounds of butter. But the surplus was larger than ever, for reasons mentioned above, and the price was sliding. Discouraged, Secretary Wallace gave notice that the relief agency would buy no more butter. The Government was going to cut its losses, and the deal was off.

This was the occasion for the rather startling action of Governor Schmedeman in sending to a special session of the Wisconsin legislature, called to consider liquor legislation exclusively, a message calling upon senate and assembly forthwith to pass and send to Washington resolutions demanding immediate rescue of the dairy industry. In his message the Governor accused the AAA of breaking its word on the butter purchase agreement, and in general took its hide off for not doing anything to help the dairy industry.

This was all the more remarkable in that Governor Schmedeman is the first Democratic Governor Wisconsin has elected in forty years. He was and is a devout Roosevelt man, who has co-operated with the Administration in every detail of the recovery programme. But he was under severe pressure from his constituents. Wisconsin is the leading dairy State of the union, deeply concentrated on this branch of agriculture. No governor, whatever his party, could ignore the very serious situation—or the very urgent demands—of the Wisconsin dairymen.

The Governor had brought to an



end three milk strikes in the year by appealing to the farmers to resume marketing and abide the improvement measures of the Administration, with whom he promised to plead the cause of the milk-producers. It is small wonder he went off the reservation when the one tangible thing he had obtained for the dairymen of his State—the butter purchase programme—was summarily broken off.

“The sensational drop in the price of butter and cheese,” the Governor’s message told the legislature, “creates an extremely critical situation. Within a week the wholesale price of butter has dropped from twenty-three to sixteen cents a pound and the price of American cheese from ten and one-half to eight cents. This reduction . . . will mean a loss of several million dollars per week to the farmers of the State and will have a most disastrous effect upon all lines of business.

“The sensational drop in the butter and cheese prices is directly associated with the action of the Secretary of Agriculture in canceling the agreement made with the Dairy Marketing Corporation for the purchase of surplus butter and cheese and its distribution through relief channels.”

(The Dairy Marketing Corporation is an association of all the coöperatives in the dairy field. The agreement was that the Government was to provide a fund to buy up the surpluses. The Government relief agency was to pay only the same price it had been paying for butter substitutes and the Dairy Marketing Corporation was to make up the difference.)

“In the first weeks after this plan was adopted,” Governor Schmedeman continued, “some eleven million pounds of butter were purchased

through the Land O’ Lakes coöperative association (the largest dairy coöperative) and the wholesale price of butter advanced from nineteen to twenty-three cents. . . . Not until the last few weeks, however, was any of this butter actually distributed to relief authorities and the entire purchases to date have been only about 45,000,000 pounds at a total cost of less than twelve million dollars.

“Not one pound of cheese has been purchased, although the plan adopted in August contemplated purchase of surplus cheese as well as butter. During the last week Secretary Wallace announced the abandonment of the entire plan, which immediately was followed by a break in butter prices, and this compelled also a sharp reduction in cheese prices.”

Recounting the aid given the cotton, wheat and other farmers, the Governor declared that no effective aid had been given the dairymen, except this plan, which “was so slowly and ineffectually carried out that the excess in butter stocks above normal, which in August was twenty million pounds, has now increased to 100 million pounds.”

Strong words from one Rooseveltian to another!

The Governor submitted a programme for which he asked—and at once received—the united endorsement of the legislature, and a delegation went to Washington to submit it to Mr. Wallace, seconded by the entire Wisconsin congressional delegation. The programme demanded that the Government:

- (1) Raise dairy prices.
- (2) Convert surplus butter and cheese to Federally distributed relief foods.
- (3) Restrict production of dairy



substitutes by a quota system, and bar dairy imports.

(4) Get a \$100,000,000 appropriation from Congress to indemnify slaughter of cattle affected with tuberculosis or Bang's disease (contagious abortion), to cut production.

(5) Effect a plan by which lands withdrawn from other crop production will be kept from becoming pasturage and increasing dairy production.

IN THE meantime the Chicago milk strike blazed up under the griddle on which the Secretary was toasting, and a major split in the ranks of the dairymen developed to make it even harder for the distracted officials to satisfy the angry milk-producers. The Wisconsin Milk Pool, which conducted the three milk strikes in Wisconsin in 1933, appeared in the peculiar rôle of strike-breaker. One can well imagine the despair of officials whose apparently impossible job it became not only to check and turn the tobogganing price of dairy products but also to produce a solution which would reconcile the embattled factions in the industry.

Such a solution is still to seek, but Washington has produced some tentative ideas as to how it may be reached. They are designed to include something more than fluid milk prices—which is where the milk-marketing agreements gummed the works—but it is too early to say whether they will succeed in calming the tempest which has been roused in the dairy States.

Price-fixing at retail, it has been agreed, can not be made to work, which is a blow to the hopes of Schmedeman and other Western governors who have demanded some such instant remedy. But it is hoped that a fair base price to producers may be established with the

consumer price left to be set by competition between distributors. Most important of all, since experience has shown that the flood of fluid milk beyond market requirements will otherwise inevitably wreck cheese and butter prices, some form of production control is envisaged.

Production control is going to be hard. There are more farms producing milk in some quantity than any other farm crop, and they are scattered all over the country. The chief commercial production is centred in Wisconsin, Minnesota, New York and a few other States. But everywhere farmers are milking a few cows and sending the milk to market in some form. Cotton, corn and wheat occupy relatively restricted areas. Milk production control must operate everywhere if it is to be effective.

A proposal much favored—it was in the Schmedeman scheme—is the elimination of cattle with tuberculosis or Bang's disease, the Government to buy and kill these diseased animals. This scheme has a part in almost every programme advanced for relief of the dairy industry. But on analysis it seems to be only a minor detail so far as the major problem is concerned. It might considerably reduce the milk output of the non-dairy States, but in the large centres of production it will help very little, because of the fight which has been waged against these diseases in such areas for many years. There are large regions in Wisconsin and Minnesota, for example, where whole counties are Federally attested to be completely free from tubercular cattle. Slaughter of diseased animals would make but little impression on the main stream of milk production.

Voluntary reduction of output will



also be hard to handle. If the Government buys milch cows as it has leased corn and wheat acres, it will be sold only the poorest producers of the herds, and the payments, it may be feared, will be used for intensive feeding of the remaining cattle, with consequent increased production per head. The most feasible suggestion to date seems to be to couple any cattle-slaughtering scheme with a pro rata limitation on purchases of milk by cheese factories, condenseries and creameries. Even so the surplus milk will continue for some time to be the knottiest of problems.

Equally hard to handle will be the evident tendency of farmers enjoying benefits under the cotton, wheat and corn-hog schemes to put idle acres into pasture and add milch cows to use the pasture. The dairy States have a real fear that their supremacy in the field may be challenged if they submit to a general restriction programme without safeguards. They demand assurance that the cash-crop and livestock farmers of the South and West who would be ineligible for milk control benefits on a large scale will not be permitted to increase their herds and grab the markets. Signs of a strong movement toward raising more cattle in the non-dairy States have already appeared. The dairymen call this subsidizing competition to steal their markets and demand that the farmers enjoying Federal benefit from other crops under limitation be prevented from adding to their milk production.

All around, it is a most difficult and spiny problem, this business of bringing relief to the dairy business. Efforts toward a solution have thus far been like trying to pick up quicksilver between the hands. What looks like an improvement in one corner of the field

results in disaster elsewhere. Somehow, some way the Government—if it is to do anything—must corral the whole problem of fluid milk, cheese, butter and condensed milk, and control them all and their prices simultaneously. It is a large order, and the odds are that it can be done only imperfectly at best.

Dairy farmers are not excessively hopeful about the possibilities of an effective programme. Their leaders, self-appointed mostly, are proposing newer and more fantastic schemes every day to lift the dairy industry out of the rut. But the man who milks the cows doesn't take all of it seriously. He doesn't believe much in price-fixing, nor in production or acreage control. He'll take the Government's money to quit working, as a sort of windfall. But his own belief is that nothing can raise prices until the country gets back to normal and the mass of the people have money to spend. More and more he looks to monetary inflation as the lever by which this can be accomplished. The general progress of recovery interests him more than the fussing about with farm relief programmes. Perhaps the farmer is more realistic than his leaders; maybe he knows himself and his situation better than they do.

Secretary Wallace can temporarily satisfy the farmers by fixing a price for their milk. But he can not force the consumer to buy the milk if he can not afford to; and he therefore can not control the accumulation of butter, cheese and condensed milk made from the surplus.

That suggests a continued fall of prices for dairy products, and increasing unrest in the dairy country, unless something be done. The answer proposed at Washington, essentially, is control of production to consumable



levels. But such a programme, even if it could be worked out, can hardly affect prices quickly enough to prevent disturbances. It is not pessimism to expect trouble in the Middle West in the next few months, in all probability, because no perfect solution seems possible.

Few farmers believe in farm strikes; but the dairymen are mad and know of nothing else to do to vent their anger. If there is not to be serious trouble the Administration will probably have to buy the dairymen off with benefit pay-

ments—even more expensively than the wheat-raisers, corn-growers and corn-hog farmers, since the dairy business is of such a nature that enforcing a processing tax on middleman or consumer will be doubly hard. Economically we may be resigned to the expectation that it will not work. It will be expensive, and the Treasury will “take a beating,” with small chance to recoup. But it seems the only way to hold unrest in check until the general recovery now apparently under way can heal the situation.





# Can the Germans Rightfully Rearm?

BY BERNARD LANDE COHEN

*They argue that the Allies, by failing to carry out their disarmament promises in the Peace Treaty, have relieved Germany of its obligation, but is this true?*

THE tendency since the War to regard the Germans as an injured nation is responsible for the wide-spread belief that the stand of the Hitler Government on armaments is a natural outcome of what is considered a breach of faith on the part of the former Allies. Mr. Lloyd George, for example, expresses this viewpoint very energetically in the following terms: "Hitler would never have been there to issue his manifesto in the name of the German nation had it not been for the outrageous breach of faith perpetrated by the nations that ruled the League. He is giving dramatic expression to the indignation of every honest man in Germany at the shameless and elaborate trickery and treachery perpetrated upon his great country." This summing up of an intricate problem fully illustrates a disposition of the human mind to simplify issues which in reality are anything but simple, and is characteristic of the carelessness which has dominated the whole subject of disarmament. It would make for clearness of thought if the reduction

of military power which the Treaty of Versailles sought to impose upon Germany were examined on its own merits independently of the larger issue of general disarmament. In other words, should it be found that the limitation of German arms was intrinsically a justifiable act in 1919, it need not follow that we must revise this opinion only because the other nations have not likewise cut down their own armaments.

The main provisions of the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles are as follows:

(1) The German army is limited to 100,000 strong including staffs, officers and men of all ranks. Its reorganization is provided for in great detail and the strength of each unit and even the kind of training is laid down in elaborate tables.

(2) Compulsory military service is abolished and none but volunteers may serve; the intention being to prevent the building up of large reserves that go with conscript armies.

(3) There are numerous and ingenious restrictions designed to prevent the



mass training of men and the creation of territorial and auxiliary forces.

(4) Possession is forbidden of military and naval airplanes, poison gas, tanks, armored cars and guns exceeding four inches in calibre.

(5) As regards weapons permitted, the number is carefully restricted in each case and is dealt with in detail in separate schedules, the aim being to render German military power absolutely static.

(6) The import and export of arms is prohibited, and their manufacture within Germany itself confined to certain specified factories.

Although cut down to the lowest point which any of her enemies thought it worth while to demand, the military power of Germany remained at a much higher level than that of any of the smaller nations of the world. None of the South American Republics, for instance, have armaments even proportionately as great as those Germany was allowed to retain, whatever basis of comparison may be used—population, length of frontier, area or wealth. In 1932, the last year for which reliable figures are available, the Dutch regular army consisted of 19,500 exclusive of those serving in the colonies; the standing army of Denmark was a little more than 14,000, while that of Switzerland was about 46,000. Thus Holland, Denmark and Switzerland together had fewer men under arms than Germany; nevertheless, not one of these minor states seems for this reason to have considered its position insecure or its citizens under any disadvantage, and judging by their public credit, it is evident that the confidence of financiers and investors in their stability has not been diminished by reason of their insignificant military array.

Before the rise of Hitler, Germany had less reason to fear foreign aggression than almost any other nation in the world. Among the heavily armed states England, Italy, Japan, Russia and the United States of America were far from hostile. Even France showed signs of friendliness by withdrawing her troops from the Rhine before the expiration of the delay fixed by the Treaty. France welcomed Germany to the League of Nations on equal terms with herself, and in 1932 virtually canceled her claims to all further reparations. From the point of view of the German taxpayer the disarmament provisions of the Treaty were even a blessing, since he was no longer forced to do military service, while the burden of military taxation, the heaviest in Europe before the War, was very substantially reduced.

Much has been made of the so-called humiliation of Germany under the Versailles Treaty, and of her alleged inequality to other nations. Experts in the art of war are agreed, and history proves, that it is impossible to gauge the actual and potential strength of nations in advance, too many factors being involved. Strength is more than a matter of size or numbers, for in war the imponderable elements are many. For instance, a great deal depends on the ability of the general staff; even such a thing as an efficient espionage system must weigh in the balance; while the possession of a single new weapon could be a decisive factor that would overcome the enemy's superiority in other fields. Of the utmost importance are economic position and industrial equipment, which enable a combatant state to adapt itself quickly to the needs of war; hence it follows that inferiority in actual strength may



be compensated for by superiority in potential strength. In the case of Germany this would seem only too true, her military impotence at the present day being by no means such as the framers of the Treaty had intended, even assuming that all of its provisions were faithfully observed—which is far from being the case. In no other country has civil aviation been so far developed, and to convert a commercial airplane into a bombing plane capable of carrying explosive, incendiary and gas bombs is the work of a few hours. While of little use for other military purposes, they would be capable, in a series of night raids upon enemy centres of population, of creating all the havoc and destruction which have been promised for the next war. As to chemical warfare, Major Lefebure, an English authority on poison gas, may here be quoted with advantage. "The great ease and rapidity with which the German dye factories mobilized for poison gas production has already been demonstrated. It took forty years and more to develop these factories yet forty days saw many of these plants producing huge tonnages of poison gas, and as many hours were sufficient for others." Given the conjunction of innumerable bombing planes and immense quantities of poison gas, and the inequality of Germany, as regards some of her neighbors at least, ought not to be taken too much for granted.

One often hears it said that the limitation clauses of the Treaty are humiliating to Germany. The habit of personifying nations, and making statements about them as though they were objective realities distinct from human beings, should be curtailed if we are to substitute rational analysis for political mysticism. Germany, otherwise than in

a geographical sense, is no more than a pure abstraction, its personality being no less a legal fiction than that of the United States Steel Corporation or the Hamburg American Steamship Company. Germany is not morally a person and therefore could not be wronged or humiliated. Should it be claimed, rather, that the unilateral disarmament has been humiliating to the German people, the statement, though more intelligible, is none the less capable of being reduced to an absurdity. Common experience tells us that the average citizen is too much occupied with his own affairs to give more than passing attention to affairs of state, and that he is rarely disturbed by any political event other than a war. It were preposterous to expect that the employed working man or peasant in Germany should take it to heart because the army of the Fatherland is limited to 100,000. Even in the age of Hitler there are yet abrupt differences between different groups of Germans, and they are not a homogeneous people by any means. A German writer once pointed out that it would be far easier to promote understanding and good will between Germans and Frenchmen than between German Social Democrats and German Junkers. The moral issues of the world have nothing to do with lines of nationality, and a situation which might grieve the National Socialists certainly need not affect the other Germans in the same way, even those that are politically inclined.

THE disarmament of the whole world is the declared intention of the Treaty of Versailles, and in the Preamble to Part V dealing with German disarmament the principle is laid down as follows: "In order to render possible



the initiation of a general limitation of armaments of all nations, Germany undertakes strictly to observe the military, naval and air clauses which follow." The subject was likewise referred to in the reply to a German memorandum on the draft of the Treaty. "The Allied and Associated Powers wish to make it clear that their requirements in regard to German armaments were not made solely with the object of rendering it impossible to resume her policy of military aggression. They are also the first steps towards that general reduction and limitation of armaments which they seek to bring about as one of the most fruitful preventatives of war, and which it will be one of the first duties of the League of Nations to provide." Finally, Article VIII of the Covenant affirms the solemn obligation of the League of Nations to bring about "the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety, and the enforcement by common action of international obligations."

The failure to carry into effect this part of the Treaty has been held responsible for the triumph of Hitlerism and the present impasse of European affairs. While the militarism of the neighboring countries undoubtedly helped to prepare an atmosphere in Germany favorable to the growth of the Nazi movement, to conclude, in the manner of Mr. Lloyd George, that Hitler would never have won otherwise is a careless assumption which a closer examination of the facts would scarcely bear out, inasmuch as it would be just as easy to show that the fear of Hitler prevented disarmament as to prove the reverse proposition, that the failure to disarm brought about the victory of the Nazis. Let us suppose that the disarmament conference had been a success. To

conclude that Hitler would then have been led to give up his ambition of becoming the German savior would be altogether too naïve, since it is obvious that plenty of subject matter for speech-making would still have been left for him and his followers. The defeat of Germany in the Great War would still have been a fact; and the Jews, the Communists and the Socialists would in any event have furnished sufficient material for agitation. The onset of the world-wide depression after 1929 opened up opportunities for an able demagogue in almost any country, and even if disarmament had actually been accomplished, it is difficult to see how the economic distress of the German masses could have been alleviated thereby. The payment of reparations had a far greater effect on the lives of the people than such matters as the French having too many guns or spending too much money on fortifications; yet even the stoppage of this tribute did not stem the tide of Hitlerism. When all the known facts about the Nazi movement are taken together, there is hardly any reason to assume that an international treaty on arms would have in itself so affected domestic conditions and the interaction of personalities that the struggle for power within Germany would have run its course otherwise than it did.

Another commonly accepted axiom is that the Allies tricked the Germans into disarming by promising to do likewise, and then failed to carry out their promise. No one has been able to show exactly in what way Germany has suffered, nor why her grievances should be greater than those of other European nations whose interest in disarmament was not less real than that of Germany. The representatives of many



countries exerted their efforts on behalf of disarmament with great zeal and have certainly no less reason to be chagrined at its failure than Hitler and his followers. The militarism of the former Allies ought not to be condoned, but to conclude that a definite obligation assumed by the Germans may now be disregarded and that they are free to join in the race is to admit a principle that could only aggravate the present evil. The promise to disarm, in so far as the declaration of intention in the Preamble to Part V of the Treaty is to be considered as a promise made specifically to Germany, was clearly conditioned upon the carrying out of the disarmament provisions of the Treaty, and it is significant that the Control Commission set up by the Allies has never reported that Germany has disarmed to the level required. Aside from the difficulties inherent in the enforcement of a treaty of this kind, even where no questions of bad faith can enter, many instances of violation have in fact come to light, and if not serious enough to render the treaty entirely ineffective, it remains true, none the less, that the Germans have disarmed only in so far as they were actually compelled to do so. Moreover, since no time limit was fixed for the carrying out of the "promise," and general disarmament is admittedly impossible without an agreement of all the important nations of the world, some of whom, such as Soviet Russia and the United States, were not signatories of the Treaty, it may still be too early to assume that bad faith was shown by any particular group of powers. Certainly, no time was lost in taking up the question, for in 1921 the first assembly of the League of Nations addressed itself to the task by appointing

a Preparatory Committee to study the whole question and to consider means of giving effect to Article VIII of the Covenant. This committee, which came to be known as the Temporary Mixed Commission, drew up a Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance upon which the Locarno Pact was later to be founded. Other committees were appointed to draw up technical plans for submission to the various governments preparatory to the summoning of the Disarmament Conference; and it is in its technical features that disarmament met with obstacles which have proven insurmountable.

AT THE time the Allied statesmen made their declaration for a general reduction in armaments, there is reason to believe that they were quite sincere; but their pledge must be understood as having been given not to Germany alone but to the whole world. The occasion seemed most propitious, after the principal despotic governments were overthrown, and the Germans, considered rightly or wrongly to be the champions of militarism, had been defeated. Universal disarmament seemed, at the time, an easy and natural outcome of the greatest of all wars. It might have been apparent, however, that a joint promise to reduce armaments necessitated a further agreement between the promissors *inter se*; and it should be obvious that the failure to reach this agreement was not due to the continuance of any league against Germany on the part of the other nations, but rather to the emergence of a new series of international rivalries which embittered the relations of the former Allies. Disarmament failed for no other reason than the fact that it proved to be an utter impossibility.



The expressed object of a disarmament conference is an international agreement that would strike a balance between the armaments of different nations, at a lower level than they maintain at present, without involving injustice as between one nation and another. When the difficulties involved in this procedure are raised into the clear light of reality they appear formidable enough to make it apparent that conceived according to this method disarmament is entirely unrealizable.

(1) The system of compulsory peacetime military service is something which nations are unwilling to give up, thereby making possible the creation of large reserves which could be added to the standing forces when mobilization takes place.

(2) An even greater complication is that which results from the rapid progress of invention and its application to the ends of war, for undoubtedly the various general staffs would insist on retaining full liberty to experiment in new forms of warfare, being obsessed with fear lest their rivals by means of secret inventions suddenly gain an advantage over them.

(3) No disarmament treaty could include and limit all the vital industrial and economic factors upon which military strength ultimately depends. Thus, weapons useful in war have peacetime uses of great importance, aircraft being the most obvious example. The same thing may be said of poison gas, since the power to produce it on a large scale and at short notice depends on the possession of chemical factories, which are indispensable for many peacetime purposes.

(4) The limitation of arms, even if accepted, would be most difficult to control. As regards certain weapons, such

as fighting ships, supervision might be comparatively easy; nor could an excessive number of troops be drilled and organized in secret. However, large stores of weapons, ammunition and poison gas could be so accumulated, while the merest suspicion of bad faith would itself be sufficient to undermine any treaty.

(5) A treaty on armaments need not put an end to military competition, for the race would only be diverted into other fields left untouched, or in new weapons subsequently developed.

That disarmament, as conceived at the present time, is a delusion has already been demonstrated by past experience. All kinds of difficulties have arisen in the interpretation of the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, while some of them have been disregarded entirely. Thus, the export and import of war material to and from Germany in direct violation of the Treaty has been connived at for years, and it is now recognized that the quantity of her arms and military equipment is a thing entirely beyond control. In the opinion of experts, bombing planes and poison gas will play a decisive rôle in any future conflict, and in a country as industrially organized as Germany these would be available at once. The events which followed the Washington Naval Conference of 1921 teach a similar lesson. A treaty was signed by England, Japan, the United States and France to limit the number of their capital ships. It has been faithfully adhered to by all the contracting parties, yet there is now going on a naval race between them as intense and costly as the one ended by the Washington Conference, the competition having merely been diverted to war vessels of other categories. Disarmament, so



long as it continues to be dealt with as a mathematical problem, is inevitably doomed to failure, partly because no exact ratio of military power can possibly be established between nations, and also because so little account is being taken of the real causes that underlie the competition in armaments. Problems of fundamental importance require a solution before there could be any hope of stopping the further increase in armaments, or reducing them.

THE growth of militarism before 1914 was discussed by Norman Angell in *The Great Illusion*, a book which later events have shown to be prophetic. He postulates the question why it is that each state fears its neighbors and is busy building up armaments; and answers by pointing out that there is a universal assumption that a nation, in order to find outlets for its expanding population and increasing industry, is necessarily pushed to territorial expansion and the exercise of political force against others; and by doing so it stands to further the prosperity of its people. He then goes on to prove with great ability the essential fallacy of this whole doctrine, and to show that in the modern world the commerce and industry of a people no longer depend on the expansion of its political frontiers; that military power is socially and economically futile and can have no relation to the prosperity of the people exercising it; and that it is impossible for one nation to seize by force the wealth and trade of another. According to this writer, the universal acceptance of the fact that it is bound to bring loss to both sides no matter who wins would in itself lessen the probability of war and thereby solve the problem of armaments.

While it is true that at no time in the history of the world has the opposition to war been more pronounced than at the present day, nevertheless, an armed conflict seems no less imminent than in 1909 when Norman Angell penned his celebrated thesis. Even if the belief in its economic usefulness has been dissipated, it must be acknowledged that the possibility of war springs from an even more primitive impulse than that of economic determinism. History teaches that from the beginning, potentates have made war with no incentive other than that of their own egotism and vanity, and in 1914 this motive was not wanting in Germany at least, where a powerful military and aristocratic caste cared less about the economic pros and cons than about the love of glory and the extension of power. Today, no less than formerly, the ambition and pugnacity of dictatorial groups plays an all-important part in raising the expectation of warfare. Beginning with the rise of Mussolini, the last decade has seen the gradual eclipse of democracy throughout the world, and this decline has coincided with the increasing probability of war. To enforce this impression, we have the noteworthy fact that in no instance is there a likelihood of war between two democratic states. War between France and England, or France and Spain, is very improbable and the same may be said as respects other democratic countries bordering on each other. Peace seems assured between Belgium and Holland, Sweden and Norway, Brazil and the Argentine, Canada and the United States. On the other hand, when we come to consider the possible sources of warfare, we find that in every instance at least one of the parties involved is under the power



of a dictator. Japan, which is in the hands of a military clique, has for many years loomed as an antagonist of the United States, and more recently of Soviet Russia. Italy, since the advent of the Mussolini dictatorship, has had strained relations with her two principal neighbors, Jugo-Slavia and France; while republican Germany was not considered a possible focus of war until Hitler became ruler. It will be seen that wherever there is a likelihood of war at least one of the parties concerned is a non-democratic state.

It may be true, to quote Norman Angell, that "for a modern nation to add to its territory no more adds to the wealth of the people of such nation than it would add to the wealth of the Londoners if the City of London were to annex the County of Hertford." But if by any chance his argument should fail to impress Hitler, Mussolini or the Japanese Minister of War, a considerable part of the world's population has reason to expect war and to prepare for it. Given absolute power in the hands of a few and the personal factor becomes uppermost; the economic and moral disadvantages of war are considerations which may be pushed into the background, and bear no weight against the passion of romantic and adventurous men for more power and greater fame. It must be plain to all that a successful war against the Soviets would rejoice the military party in Japan regardless of the economic consequences, while the annexation of more territory by Italy or the re-taking of Alsace by Germany would add immeasurably to the prestige of their respective dictators.

The present danger of war in certain parts of the world arises from the fact that the most vital decisions rest with a mere handful of people, who may or may not be actuated by humanitarian ideals. In the final analysis this threat can only be removed by a revolution in Japan and the collapse of the dictatorship in Germany and Italy. It is easy to see that there would be no more incentive for the United States to enlarge her Pacific fleet once the military party in Japan were overthrown. Similarly, should Italy and Germany get rid of their dictators, the present tension in Europe would relax itself at once. France could then easily venture to reduce her vast military expenditures regardless of any international treaties; and the cumulative impulse of the present for all the nations to increase their armaments might well be converted into a movement everywhere to cut them down. Disarmament is not to be achieved by means of any artificial system of limitations but only through the recognition of the historical background of the problem. The last sixty years have seen a constantly upward trend in military preparations, owing to the prevalent feeling of insecurity and the presentiment of danger; and the true approach to the problem is the establishment of a new set of conditions that would result logically in the reversal of this trend. The creation of a psychological basis for peace is possible only with the return of responsible government and its adoption throughout the world. The reduction of armaments by gradual stages could then be expected to follow in consequence of a new historic process.



# Sons as Lovers

BY HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

*Who diagnoses our national melancholia uneconomically as the effect of romantic love*

WHEN the ingenious Prince of Aquitaine suggested that his attendant lords and ladies spend their elegant leisure in playing his newly invented game of *Merci*, he was unconsciously appealing to something basic and perennial in human nature. He was offering his subjects a straight play-time proposition—with prizes not so Platonic as is generally supposed. The charm of his little game (which under the name of romantic love has enjoyed considerable currency in the Western world) was obviously this: it had nothing to do with marriage, or housekeeping, or child-bearing, or any of the more irksome forms of reality. No, it was something else again—a delicate pastime to divert the minds and, no doubt, elevate the souls of the grand personages who played it. Cavaliers that they were, they did not take the sport too seriously. All the vows of eternal fidelity, all the inflated language of courtship were understood to be merely the props and conventions of the love game, as played by Provençal aristocrats high up on their castled rock.

Down in the valley the common yeomanry performed the prosier chores of existence. These toilers of the glebe had

neither the leisure nor the address to play the love game, so they mated and spawned according to their lights, which, though dim, were fairly natural. The great leveler democracy had not yet brought the vocabulary or usage of romantic love down to their plane, and they certainly did not have to depend on a *carte d'amour* in getting from one place to another. The loutish swain of that day merely went walking with a good sound girl, and after a couple of elementary tests, married her. She, having no illusions about being a goddess or a cup-winning Miss Derbyshire, turned in a good job with the skillet and cradle. It is not recorded that she was abused or neglected by her husband, or—what is more important—she did not *consider* herself abused or neglected.

But all this was long ago and far away. Since then, social erosion (education, revolution—in brief, democracy) has washed the courtly peaks of Provence down to a lowly pene-plain, bringing many of their peculiarly aristocratic customs, including romantic love, down with them. The glittering coins of speech once used as counters in the love game have been debased with plebeian clay, and a mutilated jargon of the love-



courts now issues from the mouths of persons who have neither the wit to understand what they are saying, nor the emotional balance to take the consequences. "I love you"—a statement difficult for a mature person to make, so far-reaching and important are its connotations—is now blubbered, groaned, crooned and whined by millions of persons who are emotionally incompetent to utter the words, to say nothing of basing their lives on them.

Yet that is exactly what has happened in America. Instead of being a game, to be played in leisure moments and for casual stakes, romantic love has become the governing fantasy of our age, the avowed and overt end of millions of lives. As a race we are obsessed by the shimmering image of what we believe to be due us in love, and shrewd exploiters of the public appetite keep that vision dancing erotically before us. The movies have preëmpted the theme and given it such a blinding polish that our eyes are a-dazzle with the possibilities of sexual pleasure—possibilities impossible of attainment unless we make upwards of \$25,000 a year. So many novels have described the devious courses by which one man wins the right to enjoy eternal ecstasy (nothing less) with one woman that the subject is reeling with exhaustion. But the novelists reel right on. Every vocal instrument of the age—the radio, advertising, even education—is engaged in whooping up the romantic clamor. We stand goggling at the mirage that whirls before us, beckoning us onward to taste its special delights. To seize our share of the promised thrills we stretch out both hands, overreach ourselves, lose our balance—and that is where the trouble begins.

What trouble? Well, practically all the trouble in the world.

It was something more than pure accident that led the first exponents of romantic love to cast their invention into game form. It is much more fun to play a game than cope with reality, especially when that game provides in bounteous measure all the excitement and variety that actual life yields so charily. But if we go a step further we shall discover that *games are essentially the occupation of children*, and that the game of romantic love is peculiarly an infantile substitute for reality, a play-dream that has expanded far beyond its original limits, and now magnetizes with its powerful appeal all that is infantile in our lives.

The assertion that romantic love is a return to childhood does not depend upon a Freudian or any other psychoanalytic theory. It has the broadest of possible bases in world literature. In every language, romantic literature thrusts man into the *past*, into the time and place of his greatest happiness—a Garden of Eden, a Golden Age, or a condition of noble savagery. Somewhere in this distant past, promises romanticism, men will find a perfect model of innocence and bliss. Now this same romantic urge thrusts the individual back into his *own* past, deep into the golden age of his departed childhood. "Heaven," says Wordsworth, "lies about us in our infancy"—and the modern psychiatrist puts his seal of approbation on Wordsworth's sentiment. For in infancy, the heaven of mother-love wrapped us in a warm, protective mantle, effectively shielding us from competitive existence. Then, if ever, was it sweet to live! The deep luxury of that mother wave on which we floated so peacefully causes early childhood to seem the happiest era of mortality, a refuge to which we run in



memory and desire when the buffets of maturity fall heaviest upon us.

This desperate longing to revisit the past is the chief pillar of romantic love, the foundation of the immature sex relationship that characterizes American life. We expect to find in our Beloved all the security, the solicitude and sacrificial yielding-up of self that we knew from our mother during the first years of our existence. And romantic love encourages the illusion that such a person can be found!

Consider now the fate of a person under the spell of this illusion. He is, in the chief sector of his emotional life, not more than seven years old; frequently he is even younger. But legally and biologically he is an adult, and because he *looks* like a mature person the world expects him to assume the burdens of maturity: social and family responsibilities, and the custodianship of his own emotional life. To lay a teak log on a puppy's back would be just as sensible, and in many cases just about as successful. For the grown-up infant shrinks from the load: he can not carry it, he does not want to carry it. The acceptance of adult responsibility is the single severest trial that men are ever called upon to meet, and even in the best of cases it is achieved only with hesitation and many partial defeats. To renounce childhood completely is so rare that scarcely one per cent of our population ever emerges from psychic pinafores.

The remainder of us find our lives disastrously complicated at this point by the operation of a blight too grimly familiar in Christian education. From earliest childhood we have been taught that the sexual relationship is somehow reprehensible, degrading, "sinful." Our severity on this point is, happily, a far

cry from the Patristic position of St. Ambrose: "Better that the human race perish, than that it be perpetuated by sexual intercourse." But it can not be denied that the old stains of wrongdoing still deface the body and practice of love. By the time we discover the wholesome truth for ourselves the damage has already been done and we are permanently saddled with a burden that weighs only slightly less than an actual guilt-neurosis.

Add this sense-of-guilt to our infantile yearning for peace at the mother-breast, and you get some idea of the impasse into which romantic love has led us. Now, truly, we are in a dilemma. Desiring in the deepest part of our lives to escape the battle with reality, yet fearing punishment if we seek the guilty Nirvana of love, we are beset by terror and confusion. It is as though we were fleeing from a ferocious lion and sought refuge in a cave which harbored a loathsome serpent. There is no escape but oblivion, and we accept aid from anything that will hasten our descent into the soft maelstrom of surrender.

WHAT are some of the aids to oblivion that guilty, harassed Americans are accepting? What are some of the dodges and escapes we make when the conflict presses too sorely? The list is a long strange one, ranging from stock-gambling to necrophilism, but we can enumerate only a few of the chief items here.

Alcohol and drugs are, of course, primary avenues of escape. The theory that men "drink to forget" needs no elaboration from me; I would point out, however, that they do not always drink (or take drugs) to forget conscious events or states of mind, but that they ply themselves with alcohol and



opiates to hush the querulous protestations of voices rising from deep recesses of the unconscious. These voices are either tormenting accusations of incestuous guilt or pitiful wails of loneliness issuing from the shattered conch of a romantic dream. Orestian shades never persecuted their man more viciously. The victim is always in half-flight, literally "driven to drink" by the pursuing voice of conscience or despair.

When nothing but retreat will satisfy the refugee soul, certain forms of mental disease—notably schizophrenia—are the result. Our men and women are breaking down with alarming frequency between the ages of thirty-five and forty, or just at the time when the burdens of maturity are heaviest. Why? I believe that they break down because their psychic fibres have been systematically weakened since childhood by false hopes and promises of what human beings can be to each other. Specifically, the false promise of romantic love is this: "In a lonely world where every soul is condemned to isolation, men and women can escape both loneliness and conflict, too, by snuggling into each other's arms." It is an attractive thesis, but as every grown person knows, it is but thinly true. The returned affection of those we love can do much for us, but it can never entirely support our lives, or be a spear-proof buckler against adversity. Among those who were taught to believe it could are the schizophrenes who crowd our insane hospitals. They were led to expect more of love than love had power to give, and when disillusionment pressed in upon them, they had no inner strength to withstand the charge. And so they sank down into a dream-realm of their own, transferred their romantic illusions from an outer to an inner world,

and thus achieved in fantasy all that reality could never give them.

"Their own problem," you say. But ours, too, since this type of mental disease costs the taxpayers of the United States approximately \$100,000,000 a year—a pretty tithe to be paying for the perpetuation of a Provençal fable.

Meanwhile divorce rages like a barn-fire in countries where the romantic myth is most prevalent. But what else could be expected? When marriage is so naïvely based on emotional bed-time stories, what will naturally happen when the alarm-clock of reality begins to jangle? When the first biologic flush fades from rose to ash, the awakened dreamers gaze at each other in amazement and revulsion. *This* is not the lollipop we were promised; *this* is not what the radio, the moving-pictures and the women's magazines said it would be like. We have been bilked, we have been cheated; give us back our marbles, we weren't playing for keeps, anyway.

Often, of course, these infantilisms never get uttered, for there are enough stably balanced people in the world to know that a lasting relationship with a member of the opposite sex is the hardest won, most dearly bought purchase a human being can make. They accept the challenge of reality and push onward together, knowing that with their complexion, bank balance and mental limitations they could never do any better anyway. But behind a million marriages there lurks the notion that somehow the romance boat has been missed, and that this particular little hero or heroine deserved a better break. If there is enough cash in the till, a divorce is obtained; if there isn't, the thing drags on miserably, with furtive pecks and darts at extra-marital "romance." It is all so fumbling and pitiful, especially since



the illusion persists that a mere change of partners will make everything nice and romantical once more.

I HAVE thus far canvassed a few of the major social ills which, in my opinion, are traceable to our infantile concept of love. The scroll is black enough, yet I regard these ills merely as *symptoms* of a still graver malady that infects our lives. No observer, however insensitive, can fail to realize that such a malady exists, and that a plague of melancholy defeat is ravaging our society. In an atmosphere of puzzlement and loss we move through days that have lost their bright edge of meaning, performing actions that do not result in happiness, and adhering to formulæ that no longer give us peace. This sense of weariness is confined to no single stratum of society: Wall Street and the Corn Belt hold it in common; the pulpit and the congregation know that something is wrong; poet and physician, teacher and student feel its blight. Is it not time we probed beneath the surface manifestations of mental disease and social restlessness, and located the hidden focus of infection that contaminates our happiness and paralyzes our energy at its source?

I believe that this contamination and paralysis spring from the failure of romantic love to satisfy the emotional needs of mature men and women. I believe that we are deathly sick of hobbling along on the half-crutch of romanticism, subscribing to a code of human relationship that is all played out. It is as though we persisted in blueing our bodies with woad, or went about offering hecatombs to Jupiter—excellent practices in their time, but now so trituated, so stale, that nothing of their original meaning remains. To base our

emotional lives on this crumbled code is to court dry-rot or catastrophe—and a glance at our social structure shows that we are perilously courting both.

A storm of voices will object to my laying the ills of the world at the door of love. "Love," they cry, "is the greatest of spiritual forces at work in the human soul; it is the spark of ultimate hope, and our strongest buttress against the evils that afflict humanity." I agree with this lofty chorus, and wish to point out that my indictments are not leveled against love, but against a false conception of love, a conception that belittles the naked grandeur of this emotion by draping it with *confiserie* trimmings. Matthew Arnold knew the function of genuine love when he wrote, in *Dover Beach*

Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another! for the world which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams  
So various, so beautiful, so new  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept by confused alarm of struggle and flight  
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

"The world is a miserable place, but love will see us through," proclaims the Victorian—but contemporary poets can no longer make such proclamation. Poets, once the special celebrants of love, now have no tongue to affirm its power and glory—for there is no longer any power or glory to affirm. As in Matthew Arnold's time, there is neither joy, nor light, nor peace, nor help for pain (most good poets will tell you that there never were any of these things, anyway), but in addition to this catalogue of negation we have lost faith in romantic love and are pathetically aware of the nothingness in which we beat our wings.



By elevating woman from a chattel to a chatelaine, and by making more palatable the monogamous diet forced upon us by economic necessity, romantic love has made valuable and positive contributions to Western culture. But it is apparent that the beneficial aspects of romanticism have long been exhausted and that we are now in the sick backwash of a stagnant tide. Riding this tide, both life and love grow greenly ill, both are conscious of their futility, their degraded condition, and both yearn for the open sea of a new relationship and a new use.

They do not yearn in vain. For I believe that a new love is developing amongst us, a love no less sexual, no less spiritually stimulating than romantic love, yet utterly free of the ancient props of troubadour myth, queen-beeism and mother worship. Men and women are beginning to suspect that romantic love has strangled the growth of an honester, healthier relationship between the sexes; they recognize that love is not a game, or an escape, or a sin committed at the maternal bosom, but something tougher and more valuable to confused human beings. And they are being aided in this slow process of recognition by at least three forces now operating in the world.

The first of these forces is closely associated with the gradual disappearance of the Pauline and Patristic elements in Christianity. It is no longer fashionable for clergymen to describe the flesh as weak and vile. As a matter of fact, it is occurring to many people that sexual love, being what it is by nature, was originally the source of all good things and every virtue. But centuries of Christian usage reversed this order, saying that to be the source of all good things, sexual love should re-

tain nothing of what it is by nature. It should cloak, gild, or better yet, deny itself. As a result pudor, remorse, furtive immorality, perversion, prudery and an abiding sense of guilt were fused into the most important of human relationships. But today, as this archaic concept of religion loses its hold upon men, sexual love sloughs off the peculiar morality engrafted upon it by Patristic zealots, and once more shows signs of becoming joyous, natural, the best of all good things. There is no further need to deodorize or conceal it, and though certain reactionary moralists may oppose the new love, it is blowing across America like a fresh, strong wind, sweeping the medieval cobwebs of guilt, fear and virgin-worship out of its temple.

Secondly, we are as a race learning to cut the mother-cord. Psychoanalysis has many enemies, but few of them will deny that it has taught us within a comparatively brief time the tragic consequences of the "mother grip" on our lives. Slowly but certainly we are loosening that grip: all along the line—in the child clinic, in education, in literature, art and *practice* we are preparing the next generation to assert its independence of the mother-principle in love. It may never come about that American babies are actually segregated from their mothers—as Spartan infants were, and Russian infants now are—but there is already a noticeable tendency among mothers to guide with a lighter rein, and to relinquish that rein earlier to the child. Secretly, perhaps unconsciously, the women of America are tired of having their sons as lovers, and their lovers as sons.

Lastly, I believe that we are developing in our own age a new appreciation of reality, as opposed to fantasy and



illusion. It may be the hard times of the past five years, or it may be that we are actually growing up, but whatever the cause, we no longer clamor for moons of the impossible. We are establishing a new knowledge and a new idealism, based not on childish myth or adolescent desire, but on something that will serve as a solid base for the stressful adventure of maturity. Upon this base men and women are adjusting themselves, as rapidly as possible, to the

world of actuality. The old play-dreams concerning easy money, rose-windowed faith and a great and perfect love—all these are being whoofed away by the chilly but invigorating breath of a new life-knowledge, depicting the world not as it *might* be, not as it *should* be, but as it *is*. Such knowledge, which is as far above cynicism as romantic love was above the brute, may not portray life as a bed of roses, but it will prevent us from falling on its thorns.

## Morning in the South

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

THE morning, like a living crystal, blue,  
Cloudless and deep . . .

Some god has passed unseen

Leaving an ecstasy in wave and land  
And fragrance of his body on the air,  
A living hush, part awe, part tenderness,  
The promise of the mystery of birth  
Which seems more real than death.

Could time stand still,

Poise with unswerving wing at this one hour  
When life has stepped into immortal paths  
And beauty triumphs like a faultless rose.  
Could this sun stand for ever in this sky  
For ever pouring forth pure morning light,  
This faint warm wind for ever breathe, these boughs  
For ever tremble with such greenery,  
The air still hold its fragrance, and this sea  
Shine like a richer sky to the last verge  
Where both embrace. Why should not this endure,  
This unexpected touch with kinder gods?

Because it passes, it is beautiful.



# The Right to Kill

BY WILLIAM W. GREGG

*In a more rational social order than ours it seems unlikely that present liberals' conception of the sanctity of human life will prevail*

THE death penalty is under fire. Long unpopular with law-breakers, it has seemed of late to be losing favor with the law-abiding. The National League to Abolish Capital Punishment, headed by Clarence Darrow, who saved Leopold and Loeb from the electric chair, has been conducting active campaigns in many States. Attacks upon capital punishment have had front page news value. On the other hand, the shocking increase in kidnapping has, for a time at least, checked this propaganda by arousing a demand for the death penalty. Where lies the truth?

Sooner or later most opponents of capital punishment fall back upon the general proposition that the state has no right to take human life. Dr. George W. Kirchway says: "Why assume the prerogative of Almighty God?" That society or the individual has no right under any circumstances whatever to take human life, whether in defensive warfare or to save one's life or the life of another, is seldom asserted. Absolute non-resistance is rare in Western nations. It is usually based on religious conviction and is therefore not a matter for argument. The more common

belief that the state has no right to take life as a penalty for crime may also rest on religious grounds. More often it is a somewhat vague sentiment which reflects the humanity of our day as contrasted with the brutality of past ages. The sentiment, however, should not go unchallenged merely because its evolution is understandable, or because it is held by not a few persons of prominence.

It may be noted that practically all the great religions have sanctioned the taking of life in war and for the punishment of offenses not only, as at present, against the state or the individual, but frequently for offenses primarily against religion; as witness the executions of heretics and witches through all the ages. Surely, if nature has been "red in tooth and claw," the leading ecclesiastical systems of mankind have been no less bloody. Yet the cruelty of one hundred and forty-five different capital crimes in England only a little over a century ago should not make us unthinkingly jump to the opposite extreme and hold that no crime whatever is deserving of death.

What life is we do not now know and may never know. Bio-chemistry has not



yet solved the problem. Nevertheless, an inquiry into the reasons which have motivated man both to preserve and to destroy human life may shed some light upon what society's future attitude should be.

A CLOSELY related topic is that of sub-human life. Primitive man revelled in slaughter, whether of men or animals, and often apparently for slaughter's sake alone. Rome popularized on a gigantic scale fights of all kinds to the death between men and wild beasts. Vestigial remains of this same taste for killing are seen today in unsportsmanlike forms of hunting, in bull-fights and in the combats between wild animals which feature many African films. In striking contrast are the views of Mahatma Gandhi, quoted by a recent visitor as follows:

"I seldom wear leather sandals, because I can never be sure that they have been made from the hide of a cow that has died a natural death. It would be repulsive to me if I thought that I walked on the skin of a beautiful animal that had been slaughtered to flatter my vanity. The East has long held to the sanctity of all life."

Of course, from a scientific viewpoint neither human life nor brute life possesses sanctity. Yet neither is understandable. Neither can be produced in the laboratory. Each is equally a "gift of the Creator." Western theology, by attributing a soul to man alone gives human life a peculiar significance. Eastern philosophy, by also attributing a soul to animals and by the doctrine of transmigration, gives unity to all life.

It is estimated that poverty-stricken India supports seventy million head of useless cattle at a total annual cost of 588 millions of dollars. This might be

attributed to the peasant's affection for the animal which shares his toil were it not for the cruelty with which he often treats it. Even more incomprehensible is the fact that his veneration for life includes dangerous wild beasts and venomous reptiles, notwithstanding a death toll of over 21,000 human lives from snake bites alone in 1927. Elsewhere throughout the East there persists this same aversion to the direct taking of animal life. The Chinese camel driver never kills a sick or injured camel lest its spirit trouble the caravan, but unconcernedly leaves it behind to die in the desert. The Western cowboy, in contrast, will use his last cartridge to end the sufferings of his injured horse. In hunting turtles for their shells the devout Hindu does not kill the animal outright, but turns it over on its back and lets it die of starvation. He argues that it then dies by the will of the gods and not by any act of man; that since the gods do not assist it to regain its footing their manifest will is that it should perish to benefit mankind. A like sophistry has been used by Gandhi himself. He was asked if it be a sin to kill a mad dog. After some evasions he finally answered that a mad dog must not be killed, but it need not be fed.

The practice of such beliefs leaves much to be desired. Not only are domestic animals far better treated in Western lands, although not allowed to die of injuries and old age, but millions of Hindus could be themselves better nourished if not burdened with the support of useless domestic animals; while thousands of lives annually could be saved by destroying dangerous reptiles and beasts of prey. In short, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, as evidenced by India, land of the suttee,



belief in the "sanctity of all life" mitigates against due regard for human life; that human life there is cheap largely on account of the very sanctity attributed to brute life; that in actual operation the two ideas are essentially antagonistic.

The roots of the prevailing Western belief in the sanctity of human life are lost in antiquity. The "Curse of Cain" has come down the ages. Long before the traditional "Thou shalt not kill" thundered from Sinai similar prohibitions were in force. They contained so many exceptions, however, express or implied, or were so often breached with impunity that one is tempted to conclude that, until comparatively recent times, there has never been a definite crime of murder.

Social attitudes toward the prevention or destruction of human life may be grouped as follows:

(1) Celibacy. Arguments for such a state are almost entirely of a religious nature. The non-religious viewpoint has usually been negative or hostile.

(2) Emasculating operations. Including the mutilations practised in former ages and the modern sterilization of the unfit as recommended by eugenics and enforced by law in some states. More than 16,000 sterilization operations have been performed in the United States and about 400,000 operations are expected under the new sterilization law just enacted in Germany.

(3) Contraceptives. The conservative religious attitude is largely hostile. Secular opinion is divided, but is apparently coming to favor birth control information and practice for the married.

(4) Abortion. Disapproved under any circumstances by the Roman

Catholic Church. Otherwise generally condemned unless necessary to save the life of the mother.

(5) Infanticide and the killing of the aged or infirm. Anciently practised by many peoples, now condemned by civilized society; subject, however, to certain exceptions hereafter mentioned.

(6) Suicide. Formerly condemned by church and state, now regarded with more leniency. Common in the East as a means of disgracing an enemy or of registering one's devotion to a person or cause, as witness Gandhi's threats of starvation in order to promote the cause of the Untouchables.

(7) Killing of human beings in general. Now prohibited universally except in war, in defense of human life and as punishment for certain extreme crimes such as treason, murder, kidnapping, rape, etc. Twelve States have the death penalty for kidnapping. Only eight are without any capital punishment. In Soviet Russia any crime against the state may be punishable by death.

Regarding abortion, the secular view is that the mother should always be saved at the expense, if necessary, of the unborn; thus showing that human life before birth is somehow inferior to life after birth. This is further shown by the laws now in force. In New York State, for example, the deliberate killing of an unborn child without any surgical necessity therefor is punishable only by from one to four years' imprisonment. An extreme illustration comes from Soviet Russia where at one time the Government in certain districts furnished women, whether married or unmarried, with free surgical and hospital care for abortions in all cases where the child would be unwelcome. This practice, however repel-



lent, may be viewed as the logical corollary of birth control by making it one hundred per cent perfect.

AS REGARDS certain exceptional cases of infanticide and the killing of the aged or infirm, and suicide, public opinion is not altogether settled. It is more than possible that the law on these matters may undergo considerable change in the not distant future.

To be specific, it is commonly supposed that in the case of human monstrosities the attending physician takes the law into his hands and sees to it that such mistakes of nature do not live. Nevertheless, many children are born so deformed or conspicuously handicapped that it would be a mercy to themselves and to their parents if they did not live. But now live they legally must if medical science can keep the spark of life alive. At the other end of the span of life are the aged and decrepit, including the sufferers from painful and incurable disease of all ages who long for death and of whom their dearest friends say: "It would be a blessing if they could be taken." To keep such persons alive to suffer hopelessly seems the refinement of cruelty, a cruelty often prolonged by the very advance in medical science which enables the skilful practitioner to prolong life when he can not save it or even make it tolerable.

Take the stronger case of the deliberate administering of a fatal opiate or poison as an act of humanity by a friend or relative no longer able to stand the strain of witnessing the agony of a lingering death and of opposing the entreaties of the sufferer. Several recent instances have shown that when the facts are undisputed juries will acquit the so-called "mercy slayer," and

without any resort to the insanity dodge. Euthanasia, a "happy or easy death or death for a good purpose," is accordingly demanding legal recognition. It has already been recognized by the new criminal codes of Denmark and Czechoslovakia. Furthermore, the Prussian Ministry of Justice has just recommended a law whereby licensed doctors, upon the certificate of two official state physicians and the consent of the afflicted person and his family, may end the lives of persons suffering from incurable disease. All of which goes to show that in certain by-no-means-rare situations modern opinion not only does not condemn but even praises homicide, all laws to the contrary notwithstanding.

Similarly with regard to suicide, formerly under the ban both of church and society. As the suicide was beyond all earthly punishment, ignominy was heaped on him in generous measure after death. By ancient custom his body must be buried at the cross roads with a stake through his chest. By the charitable fiction of temporary insanity a more liberal view now prevails, although it is still a crime to attempt suicide and although the Roman Catholic Church may still exclude the bodies of suicides from consecrated ground. Over a generation ago the Reverend Thomas K. Beecher, a prominent Congregational clergyman, created a sensation by proposing to legalize suicide. While recognizing that most suicides occur during some temporary emotional stress and so are morally and socially indefensible, he yet felt that self-destruction is sometimes justifiable. His plan was to have the prospective suicide present his case to a carefully selected committee. Undoubtedly many lives now rashly taken could be



saved through the advice and counsel of such a committee, while hopeless sufferers would be enabled to escape further misery without the stigma that now attaches to suicide.

Dean Inge of St. Paul's, London, recently approved of "a modification of the traditional Christian law which absolutely prohibits suicide in all circumstances," for he could not believe "that God willed the prolongation of torture for the benefit of the soul of the sufferer." To the same effect is the opinion of Dr. Green, Canon of Manchester, that sane Christian ethics justifies, under extreme conditions, the ending of one's own life or the administration of easy death to a sufferer. He supposes the case of a victim of malignant cancer of the larynx, incurable and certain to end in an agonizing death, and concludes: "Under such circumstances, might not both church and state allow a man, under due safeguards, to end his life painlessly?" In 1931 an Illinois Medical Association went on record as favoring the administration of a painless death sleep to imbeciles and sufferers from incurable diseases. A university professor recently discovered an imbecile girl confined for seventeen years in a cell in a county home. He was criticized in some quarters for suggesting that she be given a lethal hypodermic to end her misery, and yet we would not allow an animal so to suffer. In short, moderns are coming to revolt at the old idea that we should strive by every medical means to prolong, rather than painlessly end, the sufferings of one hopelessly stricken or dying, even when the sufferer is pleading for the delivery of death.

The practice of infanticide and the killing of the aged and infirm formerly

had a utilitarian basis, for these groups were often a serious burden upon the limited resources of the primitive community, especially in famine and warfare. Little consideration for the slain was involved. Conversely, any such death sleep as suggested would be motivated solely by sympathy and humanity.

PASSING over the destruction of life in war, to which modern civilization now gives a reluctant sanction, there remains to consider the destruction of human life as a penalty for crime. The objection is at once raised that on account of the "sacredness of life" the state has no right to take human life.

High-sounding shibboleths are no longer exempt from critical examination. Moral codes founded on authority claiming a supernatural origin, unless supported by reason, are no longer acceptable to thinking men. The aim of modern ethics is to secure "the maximum of attainable happiness for mankind." The state consequently has the right to decide, in the light of all known facts and untrammelled by any dogmas or superstitions of the past, whether capital punishment is a better crime preventative than a lesser penalty. The eye-for-an-eye theory of punishment is outmoded. Most of us are doubtful about the propriety of taking life merely to punish the murderer or to avenge his victim. We have, however, a very keen self-interest in protecting the living, including ourselves, from possible murderers.

Extravagant claims are made by supporters of the League to Abolish Capital Punishment. The late Dr. Frank Crane went so far as to assert that capital punishment "defeats the very purpose for which it is prescribed. It is supposed to



deter people from murder. As a matter of fact it increases a tendency to commit crime." Just why, other things being equal, the go-getting gunman should prefer to practise his profession in a State having capital punishment is a little obscure. Another writer broadly says: "During no state or period in the history of our social evolution does it appear that punishment ever checked crime." Surely a discouraging statement if true. It is commonly supposed that the summary hangings by the Vigilantes in California in 1851, for instance, checked the prevalent crimes of robbery, murder and horse-stealing.

More guarded are the statements of Warden Lawes of Sing Sing Prison, a leading official of the League. He says: "It is not the nature of the penalty which deters, but the certainty with which a penalty of some sort will be applied." This is the stock argument of the opponents of the death penalty, but is obviously not valid. Assume, for example, that the penalty of a short jail sentence invariably followed murder. Would murder then decrease? On the contrary, he would be a most unbusinesslike gunman who could not profit enough from his killings and kidnappings to warrant brief sojourns in a modern penal institution. However, why mention at all "certainty" of enforcement when no such thing is possible? No police system can ever be one hundred per cent perfect. Inevitably many murders will always remain unsolved and the murderers go unpunished no matter what the penalty. Reducing a penalty can never bring about "certainty" of its enforcement.

Warden Lawes also claims that life imprisonment has a far greater deterring effect than the death penalty. "The executed man passes quickly from the

mind while the criminal in life imprisonment remains a living symbol of the awful consequences of an awful act." This claim must create surprise in view of the strenuous efforts almost invariably made by the criminal to escape the death penalty in favor of a life sentence. The famous Leopold-Loeb trial was popularly accounted a signal victory for the defense in obtaining at great expense for counsel fees only life sentences for the accused. A woman in Ohio who killed her husband with a hammer and was recently sentenced to "life" imprisonment was reported to be "in high spirits and buoyed up by the hope of a parole in eight or ten years and the knowledge that she had escaped a possible death penalty." Seven States have gone back to capital punishment. Evidently life imprisonment did not prove a satisfactory check to murder. Moreover, no life sentence is beyond the possibility of pardon or commutation. Consequently few criminals would not choose "life" imprisonment rather than the utter finality of the electric chair. Otherwise "lifers" generally would commit suicide. Few do. Criminals before trial may talk theatrically about preferring a death sentence to one for life, but such a plea is almost unknown. The average criminal will, like every one else, fight hardest to escape death. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." The penalty the criminal dreads most is concededly the most effective crime deterrent.

An obvious distinction should be taken between murders that are strictly "crimes of passion" and so committed under great emotional stress or provocation, even if technically murders in the first degree, and other killings that are so deliberately planned and executed as to evince an utter depravity and inhu-



manity. Murders of the first class can be but little checked by any kind of punishment or degree of certainty of punishment, or by both together. Murders of the second class, however, including especially commercialized murders growing out of kidnapping, racketeering, robbery and other crimes, are undoubtedly controllable to a very considerable degree both by the severity of the penalty and the likelihood of its enforcement. In brief, the more serious the business risk connected with murder the fewer murders by professional criminals, at least. Just now it is the professional criminal, the racketeer, kidnapper and murderer for profit, who is our chief problem. If he can be convinced that murder as a business is too dangerous for his own life, murder by professionals will stop.

THE nation's annual crime bill is estimated at thirteen billions of dollars. Every year in the United States about 12,000 persons are murdered, 3,000 kidnapped, 100,000 assaulted, 50,000 robbed and 40,000 places are burglarized. About 400,000 persons make their living from crime in this country. Our murder rate is seven times that of Canada and seventeen times that of England. About one murderer out of a hundred is executed here as compared with about one in ten executed in England and Wales. Granting that these figures include murders of all kinds, for some of which the death penalty is not prescribed, the picture is still sufficiently depressing. No wonder we are called the most lawless of all civilized nations. The disgrace of lynching is concededly due in large measure to lax law enforcement. Of special significance is the fact that lynching, racketeering and kidnapping are unknown abroad. Judge Cava-

naugh says: "England has wiped out predatory murder by strictly enforcing the death penalty." Murder is ten times safer here than in England. What wonder, then, that predatory murder flourishes here?

One reason for the comparatively few convictions for murder in this country is the insanity plea. Many murder trials are now mere contests of professional skill between opposing alienists. Of course, if one is legally insane, *i.e.*, if he does not know the nature and quality of his act and does not know that the act is wrong, he is neither morally nor legally responsible. This general principle has given rise to manifold refinements, if not evasions, by which, under pleas of "emotional insanity" popularly known as "brainstorm," "irresistible impulse," "emotional and volitional underdevelopment," "psychopathic personality," "emotional instability," "emotional explosion," "confusional depression," "situation psychosis" and similar terms—elusive as to definition and so easily adaptable to almost any facts in evidence—juries are often persuaded to acquit those charged with murder. In the recent McCormick case in New York an attractive young woman smuggled to her husband in jail a pistol with which he killed a keeper. The Court charged the jury she might be acquitted if suffering from "confusional or epochal insanity." She was acquitted.

Last year the New York Crime Commission recommended a small, impartially chosen committee of alienists to report to the court in every case of doubt as to the defendant's sanity. Many bar associations have advocated similar action. Judge Cardozo recently urged the appointment of a committee of both medical men and lawyers to re-



define insanity as an excuse for crime. The imperative need of these reforms was shown by the Remus case in Ohio. That notorious "bootleg king" who killed his wife was found not guilty by the jury "on the sole ground of insanity." A few months later he was freed from the State Hospital for the Criminal Insane by the verdict of another jury which found him sane. That such a farce is possible under the guise of law is a scandal of American jurisprudence. The practical result of the insanity defense is that many sane murderers escape punishment; other homicides who are hopelessly insane are confined in asylums where they remain a life-long source of danger to their keepers and to other inmates; while not a few insane homicides are later discharged as cured who will always be dangerous as potential killers.

Under modern humane methods of hospital management it is impossible to avoid the ever-present danger of assault by the criminal insane, as shown by the yearly toll of killed and injured inmates, keepers and attendants. An insane man on a county poor farm in Iowa drove his keeper into a corner with a brandished knife. The keeper remonstrated: "If you kill me they will hang you." "Oh, no, they won't," said the lunatic. "They can't, because I'm insane." The same argument was recently used by a killer who had escaped from an institution for mental defectives. The situation of an inmate of an asylum for the criminal insane is like that of a murderer under a life sentence. Except for hurting his chances for release, a murder committed by a "lifer" would go practically unpunished in a State having no capital punishment. For this reason most opponents of capital punishment concede that it should be retained as to

murder committed by life convicts. The common sense of this concession is more conspicuous than its consistency. If the State has no right to take life for one murder, why may it take life for a second murder?

Two generations ago in Massachusetts several children were found brutally slain. The details of the killings were unprintable. A seventeen-year-old boy by the name of Jesse Pomeroy was convicted of the crime. Insanity as a defense had not then reached its present state of popularity or it undoubtedly would have been pleaded on the theory of the Hickman case, where the very gruesomeness of his killing of a ten-year-old girl was claimed to be conclusive evidence of his insanity. Nevertheless, he was declared sane and suffered death for his crime. Pomeroy, however, escaped the gallows on account of his youth, and in 1876 began a life sentence which lasted until his death a short time ago at the advanced age of seventy-three. Repeated efforts to free him failed, because of evidence that his desire to kill persisted to the end. He had to be closely guarded, for he made numerous attempts to escape.

Several questions are suggested. If society has no right to take life, what right has it to wreck a life by keeping it behind prison bars for fifty-six years? And if, as all agree, society must at all hazards and even by the living death of a literal life imprisonment protect its citizens from known killers, why may it not permanently remove such killers by euthanasia? As between a painless death sleep or a virtual burial alive for over half a century in Charlestown State Prison, which alternative is the more humane? And what about the expense of keeping alive something in human form that is yet not human because it



has a bestial bloodlust for the lives of innocent children? The same problem is presented as to the insane whenever the disease is certainly permanent. Is not the lethal draught or undetected poison gas preferable not only for the criminal insane, but also for all hopelessly insane who for their own safety or for the safety of society are now doomed to life imprisonment?

THE reluctance of modern juries to bring in death verdicts is sometimes due to a feeling that the murderer is not responsible for his act in that he has not had a fair chance in life; that he is the product of a criminal environment for which society is to blame.

The problem of human responsibility has been debated down the ages, but its solution seems no nearer. The criminal jurisprudence of Western nations is based on the prevailing view that every sane individual is a free moral agent and therefore responsible for his acts. This view Clarence Darrow rejects. He asserts that we are all mere puppets or automata and denies the right of society to punish any slayer with death. The question he raises, however baffling to the philosopher, seems academic here. For even if the slayer be a mere automaton and the logical result of a slum environment, or if his criminal bent be merely the product of his endocrine glands, he is none the less a menace from which society must be protected. So why should he not be humanely destroyed?

The instinct of vengeance, although abhorrent to criminology and the highest religious sentiments; nevertheless is most persistent. It is apt to crop out at any time in mob violence and lynching. Whenever we hear of a peculiarly atrocious crime such as the kidnapping or

murdering of children we find ourselves instinctively saying of the criminals: "Hanging is too good for them." Unconsciously we take the viewpoint of past ages when inflicted death was made as horrible as possible. If, however, it were generally recognized that criminals, like the rest of us, are not free agents, however much we all act and have to be treated as such in our social relations, all idea of vengeance would necessarily be eliminated. For such a feeling can not be aroused by an animal or a mechanism, no matter how dangerous to human life. Insanity, if of a certainly permanent type, would then have to be abolished as a defense for murder. Legal insanity of a non-permanent type would still remain a defense, the criminal then being confined in the hope of his subsequent recovery.

The general acceptance of a mechanistic view of conduct would probably bring about in time a change in the kind of death penalty inflicted. One State already uses lethal gas for executions and two other States have just adopted it. Although shooting, hanging, the guillotine and the electric chair are all practically certain and instantaneous deaths, considerable mental suffering is involved. This could be largely removed by euthanasia, or by giving the condemned criminal his choice of a painless death. Doubtless society would be the gainer by using the most humane method of execution possible, for it would then be clear to the criminal classes that the death penalty is not due to revenge, but is actuated solely by regard for the safety of society.

PERHAPS the principal reason, aside from an occasional maudlin sentimentalism, for the relatively few convictions for murder in this country is



that both juries and the public at large do not regard all legal murders as equally deserving of punishment. A homicide resulting from a feud battle between two sworn enemies, for instance, each of whom has been openly trying to kill the other, is certainly of a different class from the unprovoked killing of a woman or child. One murder leaves us cold. The other makes us see red.

It is arguable that, similarly, the law might well recognize some further limitation of first degree murder to conform more closely to modern views on certain killings, perhaps deliberate and premeditated from a legal viewpoint, but committed nevertheless under great stress or provocation. This situation, however, is usually handled equitably by the jury, both by giving the accused the benefit of every possible doubt as to premeditation and by the fiction of an irresistible impulse. Similarly the accused is given the benefit of every doubt in cases based on circumstantial evidence. The so-called "unwritten law," whether pleaded or not, often sways our juries. In France juries are especially lenient towards the "*crime passionelle*." There is, then, a twilight zone of legal first-degree murder where both modern criminology and popular sentiment regard the death penalty as unjustified; but in such cases juries here rarely inflict the death penalty. The complaint against our juries is not that they are too severe, but far too lenient.

As regards the great majority of undoubted first-degree murders, nevertheless, including especially cold-blooded killings for profit by professional criminals, there seems to be no valid social or scientific reason to discard the death penalty. Why should the State of Illinois, like the State of

Massachusetts in the Pomeroy case, be put to the expense of guarding for life deliberate "thrill slayers" like Leopold and Loeb? If the perpetrators of the Lindbergh crime should ever be captured why should they be supported for life at the taxpayers' expense? Have they not deliberately forfeited all right to live? Three of our Presidents have been assassinated. President Roosevelt narrowly escaped a bullet intended for him, but which killed the Mayor of Chicago. President Lincoln's murderer was killed in resisting arrest and the other three were executed. It is difficult to see how justice would have been better served had these cold-blooded assassins been given life sentences or sent to asylums under insanity pleas.

So-called "life" imprisonment in the United States really means, on account of parole systems, time allowances for good behavior and possible pardons, an average confinement of not much over a dozen years. Most deliberate and professional killers will commit further murder if the opportunity offers. They often commit several murders before being brought to trial. Not infrequently they attempt to intimidate witnesses and even judges by threatening to "get" them later. With the large financial resources often available to the underworld it is impossible always to prevent the smuggling of arms and tools to convicts. Many murders both in and out of prison are committed by "lifers" after their conviction, especially in prison riots, escapes and attempted escapes. Consequently, a life sentence does not guarantee, and never can guarantee, no more murder by the "lifer." It necessarily follows that, entirely apart from any deterring effect on others, society is far better protected by the death sentence than by the life sentence.



The executed murderer doesn't commit more murder. The "lifer" frequently does.

"Medium security" prisons cost over \$2,500 per inmate. Costs of supposedly "escape-proof" prisons of the fortress type for desperate and long-term criminals are two or three times as great. Doubtless future civilizations will note with amazement the meticulous care with which, at enormous expense, we often preserve the lives of such extreme anti-social elements as condemned kidnappers, bandits and professional gunmen, while denying euthanasia to the hopelessly insane and the sufferers from incurable disease. In fact, modern methods of dealing with crime often seem to be a reversal of nature's law, "so careful by the type, so careless of the

single life," by showing an extraordinary solicitude for the murderer at the expense of the great mass of law-abiding citizens who furnish in large measure his victims. Every forty minutes some one is murdered in the United States. Who of us may be next?

With the coming of a more rational social order that will be better able to revalue from a scientific viewpoint the old tabus regarding the taking of human life, it is possible to foresee the emergence of a socialized purpose to eliminate such human life as shows itself conspicuously either inhuman, or unhuman, or unable to function happily; in order thereby to help bring about a safer and fuller living for that normal humanity which holds the hope of the future.





# Mothers in Fiction

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

*Among the many curious emancipations of late years is the fiction-mother's release from early death or imbecility*

MOTHERS have lost most of their importance. Lost it, at least, in so far as their rôle in present-day fiction is concerned. From beings theoretically regarded as little short of divine, of powers almost omnipotent in their relation to their offspring, whose past, present and future alike they were supposed to influence strongly, if not altogether to control, they have degenerated into very little more than so many bystanders. Even though, as persons, they may be both notable and influential, as mothers they are completely ineffective. Whatever part they may play in business, society, arts or civics, in the lives of their grown and even in those of their less than half-grown sons and daughters they count, according to our fictionists, for just about nothing at all. And this entirely aside from any degree of virtue, intelligence or decision of character they may possess. Yet never before were there so many, and such admirable mothers in fiction as at the present time.

It is in truth this very loss of importance which has swelled the ranks of the likable fiction-mothers, by making it possible for them to continue their existence on this earth. In those days when the cult of the female parent was

working over-time and in full force, those days when mothers, as mothers, were conventionally canonized and popularly expected to be perfect embodiments not only of self-sacrifice and every other virtue, but of all kinds of wisdom as well, there were two things, and only two, that a novelist could do if he—or she—wanted to get the heroine into difficulties. And a heroine without difficulties simply wouldn't be any heroine at all. An author could, if he chose, make his heroine's, or for that matter his hero's, mother a complete fool, since even in that comparatively optimistic period the fact was recognized that maternity, however sacrosanct, did not necessarily produce or imply intelligence. This method was popular, as the abundance of moronic mothers in Victorian and in Edwardian fiction testifies. If, however, the writer for any reason objected to portraying the mother of his heroine as an utter fool, perhaps feeling that he was arranging trouble enough for the poor thing without adding a silly mother to her burdens, the only other thing he could do was to exercise the fictionist's most valuable privilege, and "kill off" the inconvenient parent.

The mortality rate among fiction



mothers of ordinary brain power was terrific. Few survived the first chapter, and if one of them did contrive to live a little longer, it was simply in order that she might presently provide the novel with one of those deathbed scenes long the keenest joy of fiction. Fathers survived quite frequently, but mothers perished literally by the hundreds; a single ray of intelligence, however faint, sufficed to seal the doom of any one of them. To the Victorian novelist, executing the heroine's mother was even more a matter of routine than depriving the aforesaid heroine of her virtue before starting his opening chapter is to the truly modern writer of today. Charlotte Brontë hesitated not at all, but made a clean sweep of all her heroines' mothers, and for good measure, despatched their fathers also. Jane Eyre, Lucy Snowe, Shirley Keeldar and Frances Henri are every one of them orphans before the first chapter begins. Jane Austen, less—or more?—ruthless, killed off the mothers of two of her heroines, secured the absence of a third, and presented the three others as exceedingly silly. Dickens and George Eliot followed the same methods; so did Thackeray, while Walter Scott, kindly soul that he was, executed his heroines' mothers with the utmost neatness, promptness and regularity, and usually made assurance doubly sure by exterminating those of his heroes too.

**T**HOUGH a tacit it was certainly a tremendous compliment that these and the vast majority of before-the-War writers paid the average woman. For their supposition and that of their readers, one so much taken for granted that any sort of comment on it was considered superfluous, was that, given the

wise and loving guidance of what was then known as "a good mother," no heroine could possibly get into difficulties enough to provide a novel with the requisite number of pages. Robert Browning was not a novelist, but he permitted his Mildred of *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon* to sum up this point of view quite perfectly, and in the fewest possible words:

I was so young, I loved him so, I had  
No mother, God forgot me, and I fell.

Today, of course, no heroine even in her wildest or most atavistic moments would ever dream of pleading her extreme youth as an excuse for anything. The younger she is, the better she knows; or ought to know; or at any rate, thinks she knows. Nor does any young woman of today ever "fall." Most certainly not. She merely acquires sex experience. (A change of viewpoint which incidentally has deprived the hard-working fictionist of more than one favorite and well-tried plot.) But even in the days when hidden pitfalls dotted the path of a self-respecting heroine, it was confidently assumed that if mother were not an imbecile her presence would provide a complete safeguard, preventing the heroine not only from tumbling into the gulf, but even from so much as trembling on the brink. If with such wise, loving and dependable guardianship at hand she nevertheless persisted in slipping, she was obviously one who had no desire to walk straight and upright, and was consequently quite unfit for the position of heroine.

Since depravity was then regarded as undesirable, and such pathological cases as that of Michael Arlen's lady with *The Green Hat* comparatively unpopular in fiction, the only reliable



method of permitting a heroine to wander yet keep the reader's regard was to assassinate her mother; preferably before beginning the book: unless the writer, as happened but very rarely, were subtle enough to make that mother a Lady Esmond, whose exasperating virtues would permit a Beatrix to go to practically any lengths, and still not forfeit the reader's sympathy. But if it was merely desirable that the heroine should make comparatively unimportant mistakes or find life somewhat difficult, then it sufficed to portray mother as a Mrs. Bennet or a Mrs. Nickleby, whose congenital imbecility compelled their daughters to find their own way amid the gins and pitfalls sure to besprinkle their paths for from one to three volumes. Even heroes, though far more latitude was allowed them than was ever permitted to heroines, in the matter of mothers as in every other, were liable to find themselves at least partly orphaned at an extremely early age.

But this belief in the advisability of a general extermination of mothers has to a very great extent disappeared from our recent fiction. Not entirely. The mother of that well-known person, *Anthony Adverse*, went, it will be remembered, to an extremely early grave, and was herself a half-orphan. Sinclair Lewis assassinated the mother of *Ann Vickers* no less promptly than did H. G. Wells the mother of *Ann Veronica*. Hugh Walpole saw to it that his *Vanessa* was safely interred before he allowed her daughter Sally to mess up her life with the aid of an undesirable young man. But among the more notable three or more volume family histories recently completed, this of the Herries is the only one which employs the old-time favorite device. In each

of the other three, mother is alive, intelligent and totally without influence. Consider Lady Cherrell and her two daughters, Clare and Dinny. Lady Cherrell is represented as a charming woman whose husband after many years of marriage is still deeply in love with her. But so far as Clare and Dinny are concerned, she is of such very small importance as to be little short of entirely negligible.

THAT her mother is quite rightly not the least enthusiastic over her engagement to Wilfrid Desert troubles Dinny practically not at all, while Clare, when she leaves her husband and positively refuses to return to him under any conditions whatsoever, does not give her mother her reasons. Dinny is one of the loveliest of modern heroines, brave and high-spirited, warm-hearted and loyal and generous, but throughout the three volumes of her history there is scarcely one of her relatives who does not have a larger share of her confidence than is bestowed upon her mother, scarcely one who is not more genuinely important in her life. Yet the little we see of Lady Cherrell leaves us convinced that she is not merely a likable but a lovable woman, by no means lacking in intelligence or sympathy, a mother who might well have proved a very good friend indeed to her daughters.

Scarcely more, perhaps even less important to the next generation is Judith Hillington, mother and step-mother of J. D. Beresford's *The Young People*. Judith was intelligent, and in her youth had been considered extremely modern, but from her children she won little love and less confidence, her influence over them being a minus quantity. She could not prevent the younger Judith



from departing with a married man, nor Clare from herself making a mistaken marriage, nor Miles from falling victim to the wiles of Anitra. As for the conclusion of Avis Bryden's history, related by Eden Phillpotts in *A Shadow Passes*, it is largely involved with the failure of her effort to bring her son Peter to her own way of thinking, or at least to rouse in him some reaction such as she desires. Yet Avis Bryden could scarcely be regarded as lacking either keenness of wit or force of character. No woman could possibly commit as many murders as she did, planning and carrying them out so adroitly as to remain quite unsuspected, and at the same time live her life in such an apparently admirable manner as to win the respect of all and sundry, without a good brain and an exceptionally large endowment in the way of energy and will-power.

Lady Cherrell, it must be confessed, was a gentle soul, who if required to swat a fly would, one feels, do so only with reluctance and a strong sense of being required to fulfill an obnoxious though perhaps patriotic duty, while Avis Bryden went on serenely murdering any and every one who chanced to get in her way. Certainly the two women had little in common; little, that is, except their lack of importance to their children, and influence over them. Peter Bryden did, it is true, feel his mother's death as a good deal of a relief; that habit of killing people which seemed to be growing on her threatened at any moment to prove inconvenient, and in so far as her potentialities in that respect troubled him, she did matter to him. But her manner of obtaining importance is one scarcely to be recommended to mothers in general. Nevertheless, it

must be admitted that Lady Cherrell, who seems to have had no criminal tendencies of any kind, was scarcely so much as a shadow in Dinny's life, less significant even than the mother of Lily Mars, who, as Booth Tarkington tells us, did occasionally provide her daughter with a convenient excuse for doing something or for leaving it undone.

Pearl S. Buck has recently written an entire and a remarkably fine novel on *The Mother*. By using a Chinese peasant woman whose name we never know as the book's central figure, she has made it possible to present an embodiment of the primitive, just-above-the-animal type of parent. This kind of mother, while not precisely turning against her young nor becoming indifferent to them as soon as they are grown, loves best those who retain longest the characteristics of babyhood. She delights in bearing, feeding and tending her children; but she has not intelligence enough to grasp their need of anything more. She sees her younger son's resemblance to his father and loves him for it, because it was through his father, "the man," as Mrs. Buck calls him, that she was able to fulfill her function of giving birth; she loves this same younger son, too, for his childishness and his irresponsibility; but of his inner life she knows precisely nothing, so that his arrest as a Communist merely bewilders her. Her lack of thought for her unhappy little daughter is perhaps typical of China, where girl-children are of small account, but it is more probably a trait of her own special type, that primitive type of motherhood which is primarily and almost exclusively physical. The mother of Mrs. Buck's novel is possessive; she loves best what is tiny and young and helpless, clings to her, depends on her,



allows her to feel superior. The elder son, who helps her as best he can and tries, boy though he is, to play a man's part, alienates her by his very reliability; her daughter's blindness awakens no love but only pity, not because she reproaches herself for her failure to do anything for the child's sore eyes until they are past help, but because the girl's sightlessness reminds her of her sin. As a type of primitive motherhood she is superbly drawn, and there are many like her, even today, the human race having as yet not wholly emerged from the Stone Age, but she has little if any of the good sense, the wisdom, sympathy, understanding and foresight which the novelists of yesterday and their public attributed to mothers, thereby making it advisable if not necessary to ordain such an appalling mortality among them, a mortality scarcely equalled even by that now prevalent among the fathers of detective story heroines. And to be the father of the heroine of a detective story is, as every one knows, to court a sudden, violent and frequently extremely messy method of departing this life.

IT is a curious and an interesting fact that as the influence of those mothers whom fiction writers permit to survive has declined, their general mentality has improved. Large numbers of foolish, flaccid, lazy mothers still exist in fact; in fiction, their number has diminished, though by no means disappeared. Perhaps because modern ideas of heredity suggest that some one of the children of hero or heroine would be quite alarmingly likely to resemble his or her grandmother. Imagine how very disconcerting it would prove if the son or daughter of Nicholas and his Madeline should turn out

to be a replica of Grandmamma Nickleby! And think of the acute suffering which would be endured by Mr. Darcy should one of his children by any chance resemble his wife Elizabeth's mother, Mrs. Bennet! Moreover, it must be remembered that Mr. Darcy's own mother, the Lady Anne, was the sister of Lady Catherine de Bourgh, and perhaps not unlike her. The mere thought of a household one of whose members resembled Mrs. Bennet, while another was a youthful edition of Lady Catherine, has a horrid fascination which makes any mere ordinary ghost story seem tame by comparison.

The mother of the modern heroine, though she may have as little influence over her daughter as Lady Cherrell had over either Dinny or Clare, is nevertheless a genetically excellent, and often thoroughly desirable grandmother. When she does influence her children's lives, it is usually by virtue of a strong sense of humor which prevents her from taking any of their idiosyncrasies too seriously, and a pronounced talent for working underground. There are a number of mothers of this type in recent fiction, and very pleasant people they are.

Naturally there was a transition period, and during this, mother, once the object of so much veneration, and even actual worship, became suddenly changed into a hideous fetich, whom it was the author's duty to attack with every weapon he could lay his hands on. Of this type, Louis Bromfield's *A Good Woman*, is a particularly notable example. Emma Downes, doing her very best to mold her son to suit herself and her own narrow ideas, and thereby ruining his life, was an admirable instance of the revolt against the old-time idea that mother knows best.



From an example and an idol, mother was changed with somewhat startling rapidity into an obstruction and a Horrible Warning. The pelican parent, all self-sacrifice and devotion, and presently expiring in the odor of sanctity, who had so long held the centre of the stage, abruptly gave place to the vampire who, instead of feeding her children with her own blood, sucked theirs. But the fictional vogue of this especial type did not last very long, possibly because there are too many mothers among readers for it to win any great favor save as an exception, possibly because authors found it necessary to invent too many unusual circumstances in order to explain her influence and make her children's submission plausible.

For the change from the once almost universally accepted canon that, although a hero could be separated from his maternal parent sufficiently to render her effect upon his life one of small moment, the only way to give a heroine a history was to divest her mother either of her wits or of her life, is in truth a change from a somewhat fanciful idealism to attempted realism. The notion of the mother-goddess became so integral a part of thought that the mother's claim to reverence and devotion was regarded as a matter of course. The only method of getting any sort of independence in fiction for either man or maid, without half-orphaning them, was to make the mother either a complete fool or such a timid, tender creature as Helen Pendennis. And from our modern world women of the Helen Pendennis type have, thank Heaven, disappeared so completely that one can not help asking one's self whether they ever were one-quarter as plentiful in real life as they used to be in fiction.

Considering what bores they were, one is glad authors usually preferred the easier method of an early demise.

IN OUR own day, when so many ideas and beliefs have fallen by the wayside, it is extremely difficult to uphold the obviously obsolete one of the autocracy of mother. The remarkable thing is that so many writers still find her an encumbrance and feel it necessary to dispense with her before starting the first chapter. You need only look around you to see how small her influence is in fact, even over a daughter. If ever she really ruled at all, and one is inclined to doubt whether she was at any time the absolute monarch she was reputed and acclaimed, she has long since abdicated. The modern heroine, like her real life contemporary, goes her own way. If by any chance she happens to be an exceptionally affectionate daughter, she quite probably acts on the theory that what mother doesn't know can't hurt her; if merely indifferent, she doesn't care whether she knows or not. As far as her parental background is concerned, the modern heroine is often as detached as if she sprang from the traditional lily-pad.

And if daughter follows her own paths, so too, it must be admitted, does mother proceed serenely along hers, relieved of every last vestige of the responsibility with which, rightly or wrongly, but nevertheless conventionally, she was burdened. For if this is in many ways an age of mass production, of standardized plumbing, standardized clothing and amusements and ideas, it is also one of a new individualism, a new demand that even heroines bear their own burdens, accept the responsibility and pay the penalty for their own mistakes. If the younger gen-



eration is no longer answerable to its parents, it is no longer able to blame them for its own shortcomings, nor find in the fact that the female parent has departed from the land of the living an ample excuse for any errors it may choose to commit. But the greater gain is that of the parents, now able to allow the younger generation to go its own way in theory as it has always done in fact.

Fiction, which in these days of rapid changes is often hard pressed to catch up with real life, is at last beginning to

perceive that the supreme influence with which it once credited mothers in general and the mother of a heroine in particular is now a thing of the past, if indeed it ever existed to the extent once supposed. And with this realization is coming a new liberty for the mother in fiction. If she has lost much of her importance, she has at least acquired the right to possess an average amount of intelligence without imperiling her life. No longer is congenital imbecility her only chance of escaping an inordinately early departure to the tomb.





# Sea-Serpents and Scientists

BY P. W. WILSON

*The emergence of a fabulous monster in Loch Ness is greeted  
with debatable reserve by men of science*

IT is no part of my intention to offer a belated biography of Bobby, the sea-serpent of Scotland, as he swims like a submarine in Loch Ness, leaps like a kangaroo in front of motorcycles and automobiles, raises his slender neck in order to gaze over the landscape with maidenly eyes, and implants his four-toed footprints on mud where plaster casts are possible. Enough that Bobby has been seen and, indeed, watched by an increasing number of people, otherwise in their right senses, that he has been photographed at long range for the movies, that he is drawing tens of thousands of curious tourists into the Highlands and that the British Government has issued strict orders for the protection of the merrie monster from molestation. Bobby may eat up goats, *table d'hôte*, with heather for salad. He may be accused of gently but firmly bashing in the skull of Malcolm MacDonald, the minstrel who appears to have been so incautious as to call upon the amphibian, uninvited, in a cave which he had selected for retirement. But Bobby is now too valuable as a sensation to be mistaken by sportsmen with shotguns for a deer of the forest.

The fascinating aspect of Bobby's escapade is, after all, psychological. On

sea-serpents, ancient or modern, I do not pretend to be an authority. All my life I have abstained strictly from the alcoholic inducements which on these occasions are said to contribute to what, around Loch Ness, is called "perfect visibility." Indeed, I have to confess that it is not Bobby who, at the moment, puzzles me. What I can not understand is the strangely inhospitable attitude towards Bobby on the part of professional zoölogists.

Whatever may or may not be the truth about Bobby's identity, here, after all, is happening what beyond challenge has proved to be by far the most interesting event in the modern annals of natural history. Yet there does not seem to have been a ripple of attention on the placid surface of the Darwinian mentality. So far as we may gather from accounts in the press, not one apostle of evolution or expert on reptilian anatomy thought it worth while to take even a tourist's ticket on the Royal Scot and enquire of eye-witnesses around Loch Ness what they thought, at any rate, that they saw. These academic pundits, who are so fond of lecturing Fundamentalists on the duty of discarding dogmatic blinkers, sat back in their armchairs. They did not accept the evi-



dence. They did not reject it. They simply indicated by their prolonged nonchalance that evidence—unless they themselves produce it—is not in their line.

For months, there were accounts of Bobby. But the accounts did not come from the scribes and Pharisees of the universities and colleges, only from the common people, and to apply a famous passage, did any scientific thing come out of the Highlands of Scotland? Complacent in a monopoly of all truth and all research, not one college, not one university sent out a search or research party. It was a newspaper—*The Times* of London—that instituted an inquiry, nor did the editors select a professor for the investigation. It was conducted by a naval officer, in whose shrewdness, otherwise displayed, the British Admiralty had every confidence. If it had not been for Lieutenant-Commander A. T. Stuart, a most astonishing phenomenon—whether it be defined as credibility or credulity—would have passed without one word of erudite record. And it is amid the enlightenment of the Twentieth Century that this pachydermatous indifference to what disturbs preconceived ideas is possible.

THE claim of science has been, it will be admitted, a little haughty. The mere layman has been told, *ex cathedra*, that here is an instrument for seeking and safeguarding actuality. Science, we assume, is a kind of ouija board on which man, immune from prejudices and emotions, lays a passive hand, and so awaits the automatic writing which he describes as “results.” Positive or negative, it makes no difference to the Lamaistic automaton in his Tibetan temple what those “results” may be. The sole aim is truth; and truth, when

disclosed, is accepted with a genuflection that sometimes throws the doctor’s hood over his eyes and adds the golden tassel of the doctor’s cap as an assistance to clear perspective. What could poor Bobby do to rival these academic glories? His only gown was an antediluvian frill around the neck and that was conferred on him by no college—only by God—which did not matter.

It was Kant who, in the Eighteenth Century, confessed to misgivings over these scientific infallibilities. The scientist, so he argued in effect, is as human as anybody else, and never more human than in his science. His ouija board is no more impersonal than the pen that writes these words. It may be a subconscious impulse that sometimes influences the hand of the alleged automaton. But an influence is no less personal because the person himself is so absorbed in his predilections as to be unaware of it.

There is no more exquisite instrument of precision than the balance of a chemist. Enclosed in glass, the scales rest on a razor edge, and it is only by averaging oscillations that we can weigh one thing against another. What would we say of a chemist who allowed the positive mechanism of his scales to rust and the negative mechanism alone to operate freely? The whole of his calculations would be subject to that general and comprehensive bias.

And it is precisely this bias that the poor sea-serpent has had to combat. Whenever he has shown his head above water, science—instead of saying, “This is a head—let us learn about it all we can,” has led mankind in an uproarious bout of slapstick. A sea-serpent! It is as absurd as devils and angels and all the rest of the phantoms that do not happen to be dreamed of in the scientific philos-



ophy. Long since it has ceased to be etiquette for scientists to admit the possibility that, after all, there may have been an element of reality in Jonah's whale, and Bobby, with all his many friends, has suffered a similar ostracism. Like natural selection in Tennessee, they are prohibited.

Thought is not a single process like hitting a nail on the head. Thought is as complex a function of the brain as the use of a chemist's balance. It includes criticism, doubt, denial. It should also include a capacity to believe. Is it possible that this capacity—sometimes called faith—may be atrophied by disuse while criticism, doubt and denial are overdeveloped? And was it this atrophy that, of late, has lent such dignity to the somnolence of the zoölogists when, as a Fairy Prince, Bobby tried to awaken these Sleeping Beauties in the unfrequented museums where they enjoy their slumbers?

I hold no brief for institutions, whether they be sacred or secular. On the whole, I think that man is and always will be greater than any institution which he has been so optimistic as to develop. But I see no reason why all the brick-bats should be thrown at the dusty windows of the churches when the cobwebs in the colleges are at least as obstructive to the light of day. For the churches to be cautious over the truths of science which often last for a year or two is no more culpable than for the colleges to reject the truths of religion which sometimes have endured for a score or two of centuries.

The churches learn by experience, and if some of them are apt to be cautious may there not be a reason? It was a science, quite as clever as our own and similarly confident in its inerrancy, that in the Ptolemaic period misled

the church into supposing that the sun moves round the earth and, unfortunately for Galileo, the church believed this interesting "result" of the latest astronomy. Over the solar system, the church was bitten badly, and no less badly would she have been bitten if she had pinned her faith to what Darwinians taught fifty years ago about the animal creation. What is there, then, in this most recent scientific handling of the sea-serpent to entitle Darwinians or any other kind of zoölogists to instruct the Pope or anybody else in the duty of accepting evidence? In the Darwinian Garden of Eden, the only serpent may be a sea-serpent. But evidence or no evidence, he is evicted from that somewhat pedantic paradise.

WHAT was there, after all, so unlikely in Bobby's maladroit emergence to the surface of scientific ignorance? For generations, we have been telling one another that the sea has still its secrets unexplored, that in the depths of the ocean there are marvels untold even by Beebe. Also, we are seeing everywhere the disappearance of species—lions and tigers and the rest—which do not happen to be eligible for the stockyards of Chicago. Naturally, we would infer that on the high seas, as on the prairie and in the jungle, there would be surviving occasional specimens of creatures, once familiar to the eye, and that these survivors, like fish themselves, would be inclined, more and more, to shun the course of steamers with their huge and powerful propellers disturbing the waters. The occasional appearance of infrequent monsters in lochs and fjords might thus have been taken for granted as a strong probability. Bobby might have been and, indeed, was actually foreseen in advance. Vari-



ous writers argued *a priori*—as people have argued about undiscovered planets—that he was a likelihood and their arguments are on record.

But the prejudices of science could not be broken down. It was not only that Bobby was “unclassified” which, zoölogically, is tantamount to heresy. He was discovered by the wrong people. Why should professors who have devoted their entire lives to adding alphabets to illustrious names listen quietly and courteously to mere farmers and young ladies who have only their eyes to guide them, and to other Galilean witnesses? If Bobby wants to be believed, he must flap his way on to the campus at Yale or the King’s Parade at Cambridge and, in the language of polysyllabic correctitude, prove that his blunt tail accords strictly with the Proterozoic fossils there held to be supreme over plesiosaurian theses. Even so, he must produce clear proof that he is not in reality a humorous emanation of some dramatic society that is fed up on Sophocles and prefers to cultivate the deceptive novelties of mammalian impersonation.

Basking amid a wilderness of scientific skepticism, Bobby may recognize friendly companions. Over meteorites—to give an instance—scientists are now most eloquent. Really, one would suppose that meteorites are to be included among scientific “results.” If, however, scientists had had their way, the very word meteorite would have been unknown. So impervious to this particular new knowledge was the scientific cranium that, as a matter of fact, one planet had to be literally bombarded with thousands of meteorites before the slightest impression was made on what Dempsey might call the scientific ivory.

How absurd to the physicist seemed

these legendary thunderbolts, hurled by Jove like lightning onto this superstitious earth! How preposterous to take seriously the image at Ephesus that fell from Jupiter and was mentioned—sure indication of unreliability—in the Bible! It is true that the thunderbolts, like high explosive shells, left cavities, and that sometimes they could be dug out, unexploded. But these authorities who accused William Jennings Bryan of refusing to read the writing on the rocks, persisted in declaring that the rocks themselves were no more than a myth. As the *Encyclopædia Britannica* puts it, with bland and unrepentent irony, “nevertheless it was not until after the publication of the detailed report made by the French physicist Biot on the marvellous fall of about 2,000 stones which took place at L’Aigle in France on April 26, 1803, that the fact of solid bodies falling from outer space was finally accepted by scientists.”

As long ago as 1892, Dr. A. C. Oudemans of Arnhem, inspired by the precedent of the meteorites, collected no fewer than 187 authenticated accounts of sea-serpents or alleged sea-serpents, whatever a sea-serpent may be. That was forty years ago, and since then, there have been further and numerous accounts. The London *Times* republishes what appears to be a genuine photograph of a huge sea-serpent, washed ashore dead at Santa Cruz, California, in 1925. This photograph includes a background with people and it is not easy to see how or why it should have been forged.

IT MAY be said that all this is very unfair, that many scientists are sincerely and humbly treading the path to truth as they see the path, and that it is easy for a journalist, in his irresponsi-



bility, to throw stones at people who at least avoid as far as possible the temptations of an egotistic publicity, preferring the monasticism of the laboratory, faculty clubs and other brain trusts. Just so. But if scientists are to be judged by those among them who are humble and sincere, so should clergy be judged. The yardstick, like the dollar, should be honest.

Every profession, journalism and other forms of science included, is a trade union, and no trade union is impartial when its susceptibilities are aroused. A recent illustration of scientific *intransigence*, equal in all respects to the spiritual *intransigence* of Savonarola, has deeply impressed public opinion, as it happens, in Great Britain.

There was a young man called Herbert Atkinson Barker who trained himself for the law. But in the tips of his fingers there was genius as definite as the genius in the tips of the fingers of a Brahms or a Rubinstein, and Barker could not be discouraged from setting bones that were out of joint. No fewer than 40,000 cases were treated successfully by what today is known as manipulative surgery, and on this mission of mercy the medical authorities declared relentless war. Any doctor who dared to have dealings with Barker was driven out of the profession. The qualified practitioners would neither set bones themselves nor permit any "amateur" to set them.

The endeavor to treat Barker as a criminal became a national scandal. In Palace and Parliament, there arose a growing indignation and, in due course, the medical authorities, despite all their prestige, were overruled. Barker received a knighthood and the active campaign against him was stopped. Only the sullen enmity smoldered on. And

the whole of that persecution of scientific initiative was defended as modern science by the persecutors. To the surgeons, bone-setting was the sea-serpent.

If this is the way in which scientists behave when, in his consideration for the comfort of His children, the Almighty raises up some special agent of the healing process, what can we expect when, at Lourdes or anywhere else, an amelioration of suffering is attributed to the divine love? Every case at Lourdes is medically certified. The certificates are signed by doctors who are non-Catholic as well as Catholic. But does that make any difference? Miracles are like the meteorites of yesterday and the sea-serpents of today. To scientists of the skeptical school, it would be most humiliating to admit their validity. Even to suggest such a surrender of professional pride is an insult.

A result of closing the eyes is that one does not see. An immense mass of information about meteorites and about miracles has been diverted from the avenues of knowledge by the non-receptivity of scholarship. Instead of collecting testimony, the scientist has belittled it. The search for truth has been standardized as a censorship.

So with the sea-serpent. Any one sensibly solicitous for the truth about leviathans and behemoths, lashing their tails in deep waters, would have encouraged the officers of ships to record precisely whatever they might see of the unusual during a voyage. Nine out of ten of such officers are not only trained to keep an accurate log book but are known to be personally reliable in their observations. At little expense, a vast volume of varied impressions, sea-faring as well as sea-serpentine, could have been collected.

But what has been the policy pur-



sued? The sailors have been forced by ridicule into silence. The best of them—for instance, in navies—have known that merely to hint at a head on a neck amid the waves would be to ruin all chance of promotion. Where sailors have made so bold as to state what they have observed, the account has been dismissed as one of those sea-serpent stories that enliven the silly season. Some of the

stories are, doubtless, only stories. Some of the sea-serpents may be—as one theory has it—the tentacles of great squids. But one thing is certain. In his own special field, the scientist has left on record what can only be described as a failure to overcome the engrained prejudices of what has been organized into a powerful and frequently intolerant hierarchy over the realm of knowledge.

## Winter Tree

BY BERNICE KENYON

WHAT is there colder than the leafless tree—  
The snowless tree, that every wind harasses,  
Lifting its bitter boughs defiantly  
From roots like iron among the frozen grasses,  
Waiting for night to take the stony slope—  
A restless night with sharp high stars attending—  
What is there colder and with less of hope  
Than this bleak tree, in winds that have no ending?

Oh to be quiet in the creeping frost—  
To stand unmoved, unheeded, and at peace;  
Clouds closed above till every star is lost;  
The night grown still at last—to stand released  
From this long strife with all the winds that blow—  
Warm—almost warm—under soft falling snow!



# The "Failure" of Woodrow Wilson

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

*What is the fundamental reason why his international ideals have fallen on such evil days?*

ANY ONE looking over the world ten years after Woodrow Wilson's death is led unescapably to one major conclusion: the world has abandoned the Wilsonian principles. The emotions that raised them to the heights just before the Versailles Peace Conference have completely evaporated. Even in the case of those principles which found expression in practice the result has been so entirely opposite to what Wilson intended that it is difficult to understand how such poisonous flowers can have come from such idealistic roots. Yet in spite of this almost total collapse of Wilsonism as a philosophy of politics his name and fame march on and, wrenched from proper context, his words are cited by leaders who have departed widely from his principles. There is a strange residuum of power in his viewpoint which makes him a figure to reckon with even though the world has, in very large measure, gone contrary to his intentions, and that is true even when it is recalled that men who more accurately forecast the general drift are now rapidly becoming forgotten. Wilson certainly looms larger in

the public imagination today than Clemenceau; he overshadows, except momentarily when the successive volumes of his memoirs appear, David Lloyd George. Wilson, it must not be forgotten, represented some deep-seated aspirations of mankind and not even the defeat of them at the hands of immediately subsequent generations can entirely blot out the memory of the man who clothed them in resounding rhetoric.

Even cynical, knowing intelligences like Harold Nicolson manage to retain for him a respect that has in it a large measure of seeming irrationality. For how can Nicolson give so much praise to Lloyd George's conduct at the Peace Conference and at the same time praise Wilson? The answer is clear enough to all who have read Nicolson's *Peacemaking*, for there it is made plain that as a "practical" diplomatist Nicolson admired Lloyd George's capacity for negotiation, while as an idealist of internationalism he admired Wilson's principles. A complete man would have combined these two in a single body of flesh. Wilson failed men like Nicolson,



and many millions who had no such grasp upon the complexities of diplomacy and hence no understanding of how difficult it is to apply ideals in the face of opposition which is experienced in retaining its position and gaining its objectives, simply because he found it impossible to be as agile mentally, as sharp and keen at taking all that it was possible to get when it was possible to get it, as was Lloyd George. The latter tried to go as far as circumstances would allow in Wilson's direction; he wanted a better peace than the British people as a whole; but he had no vested interest in any set of ideals and compromise was his middle name. He defeated Wilson and supported the true opposition, represented by Clemenceau, only in so far as his suppleness became a vice and not a virtue, but where to draw the line between these two when one is immersed in complicated negotiations requires great expertness of judgment. Therefore, as a practical man, Nicolson admires Lloyd George. But the total effect of his book is to convince the reader that there is gall in his admiration and that his finer feelings tell him that, with all his deficiencies, Wilson was the greater man and will be so considered by posterity.

We are not Woodrow Wilson's posterity; we are, rather, his contemporaries; but world history is moving at such a rapid tempo that it is possible to see with some clearness the consequences of Wilson's ideas. The whole story requires more space than is available for this essay which, by necessity, will require considerable simplification of intricate matters even to outline a fundamental contradiction in Wilson's thinking. The contradiction is, luckily, both fundamental and fairly obvious and the wonder is that he himself never

saw the necessity of attempting a reconciliation of the two ideas he was struggling to effectuate. In the long run the two forces he was seeking to control were tested by actual world history and, at the moment, one of them is in the way of triumphing. It is not, unfortunately, the one Wilson was keenest on seeing triumph; it is not the one which will make the world happier; it will not lead us to peace and prosperity. Basically what happened to Wilson is that he involved himself in a contradiction because he thought superficially about both aspects of it. Yet if he had balanced the strength of the opposing forces, his optimism would have led him to throw his weight in favor of the least strong of the two. That is what he did without complete analysis at the Peace Conference. Perhaps if he had been less of a verbalist, if he had been less habituated to dealing with the world's problems in terms of literary formulæ, and more used to concerning himself with the fundamentals of modern life, the economic bases of our politics, he would not have been led so far astray. He would, that is, have approached the "practicality" of Lloyd George. In that case, of course, he would never have stirred the world, would never have been a great prophet, and, ironically enough, would have gone down to just as utter a defeat as that which overtook him!

THE two forces which struggled for mastery in Woodrow Wilson's mind were nationalism and internationalism. He strove to effectuate the first by the principle of self-determination and the second by the League of Nations.

Both of these ideas had long and complex histories before Wilson introduced



them among the principles upon which a lasting peace could be built. Great work had been done, great reputations had been made, by men thoroughly imbued with the spirit of nationalism over a period of three centuries. The international ideal was even more ancient and the idea of effectuating it through a league of national states had a considerable history behind it before Wilson adopted it as a foundation stone for the kind of peace he was willing to offer the world. Both ideas, moreover, had roots in the actual workaday world.

Few thinkers were prepared at that time, and not very many today, to deny that beneficent results would follow from a more intensive cultivation of the international ideal. The arguments were simple and have become somewhat shopworn by use. It was pointed out that during the Nineteenth Century the peoples of the world had woven a complex net of interrelations, based upon the interchange of goods and services, but rising to the cultural level. Many agreements had been made and successfully kept over a period of years to facilitate these relations, communications being particularly subject to international coöperation. The extension of such agreements to more and more matters was confidently expected and the prospect of summarizing them, so to speak, in a supernational organization was very attractive. Even more attractive was the prospect of utilizing this trend for the purpose of settling disputes which, in all the ages past, had issued eventually in armed warfare.

The participants in these contacts, the weavers of this net of international co-operation, were, however, nationalists or at least members of national states. Few examples could be cited where the participants had resigned in any partic-

ular their sovereign rights and it was not seriously anticipated by realists that they could suddenly be persuaded to abrogate such rights, though in the long run it was hoped that they might do so. The drive, it was argued, was in the international direction and just as the Nineteenth Century had seen the triumph of the nationalistic principle, so the Twentieth would witness the triumph of internationalism. It was strongly felt that the disintegrating effects of extreme nationalism would become so oppressive that the peoples of the world would demand that their governors participate to the full in any organized movement toward complete international organization. The ultimate ideal was the World State in which all peoples would participate as equals and in which nationalism would be no more than a principle allowing the development of diverse cultures. We would have political monism and cultural pluralism.

As argumentation, as a logical exposition of the consequences of observable trends, it is difficult to find fault with this train of thought. As an ideal toward which to move it was admirable and only the most malignant personalities could reject it. The great tragedy was that it was an argument built up by selecting just those trends which were least characteristic of the conduct of national states. Its strength was considerably diminished by looking the nationalistic drive straight in the face. Casting up an impartial balance sheet, it was perfectly apparent that nationalism was the stronger force of the two and the verdict of history has been in favor of nationalism, as every student of contemporary affairs knows. Why was this true?

The answer is to be found in the na-



ture of nationalism and the nationalistic state of Western Europe. The nationalistic state grew up out of the ruins of feudalism, a form of economic organization which allowed the areas under a single political control to be very small. Indeed it might be argued that it was only possible when the area under a single governor was small, for the social surplus developed was chiefly available in goods and services which had to be utilized in their "raw" form; they were not, that is, convertible into money because of the lack of a free market. The national state became possible in proportion as the free market developed and in its first form its economic roots were in a commercial economy, the commerce being carried on by the middle class while the functions of government were left to the king and the aristocracy. The aspiration was to bring both under a single head, or rather government, for the king was, while sometimes an arbitrary ruler, the symbol of unity, since his will was only important in so far as servants could be relied upon to carry it out in concrete situations. The integrating principle was the desire to gain as large a free market as possible, but subsidiary principles were identity of language, geographic considerations, more or less accurate traditions of unity in some earlier period of history and the like. Frequently important accessions of territory were based on nothing more tangible than marriage between ruling families and as a result some fantastic structures were created which could not sustain themselves for any length of time. Gradually, however, the units familiar to us developed: France, Germany, England, Spain, Holland and so on, but they did not go through their development simultaneously or at equal speed and several subsided into

obscurity when the bases of prosperity under the new dispensation shifted.

For no more had a fair degree of stability been achieved on a commercial basis than a new force appeared which, while continuing trends already observable, really raised them to a higher pitch of intensity. The industrial revolution, when coupled with a capitalistic economic organization, exacerbated nationalism in a fashion which brought disaster upon the world in a century and a half. With industrial control as the new base, the middle class extended its power and influence and, in a series of revolutions, gained control of the principal nations of the world. A more or less complete identity was established between the political government and the economic interests of the dominant class. This involved the satisfaction of certain demands which had in them the seeds of war, for to be completely useful to the real rulers of the nations, the states were required to gain exclusive control of certain kinds of resources. The state was the active agent in asserting that, in fact as well as theory, this exclusive control did exist and it was frequently necessary to use force to confirm the assertion.

Some of the principal interests of the dominant class of the nationalistic states of Europe were—and still are—first, a free market for the goods and services being produced, a market which quickly and necessarily transcends the national boundaries; second, free access to natural resources both within and without national boundaries; and third, protection against the competition of the representatives of other states who may also want access to such markets and resources. Out of these interests and their satisfaction came imperialism or the control of markets and resources beyond



the original boundaries of the national states, a control which was only completely realized when the coveted areas were incorporated with the state, a process accompanied by war and overriding cultural, racial and language lines. Obviously since the economy on which these states were based demanded the satisfaction of such interests, conflicts resulting in war were an inevitable consequence of its operation. And as the economy developed from scattered national bases, the importance of all the factors involved became greater and greater. As a matter of fact, stability was never achieved in Europe itself and since the necessities became pressing after Europe had extended itself overseas under the impulse toward expansion given by the commercial revolution, the conflict was carried on on a world-wide front almost from the beginning. It was a conflict of national states at "home" and a conflict of imperialisms abroad. Europe was the hub of the universe. The consequence was a series of bitterly fought wars culminating in the World War waged chiefly in Europe. It was at this point that Woodrow Wilson appeared to offer a solution for the pressing problems of the world. His solution had both national and international aspects, as we have noted, and he placed the emphasis on the international aspects. Why?

The answer that comes immediately to mind is cold and superior: he was ignorant of the relative strength of the two impulses he wished to control. Not because I think it lese-majesty to say that Wilson was ignorant, but rather because I feel that such an answer too often precludes analysis, I prefer to look very closely at the situation he was handling and show how time has proved that he overestimated the

strength of internationalism and underestimated the strength of nationalism. His cultivation of the latter, it now appears, was a disastrous mistake and his heavy betting on the strength of the former a pathetic anticipation of history. For unlike many who see clearly the fact that nationalism is triumphant today, I take it to be in its last stages, in an extremely diseased condition, and I believe that internationalism will triumph in the end, though only when the nations of the world operate on radically different economic bases.

THE principle of self-determination, as enunciated by Wilson, was in essence an attempt to satisfy the rebellious, revolutionary impulses of subject peoples, particularly those within the Central Powers, his enemies, who had been brought under the control of expanding states along with important resources. It was aimed pretty directly at the Austro-Hungarian Empire which was built upon a crazy foundation of mutually hostile peoples, some of them with small national states outside the boundaries of the Empire to stimulate their rebelliousness, and others completely absorbed within it. To a lesser extent it was aimed at Germany which also held in subjection some non-German peoples, particularly Poles. If it had been seriously intended to apply universally it would have greatly embarrassed most of the associated and Allied powers on whose side Wilson presumably was, and particularly Russia. And when the Russians withdrew from the War, the principle was applied to certain areas with the result that numerous small states came into being along the western border of the former Tsarist empire. The upshot was, even in restricted application, to multiply the



number of national states in Europe and to cultivate the spirit of separatism wherever a nationalistic spirit existed or could be stimulated into life.

Now these new states were erected on the most inadequate foundations. More attention was paid to such tenuous and indefinable matters, in so ancient a continent as Europe, as "race," language and culture, than to the vastly more important matter of the economic structure which was to sustain them. Hardly one of the new states of Europe is a true economic unit and even those which approach to that status do so at the sacrifice of the principles which were used as guides in their construction. Any authoritative survey of Europe today, such as that by G. D. H. and Margaret Cole, brings out clearly that (1) the economic structures of most of the new states are very inadequate; and (2) that while some subject peoples were released from oppression, every new state in Europe includes subject people today! The total effect, then, of the application of this Wilsonian principle has been to multiply the number of nationalistic states without finally solving the vexed problem of subject peoples. The unescapable conclusion is that the problem can not be solved in this manner. But that is not the worst aspect of the situation. Far more important is the fact that, in trying to satisfy one impulse, Wilson ignored a far more important matter, and brought into being states which could not possibly develop balanced economies. The classic example is Austria, the case of which is so extreme as to be astounding.

Of course Wilson was not utterly blind to what he was doing and he hoped to counteract the effect of the economic deficiencies by cultivating the international spirit and so developing

a balanced economy on a European or even a world basis, rather than on the basis of national units. The failure to realize the principles which were to make this possible has resulted in the tragic situation of today. This failure seems to me vastly more important than the collapse of the League of Nations which is, really, but one aspect of the larger disaster.

What was the flaw in Wilson's argumentation which made it possible for him to miscalculate on this point? Well, to be monotonous, he failed to understand the power of nationalism, not in its cultural aspects which he wished to cultivate, but in its economic aspects. He did not see that there was no true international spirit possible while the nations of the world were based on a type of capitalist economy which is only healthy as long as it is capable of indefinite expansion and which can only expand by invading the rights and privileges of other nations. Even when it is expanding, as history shows, it is subject to temporary collapses from which it recovers by discovering new outlets for its products, when it is stimulated by accidental discoveries of gold, or the invention of new and revolutionary techniques demanding huge capital expenditures, like railroading. In the struggle to maintain each independent national economy in some kind of equilibrium every other nation is a potential enemy. There could only be a unified world capitalism if the foreign market were an undeveloped Mars with a high capacity to absorb goods and services. Naturally as European capitalism got older and more and more of the world was drawn into its orbit the possibility of finding new outlets for its energies became more and more restricted and each nation sought to escape from the



consequences of this blocking of its expansive impulses by an intensive cultivation of its own preserves. This was the characteristic activity of the post-War years. The result was tariff walls, import and export restrictions, bounties and subsidies to new industries, particularly those supplying goods hitherto brought from abroad, and so on. If the crisis within any nation became intense enough, if the prospect of the middle class losing its control of the national economy became fairly immediate, resort was had to various extreme protective measures which go by the generalized name of fascism. And whether developed under "democracy" or fascism, economic nationalism makes successful internationalism an impossibility. Finally, a continent of conflicting nationalisms is worse off almost in proportion to the number of national states flourishing on its soil. That is why North America is better off than Europe. Instead of pacifying Europe Wilson contributed to its final downfall by his programme of self-determination. He planted seeds which grew up to be weeds to choke out his internationalism!

The larger view of Wilson's tragedy, then, leads us far from any consideration of the defeat of his League of Nations idea in the United States Senate, though it might be observed in passing that the gentlemen concerned were, while frequently absurdly malignant, really acting in response to a resurgence of American nationalism which found expression in one-hundred-per-centism. It leads us rather to a consideration of the trend of capitalistic economy in the

post-War world. Woodrow Wilson failed because he tried to reconcile the conflicts of this economy on the basis of verbal formulæ. His training was such, his mental habits were of a kind which led him to slight economic considerations and they eventually revenged themselves by betraying him.

IN THIS review I have rather chosen to show how, inherent in Wilson's ideas, there was a destructive contradiction, than to lay out the oft-told story of the operation of nationalistic vindictiveness at the Peace Conference itself. Surprisingly enough, Harold Nicolson argues that if the American delegation had been given a free hand the resulting treaty would have been one of the most masterly documents in all history. This is a tremendous tribute to the knowledge of our experts, coming as it does from a member of the British delegation. Perhaps such a treaty would have been better than that obtained by the balancing of nationalistic interests as far as possible and then attempting to control them through a League of Nations. But since it would have been based on Wilsonian principles, the element of superiority would only have been this: that the contradictions inherent in his views would have taken somewhat longer to become apparent. As it happens, the immediate operation of conflicting drives, their operation in the Peace Conference itself, certainly hastened the revelation of the fundamental difficulties of European and world society. The logic of history was against Wilson and a free hand would not have brought him a permanent victory.



# Seadromes

BY HUGH DUNCAN GRANT

*The meteorologist for this bold scheme to bridge the Atlantic by air describes the undertaking and some of its implications*

A NEW attack on the transatlantic isolation of the United States threatens to bring the Old and the New Worlds as close as the flight of aircraft can make them. And, strangely enough, it threatens just when international trade is at a low ebb and when isolationist policies are prevalent the world over.

During the last five years air transportation in the United States and Europe has shown a steady, consistent growth, despite the fact that almost every other commercial activity has been steadily declining. In the past year United States planes have covered 50,000,000 miles. Airways so unite the far-flung portions of the British Empire that Capetown now is only eleven days distant from the homeland, Calcutta less than seven. Australia will ultimately be an eleven days' journey instead of more than twice as much. Airways have been established connecting every principal city in North and South America. Schedules have been speeded up from ninety to 150 miles an hour, with 200 in immediate prospect. Military planes have attained a speed of over 300 miles an hour. Commercial routes are flown to all parts of the

world. People are rapidly being educated to travel by air. But aviation is still an infant industry, and the airplane has yet to spread its young wings across the oceans in the expansion of commerce and in the satisfaction of a common need as it has done over the continents.

Now ocean flying, to be popular and useful, must of course be safe. For various reasons it is not so today. There is the inherent weakness of all aircraft which attempt long range flights. Fuel is heavy. The commercial success of an airplane trip demands the maximum amount of load. If this weight-carrying capacity is consumed in fuel, the ship must operate at a loss. Although planes have been built to fly more than 2,000 miles non-stop, the economic flight of an airplane demands a maximum range of 500 to 600 miles. Flights longer than this distance must, therefore, face the fuel-load problem and the question of increased flight hazard. The airplane's swift flight has turned attention to the importance of short jumps between landing places. And the conquest of the Atlantic, given our present and immediately forthcoming types of aircraft, is believed by many to depend upon the



airplane's being able to break, with some frequency, the distance between American and European shores.

In the North Atlantic, at first sight, the Arctic Circle seems an ideal short cut to Europe. It has quick jumps along the arc traversing Labrador or Newfoundland, Greenland, Iceland and the British Isles. Though such a development has been envisioned as a not unreasonable hope within five years, the practical obstacles are immense. To the peril of blind flying in the prevailing fogs, and violent, sporadic winds, there is added the hazard of ice formation on the wings. This can destroy their lifting power, forcing a plane down into watery oblivion. Even in the more temperate zone of flight, atmospheric conditions are far from being wholly favorable over portions of the Atlantic. Between Newfoundland and Ireland coastal fogs and mid-ocean storms add considerably to the hazards and flight distance of the Great Circle route, made famous by Alcock and Brown, and in 1927 by Lindbergh.

For an all-the-year-round practical air route one must, therefore, turn to the safer southern route, where Bermuda, about 700 miles off the American coast, and the Azores, double that distance from the Spanish peninsula, are the only aids to the airplane in its transatlantic flight. On this route, one finds the best weather, the gentlest winds, but also the longest distances, the most water to cross, the least land to strike and the longest water jump by 200 miles. By eliminating Bermuda from the course, however, as does the projected seadrome development, and flying along the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude, direct from New York to the Azores, the distance is very materially reduced—to 3,115 nautical miles. And

from a meteorological standpoint the seadrome airway is superior even to most transcontinental land routes now in operation. Records going back many years show on the average but three and rarely more than ten days with fog per seadrome per year or about one per cent of the fog frequency on the eastern and more northerly routes. The average air temperature for the year is sixty-one degrees, with a water temperature of sixty-six, thus constituting a temperate year-round climate ranging from sixty degrees in winter to eighty in summer. Selection of this course may mean the difference between successful operation and an economic, if not tragic, failure, for the weather is still one of the most serious obstacles in long-range oceanic flight.

IN ANSWER to the question how flying across the Atlantic can be made reasonably safe, continuous and commercially practicable, many plans have been put forth in recent years, but the seadrome system, which recently won favor with the United States Government, stands out as an ingenious, and, it may be, a feasible solution. While in novelty it reminds one of the imaginative tale of a Jules Verne, many evidences point to its practicability. It is a plan that has withstood the most laborious engineering tests in a gradual development going back some eighteen to twenty years, in evolution, test and design. Just as the aeronautical engineer applied what he knew of the movement of air to the development of the airplane, so the marine engineer, gaining from aeronautical experiment, utilized knowledge of the movement of water in the sea to develop a revolutionary type of ocean craft—a dependable floating landing stage, the biggest iron and



steel structure ever to float in water and be, at the same time, securely anchored to the bed of the ocean in water two to three miles in depth.

The seadrome, as submitted theoretically, is a steel and iron open-work structure consisting of a six-acre deck, rising on stream-lined columns, as if on a forest of stilts, one hundred feet above the waterline and supported by buoyancy tanks submerged forty feet below water. In order that this floating structure may have motionless stability, circular balancing chambers, filled with iron ore, extend below the ballast tanks to a depth of 208 feet in the still waters underlying the wave surface. (While being towed from the shallow water, where assembled, to their anchorage places in the ocean, seadromes will have, through additional ballast, a draft of approximately forty-four feet, compared with a draft of twenty-eight feet during construction, and when they are finally located, the ballast chambers, filled with pig-iron, will be telescoped to their fullest depth.)

A ship provided with a landing deck, similar to naval aircraft carriers, is obliged to roll and pitch in a high sea, making anchorage impossible and flying operations extremely hazardous. Only an even surface, unaffected by the movement of the waves, can be relied upon under all weather conditions. In theory—for no full-sized seadrome has yet been built—the seadrome meets this requirement. In practical tests made with models in small bodies of water, churned into waves proportionately higher than the ocean ever knows, the models remained stable, including a thirty-five foot one launched in the river at Cambridge, Delaware. Waves which utterly swamped a sixteen-foot-to-one-inch model of the *Majestic*, left the

drome riding on a perfectly even keel, swinging to her miniature cable like a schooner in a land-locked harbor. A thirty-mile wind blowing at the time of the launching (computed as to the square of the increase in the size of the regular size seadrome over the model) was equal to a tempest of 150 miles per hour. Wavelets of from twelve to sixteen inches in height (computed in direct ratio to the increase in the size of the model) were equal to towering rollers of from thirty to forty-five feet in height. The columns, or floats, being stream-lined like the body of an airplane, were shown to offer no resistance to surface waves, which, rushing through them unopposed, caused no damage either to the columnar assemblage underneath or to the elevated landing stage. This is further important, observing that a storm wave striking a horizontal sea-wall has an impact force of three and a half tons per square foot. Imagine, therefore, what would happen if any portion of the seadrome were so constructed as to resist the energy of the waves!

As iron and steel offer the greatest resistance of the metals to the corroding effects of water, all floats, weights and braces of the open seadrome structure will be of rust-proof iron and steel. Chain, for example, rather than cable, is to be used at the anchor connection to minimize wear and avoid kinking of the cable or fouling of the anchor.

The landing deck, made of steel and resting on twenty-eight stream-lined columns, will be 1,225 feet, or almost a quarter of a mile, long, 300 feet wide in the centre, or amidships, tapering to 150 feet in width at each end. It will be so constructed that, if necessary, it can be lengthened to 1,500 feet. The surface deck will be unobstructed for



the landing and taking off of aircraft so as to give substantially a clear deck for airplane operations, but, on the under, or between, decks, provision is made for gasoline and oil tanks, repair stations, storage rooms for other supplies, personnel and hotel quarters.

In design the seadrome, as proposed, is not square for the reason, among others, that a square field is less economical than the oblong landing platform of the seadrome. No arresting gear is necessary on the deck, such as is used on airplane carriers, to halt the run of a plane on the deck and cut short the landing space needed by the plane. The "illimitable" flat surface of the ocean will allow a plane to get landing speed a distance away from the seadrome, and then drop simply and comparatively slowly onto the deck. Once the plane has landed and unloaded, it will be removed automatically to the hangar on the deck below. For this purpose, an elevator—probably the largest in commercial use—will be employed, having platform dimensions of about 120 feet by seventy feet.

The drome will be moored to a huge buoy one thousand feet away, with provision, in the event of overstraining, to drift a mile with the prevailing winds and currents. And since the centre of wind pressure of the seadrome is aft of the centre of water pressure, it will trail into the wind at any wind velocity in excess of fifteen miles per hour. This condition is necessary for the safe landing and take-off of planes. In addition, electrically driven water propellers may be used to prevent yawing after coming up into the wind.

Power is also provided for emergency use, sufficient to maintain the seadrome on station, should the anchoring system become ineffective: each seadrome will

be equipped with 2,400 horsepower. To compensate for the swing of the seadrome around the anchorage system, the goniometer element, controlling the direction of the radio beam, is connected to a Sperry gyro-compass with the result that the original beam will always be maintained constant in direction. Each seadrome will be provided with the standard marine-type radio-compass receiver, which can be used to give bearings to ships and shore stations by means of the long-wave radio phone, on the wave bend that has been assigned for shipping. In emergency, therefore, small ships can be refueled at the seadromes, make minor emergency repairs or secure various kinds of assistance, thus rendering aid to navigation generally.

The buoy will be held in position by two mammoth 18,000-foot standard steel cables secured to a 1,500-ton reinforced concrete anchor sunk into the bed of the ocean. Spherical and segmental in shape and more than one hundred feet in diameter, the anchor will be self-righting and non-fouling, thus avoiding the remotest danger of cutting free from the cable. In addition to the two anchoring cables, a third, unattached to the anchor, will be hung from the buoy into the ocean and hoisted at intervals to check for corrosion. The anchor, mushroom type, is provided with a buoyancy compartment which, in effect, makes it a circular boat and gives it sufficient buoyancy so that it can be towed to the anchorage site, flooded and sunk with its connecting cable. The mass and shape are such that, somewhat like an inverted saucer, it will not move horizontally or turn over under the maximum stress transmitted to it by the seadrome. It is depended upon by the inventor to imbed itself in the



red clay ocean floor and to withstand a pressure five times greater than can be imposed upon it by the resultant of wind, waves and tide beating down upon the seadrome.

Such a system of anchorage prevents the seadrome from exerting a sudden jerk on the anchors tending to sever the cables, and permits the drome at all times to swing so that its length is pointed windward. In several respects these are conditions favorable to the pilot. Just as readily as if he were to descend at any airport on the mainland, the pilot will, thus, be able to land head-on to the wind on a commodious ocean field-deck as steady as an island. In a sense he can land on the seadrome more readily than at an average airport, for the seadrome will always be in the best position for the run of a ship down its long deck. Nor need it be nearly as big as a land airport, since it has no obstacles on the deck surface to be avoided. The margin of safety for the entire structure has been set at five to one, that is, for the computed strength of a necessary member in the seadrome will be added strength five times greater.

EACH seadrome will be laid out as a miniature city with a personnel of one hundred and twenty-five resident employes and accommodations for a floating population of from three hundred to five hundred persons. Included in the seadrome structure between decks will be a service building for maintenance and ship repair. Also, a weather bureau, replete with meteorological instruments, a radio station and beacon lights. On the opposite sub-surface area between decks will be the hotel consisting of fifty rooms, varied recreation centres, gymnasium and swimming pool

which will extend out into the open for out-of-door swimming, a miniature golf course, pool and billiard room, stock quotations, motion pictures, radio programmes, bowling alleys and several tennis courts. Passengers desirous of breaking their trip midway may spend the night in one of the drome hotels where, if imagination does not run riot, they will have at their command the conveniences and many added pleasures of a modern health resort while floating on ocean water at least two-and-one-half miles deep.

The dromes will be in constant communication with each other and both sides of the Atlantic by radio, while pilots will be guided by radio beacons from stage to stage. Floodlights and boundary lights similar to those of an airport on land will provide for night landings, and improved blind flying equipment, similar to that proved by the Daniel Guggenheim Fund, will guide pilots down to safe landings in fog. Planes will be equipped with radio direction indicators enabling them to hold a straight course from one seadrome to another. In a word, a complete airport service will be provided, together with navigational and radio aids, including ocean patrol service by watercraft over the air route. As contemplated, the system will assure accurate directional navigation and constant two-way communication between seadromes and land terminals, and each plane in flight will be in touch with all stations.

On the seadrome airway, amphibian planes will be used, sufficiently seaworthy to land safely at sea in an emergency, although no water landings are contemplated in the project. Should a plane be forced down between stations for any reason, however, fast ocean-going motor cruisers will be dispatched



to tow it to the nearest seadrome. One of these boats will be attached to each station. Patrol boats, of the Coast Guard type, equipped with radio communication sets, will operate also from land terminals. The patrol boats will be guided to the planes by radio-phones and, in emergencies, radio-telegraph signals, which are provided with emergency equipment to be operated on the surface of the ocean. Consequently, a disabled plane, forced down at the midpoint, may be reached in about three hours. Even if a plane should be caught in a fog the directional radio beam compass will guide it to the nearest seadrome, and should the structure be completely obscured, the pilot could make a water landing near by.

INTEREST in seadromes has been shown by Ireland, Great Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Portugal and Italy. Eventually transatlantic air services may be operated by all of these nations over the seadrome system. European governments and air transportation companies have studied the project and offers of coöperation from international sources have been received. Immediate plans are under way for five seadromes to be built with governmental financial aid in the United States, following the building and testing experimentally of a quarter section of Seadrome Number One to be placed 375 nautical miles southeast of New York. According to construction estimates, submitted in an application to the United States Government for a loan of \$30,000,000 under the provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act, it was calculated that the transatlantic airway, consisting of five seadromes, approximately 500 miles

apart, could be built for about \$34,000,000 and that eighty per cent of this total would be spent for labor. It would give employment to 10,000 men for two years. It would also indirectly give employment to a number of other men in various industries and, when completed, provide permanent employment for many more. It would mean, fundamentally, the opening up of an entirely new field in aëronautical development, fitting definitely into the picture of America's industrial future.

After aëronautical experts of the Department of Commerce had investigated the project, Secretary Roper announced that the proposed seadrome airway would "assure efficient, safe, dependable and profitable twenty-four-hour-mail, passenger and express service between the principal cities of the Atlantic Seaboard and the Western European Capitals."

Eugene L. Vidal, Director of Aëronautics of the Department of Commerce, concluded that Federal operation of the seadromes "would be consistent with the Government's long-standing policy of providing aids to both air and marine navigation." He recommended, in line with the suggestion of the Seadrome Ocean Dock Corporation, that Public Works Administration funds be provided to build a quarter section of one seadrome at a cost of about \$1,500,000. This section, which has a displacement of 18,000 tons, almost as big as a battleship, will be built and thoroughly service-tested, before final commitment to completion of the first full unit. It was estimated that it would take about four months to build the quarter section. Mr. Vidal reported:

"The first island, 500 miles off the Atlantic Coast, could be located in such



a position as to enable air service to start from several cities on the coast, such as Boston, Providence, New Haven, New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Norfolk, Wilmington, N. C., Charleston and Savannah. At the other end of the route courses could branch off in fan-shaped fashion for London, Paris, Lisbon, Madrid, Rome and points in Northern Africa."

The estimated cost of five seadromes anchored on the Atlantic route is no greater than that of a new, ultra-modern twenty-eight-knot transatlantic liner of the *Bremen* type. Great Britain and France are building ships each of which will cost about \$35,000,000, which is the estimated cost of the entire seadrome system. Such ships can not afford to operate without a heavy subsidy. On the other hand, it is estimated that seadromes will be self-supporting and eventually in the profit-making class. Air transport engineers prevision an increase of twenty-five per cent in traffic the second and third years of operation and a yearly increase of ten per cent thereafter. On this assumption, the Seadrome Airway will be able to compete with the steamship companies in first-class passenger fares.

European mail will be a large source of revenue. An airmail tariff of twenty cents a letter has been suggested, and at that rate engineers estimate the mail income accruing to the seadrome operation from tolls at \$6,000,000 a year. Other sources of revenue make the total annual income, when the line is in established operation, executing four round trips daily, approximately \$11,000,000 a year, with a constantly increasing trend. These figures have been based on conservative estimates made by experts who studied the project as well

as the experience obtained from existing airways.

The seadromes will collect revenue from the total air transport business carried over the chain system, and will do so independently of the nationality of the airway companies. Contracts covering toll fees for airway operation will be made, based on a fixed toll and fee guarantee. These toll rates will equal approximately twenty-five per cent of the gross income of the airway operations, equivalent to ground charges now associated with overland airway operations.

THE international status of newly founded man-made islands in the ocean is not without interest and, in recent years there have been scores of legal opinions on the subject. Assuming that they will function in accord with the recognized principles of international law in such a manner as not to "shock the conscience of humanity," seadromes will not be taxable nor will they be subject to registration. Because they are man-made islands, anchored to the bed of the ocean, and therefore not subject to the sumptuary laws or taxes—city, county, State or Federal—of America or any other country, the seadrome owners, irrespective of nationality, claim to own the ocean bottom underlying the islands and may claim the right to protection for a limit of twelve miles around each seadrome station site.

The absolute authority of a nation ends with the three-mile belt of the marginal sea adjacent to its territory, but international law recognizes that a state may do "certain acts not assertive of territorial claims." Consequently, there is no legal objection foreseen which can be interposed to bar a sea-



drome several hundred miles off a nation's coast. Neither is it considered necessary to have new international agreements to put in operation ocean airway services between the nations of America and Europe or between other foreign powers. In the absence of special international agreements permitting airway operation between specific countries, terminal airway services connecting these countries with the seadrome system can be operated by the nationally registered planes of the particular country concerned.

For the first time in history a human invention makes effective and permanent occupation of the high seas possible. Just what consequences this will have on the principle of the freedom of the seas remains to be seen. The seas have been free and open only in comparatively recent times, the principle of occupation and appropriation having been practised for centuries by such nations as England, Spain and Portugal. After the battle of Trafalgar, England voluntarily gave up this principle and the idea of the open seas became, as it is today, the universal practice of nations.

The advent of seadromes has already been reviewed in international councils. The general question of sovereignty over airports on the high seas and whether they should come under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations was discussed at a meeting of the International Aëronautical Juridical Congress convened in October, 1930, at Budapest.

After much discussion relating to their standing in terms of international law, representatives of twenty-two foreign nations decided that the League should have power of intervention in seadrome affairs. The fact that America

is not a member of the League did not enter into the discussion, according to a report of the proceedings published subsequently by the Department of Commerce.

The status of a seadrome, if the country operating it goes to war, was also considered. One delegate suggested that seadromes be declared neutral in time of war; another member offered an amendment to the effect that in case the seadrome owner becomes a belligerent, the control of the seadrome should be turned over to a neutral state.

The following resolutions regarding ocean airports were adopted:

"Any airport of the high seas, created for the needs of air navigation, whether it be the property of a private individual or a state, may be established on the high seas only under the authority and responsibility of a state, whether or not the state possesses a seacoast.

"The state, under whose authority this airport of the high seas comes, regulates the conditions of admittance to and use of such airports.

"If the airport on the high seas is open to the public, no discrimination may be made between aircraft on the basis of nationality.

"States must make known reciprocally their intentions to create airports on the high seas.

"In case a delay is caused because some state is opposed to the creation of such airport on the high seas, the dispute shall be carried before the League of Nations which shall settle it.

"If for any reason whatever the League of Nations can not be advantageously impressed, or if it can not settle the dispute, the parties will have recourse to obligatory arbitration."

It may still be a question, however,



whether the jurisdiction of the League can apply so long as seadromes are American property. Presumably under the flag of the United States, will they be dealt with as so many hulks under the maritime code of the nations?

There is also the question of law and order. Removed permanently hundreds of miles from the domestic jurisdiction of the United States, these floating islands will have their populations—sometimes small permanent staffs, sometimes augmented by large numbers of passengers, perhaps storm-bound, *en route*, while those in charge of flights await favorable meteorological reports. Not only Americans, but, it may so happen, a cosmopolitan foreign group will be involved in the maintenance of order. Assaults, robberies, even murders, may furnish fresh thrills for masters of detective fiction, let alone the threat of American racketeering reaching its sinister arm Europe-ward in some new crime wave. Whose police will be on these floating islands? What court will render justice? If the seadrome is operated by a British company and owned by an American company, just what is its nationality? Regardless of its ownership and its operating membership, does the seadrome itself have a nationality? If not, who ever heard of an island of any value being without nationality once it was discovered?

THE projected seadrome development is essentially an American invention. Invented, patented, financed and built as planned in America, it may be surmised that seadromes will be the equivalent of American-owned islands over which the United States will exercise absolute sovereignty. On the other hand, anchored actually not within the

jurisdiction of any country or countries but in the international waters of the free and open ocean, many fine legal niceties and technicalities, perhaps far-reaching in importance, consequent upon past and prevailing principles and practices of the law of the nations, may come within the purview of international maritime jurisprudence and resultant diplomatic action.

With the transatlantic airway so near at hand, the American Government is put to the task of determining the future international character of the floating islands, as such, the use they would be put to in case of international conflict, and the development of protective devices in case of the latter. How can these properties be defended and what is their utility in war? Should they be fortified, and if so, would international complications follow the establishing of a group of such islands, say in the Pacific, or would such an act arouse the sensibilities of the Japanese?

On the basis of their practicability, such anchorages might be converted into vital spots in a new struggle for world air power. Can seadromes be armored to provide against both surface and undersea attack? Irrespective of their public or private status, will they have weapons for defense? Or will they depend upon the command of the air attainable by the fleet wings which come and go from their broad runways?

The power of modern aircraft as a weapon is simply enormous. A seadrome, therefore, may possess a strong bulwark of defense and may play a part in future warfare. Possibly armored and surrounded by mine barrages impeding attack from both surface craft and submarines, these islands will give a new meaning to the independence of nations. They will bring the world's



most powerful nation within striking distance of the European Continent and may thus raise world problems in aviation control. An airplane at present can not fly across the Atlantic non-stop with a war load of bombs and other fighting equipment. Attacks from the air must be based on sea carriers, or in the near future, it may be, from the motionless decks of the seadromes, strategically located in mid-ocean and capable of housing no fewer than fifty planes at one time. The offensive and defensive rôle of the airplane in war need not be barred, therefore, by the widest ocean.

Functioning as an island airport and intermediate refueling station, the seadrome is submitted as an answer, with scientific endorsement on both sides of the Atlantic, to the many problems confronting oceanic flights. The result is that regular airplane service between Europe and America is, in all likelihood, within two years of actual accomplishment. Through the courageous endeavor of adapting not the airplane to the ocean but the mighty ocean to the gnat-like airplane with its fundamental limitations, man seeks to disarm the tempest and to cheat the tides.





# THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



ONE thing is certain about the literary prospects of the new year. There is to be no dearth of fiction, either in quantity or quality. Just why nearly all the novelists should suddenly go in for long books, as if at a given signal, although anybody who knows the inside of the situation realizes that such signals are never given, and if they were, would be ignored, must remain a mystery. But the fact remains that novels are long this season, and a study of publishers' catalogues shows that the style is good for at least the first half of the year.

As yet, there is no rival for the 1,200 pages of Hervey Allen's *Anthony Adverse*, but the four- and five-hundred pagers, and upward, are to be found in abundance, making it possible for the average reader to keep himself supplied with fiction with very few purchases, which is not exactly a comforting thought for publishers or authors in general. The *Ulysses* of Mr. James Joyce, now available under the imprint of Random House by grace of the efforts of Bennet Cerf and Donald Klopfer of that organization, plus the decision of an intelligent judge, will keep a good many readers from further explorations if they take it as seriously as

it deserves. In this connection it is well to note that Paul Jordan Smith's *A Key to Ulysses* (Covici-Friede, \$1), is also to be purchased, the best simple explanation of the mysteries of the world-famous book.

Naturally one speaks of the size of the new books only to call attention to a

tendency of the times. What counts is how good they are, not how much of them there is. And it is a pleasure to say that if the year's run keeps up to the early samples, it will be one of the best seasons in several years, perhaps just another sign that we are emerging from the valley of the Great Depression. So naturally pessimistic an observer as the Landscaper finds it necessary to add that we are climbing out by methods that inspire little except fear in his timorous bosom, but it is certain that our mood of black despair has definitely passed, and that for a time, at least, we are better off. Perhaps it is foolish to ask more; it is like worrying about the next war instead of being thankful that at this exact moment the world is reasonably at peace.

## *A Good Irish Novel*

THE literary surprise of the early season was an Irish novel, Sean O'Faolain's *A Nest of Simple Folk*



(Viking, \$2.50), that is, a surprise that it should be quite so good as it turned out to be when the author had done nothing previously except some short stories. These were of excellent quality, but did not forecast any such richness and power as is to be found in the first novel. A book of four hundred pages of small type, it is crowded with people of many varieties, principally members of one family, in whom is symbolized the tragedy of Ireland, both inner and outer. The scene is the country in and around Limerick, and the mood varies from stark tragedy to comedy, but without any of the usual Gaelic mysticism or horror; in short, the book is kept in a human and understandable key.

The style is so good that it is not possible to avoid commenting upon it, no matter how well aware one may be that readers in general are but little interested in such things. Mr. O'Faolain writes vigorous, sturdy English prose, with just enough of the Irish in it to give it the right flavor, and without resorting to troublesome dialect. Perhaps it is a fair criticism of the book that it tends somewhat to formlessness, that it flows along like a river, but this is not so important as the skill with which its people come to life, and the keen and vivid sense of life and living that is in the novel from first page to last.

The politics of the period covered plays its part in the drama, and the futile protagonist, Leo Foxe-Donnell, is a Fenian leader who spends a good part of his lifetime in prison, but, as in the instance of the style, the Irishness is not too complicated or difficult for any one to follow without consulting an encyclopedia. It looks at this moment as if the novel were on its way to becoming a best-seller; it is a very fine book, which the Landscaper puts well toward the

head of the list of recent offerings in fiction.

### *Mrs. Buck Again*

OF NOVELS by established authors, Pearl S. Buck's *The Mother* (John Day, \$2.50), a story of Chinese peasant life that is *not* Part III of the trilogy begun with *The Good Earth* and continued with *Sons*, is an exceptionally tender and moving study. It is a novel without names, a simplified account of the life of a woman who was the embodiment of the maternal instinct, in a village made up of a few huts, which is also unnamed. In less deft hands, it is not hard to imagine that such a novel might make dull reading, but Mrs. Buck exhibits impressive talent in the way she has handled her problem of having her characters symbols and individuals at one and the same time.

Much of the charm of the story lies in the appeal of the Biblical prose, and in the feeling for winds and clouds and the perpetual round of the seasons on the farm that sustains the family of which the mother is the centre. But the feeling of the continuity of life is an important theme in itself, and Mrs. Buck makes admirable use of it without letting it interfere with the movement of her narrative. More than one reviewer has called the new book her best, an opinion in which the Landscaper is not quite able to concur, but it is no let-down, different without being at all inferior.

### *A Rousing Sea-Yarn*

AN EMINENTLY safe recommendation among the early books is the sequel to *Mutiny on the Bounty*, in which Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall retold one of the best of all sea



stories and made a work of art of it. The new book is *Men Against the Sea* (Little, Brown: Atlantic Monthly Press, \$2.50), and centres about the famous open-boat voyage of Bligh and his nineteen companions, the rest of the *Bounty* story with which many people are familiar in outline. Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall have done their best with it, however, and it reads like a brand-new story.

Naturally it will have a strong appeal to the many readers of the first book, who will not find that, like most sequels, it is in any sense less thrilling, but there is a chance that it may be even more widely read, and it can stand alone, although the Landscaper's guess is that few who get their hands on it will be willing to pass up Part I. For its infallible interest to the masculine element, *Men Against the Sea* warrants a three-star rating, a really great adventure story retold with splendid skill, but the Landscaper does not suggest that it will appeal only to men. On the other hand, some of the most enthusiastic comment on the other book came from women.

### Other New Novels

SOME others among the current novels by established authors are Anne Parrish's *Sea Level* (Harper, \$2.50), the story of a world cruise, handled in Miss Parrish's acid and penetrating manner, and a book that marks a certain maturing of talent that will interest her followers; Neil Bell's *Bredon Hall* (Little, Brown), a five-hundred-odd page tale of a family of boat-builders on the Sussex coast that is one of the best things Mr. Bell has done, a solid, well-wrought, and engaging tale; and *Passions Spin the Plot* by Vardis Fisher (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50), which is Volume II of a tetralogy be-

gun with *In Tragic Life*, and which is concerned with the struggles of Vridar and sex; the heroine's name is Nelo, who takes her pleasure where she finds it, while Vridar is busy being pure. The Landscaper expressed his admiration for *In Tragic Life* at the time it was published; the new book strikes him as a somewhat tiresome repetition of adolescent difficulties into which no sense of humor ever creeps, and all is stark and tragic. Maybe life is like that in the Idaho valleys of which Mr. Fisher writes, but one is somehow a little skeptical.

Another novel by a newcomer which the Landscaper thoroughly enjoyed was *Gentlemen—the Regiment!*, by Hugh Talbot (Harper, \$2.50), a long and robustious tale of a rivalry between two English military families in the last century, which winds up with the Crimean War. Stemming from a common ancestor somewhere back in the dim dawn of history, one of the families has become all of the bulldog breed, stolidly English, while the other is "Frenchified" and charming. A Romeo-and-Juliet romance is inevitable and happens, but it matters less than the people who swarm through the pages of the book, and the color and vividness of the yarn. Mr. Talbot—he is an English schoolmaster who adopted Talbot as a *nom de plume*—means to say something about his country, too, if one is of a mind to seek it out. It is quite possible, however, to enjoy the book without worrying about its depths. It brings a novel theme to fiction, and the handling is excellent.

### Our Public Schools

AN INTERESTING thesis novel, which is an exposure of the problems, some of them, of the American educational



system, is *Just Plain Larmin'* by James M. Shields (Coward-McCann, \$2.50). Mr. Shields is himself a teacher of long experience and has written an inside story of what happens when a community tries to make its schools more than places of deadly routine, the battle of progressive education against old prejudices. This is a strong indictment of the public school system, and might serve as a weapon of reform; its truth will be recognized at any rate, and it is a well-done story on an important topic.

Detective stories do not often make their way into this department, but the Landscaper would be failing in his duty if he did not report that one of the recent books that gave him the greatest amount of pleasure was Dashiell Hammett's *The Thin Man* (Knopf, \$2), Mr. Hammett being the distinguished author of *The Maltese Falcon*, among other books, and generally recognized as the top of the heap in his field. *The Maltese Falcon*, by the way, is now available in the Modern Library edition, a recognition it heartily deserves, since it is one of the finest thrillers ever to be put between covers.

*The Thin Man* is a murder-mystery, cut more or less according to pattern, with the difference that the detective seems entirely credible and all the people talk and act as if they had wandered in off the streets, or right out of the first pages of your favorite newspaper. They are a mad lot, most of them, but real. And the punch of Mr. Hammett's stream-lined dialogue, which is like nobody else's, never fails. There is a good deal more to be said on this subject, as the author in question is unique in his field, but other books are waiting, and the Landscaper closes the matter by recommending *The Thin Man* as ace writing, much too good to be missed,

whether you ordinarily like detective stories or not.

### Other Selections

SOME of the other new novels are Phyllis Paul's *We Are Spoiled* (Morrow, \$2.50), a remarkable first book by a very young English girl, full of strange suggestions of evil, and beautifully written; *The Cross of Peace* by Sir Philip Gibbs (Doubleday, Doran), the tragedy of a French officer who loved humanity more than his native land and died a martyr to the cause of peace; *The Cadaver of Gideon Wyck* by Alexander Laing (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2), a horror story with none of the ingredients missing, which the Landscaper found almost too horrible, but which others consider a masterpiece in its field; and *Wedding Song* by David Burnham (Viking, \$2.50), the depressing tale of rich Americans abroad and their foreign connections, done in the Hemingway manner and not a book to recommend to the optimistic, although a talented novel.

Before this article is printed, Sinclair Lewis's new novel will also be available, but what with the length of all the other new books, the Landscaper has not had a chance to read it, and so must report on it later. It is called *Work of Art* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50) and tells the story of Myron Weagle, who wanted to own the finest hotel in the United States, and who did. It is in the fashion, 452 pages long.

### Non-Fiction Also

THE non-fiction shelf stands up very well, also, and indicates that the season will not have to depend upon its good novels alone for distinction. Biography looks more promising than it has for some time, there is at least one



highly unusual and diverting travel book and, one need hardly add, the usual number of volumes on what's the matter with us, what ought to be done about the money situation, whither are we drifting, etc.?

Of the biographies, one of the most delightful is John Tasker Howard's *Stephen Foster: America's Troubadour* (Crowell, \$3.50), a long, fully detailed, and well illustrated account of the life of a man about whom almost nothing is known in spite of the widespread influence of his songs. Mr. Howard has told his story well, recreating the America of Foster with fine skill, revealing the personality of the composer, and discussing his musical ability with knowledge and critical judgment.

*Paderewski: The Story of a Modern Immortal* by Charles Phillips (Macmillan, \$4.50) is a full-length story of a composer and pianist who came to be a national hero and the virtual father of his re-born country. There is an introduction by Colonel E. M. House, in which Mr. Phillips's work is praised in highest terms. *Ignace Paderewski: Musician and Statesman* by Rom Landau (Crowell, \$3) is also available, the author being a Pole and a close friend of Paderewski, so that the biography is more intimate than Mr. Phillips's, but no more interesting or valuable.

### *More About Elizabeth*

THE season is a poor one indeed that can not turn up at least one good study of the Virgin Queen, and J. E. Neale's *Queen Elizabeth* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3) is the latest addition to the long list. Incidentally, there are none better than Milton Waldman's *Elizabeth the Queen*, published only a few months ago, and one contemporary book on the subject that is likely to

survive, because of the freshness of its interpretation. The Neale volume is the work of a professor in the University of London, and is a lively presentation of the familiar story, being especially rich and attractive in its background. It is scholarly and thorough, without being in any degree sensational.

E. A. Rheinhardt's *Josephine, Wife of Napoleon* (Knopf, \$3) is a fine biography on a subject of interest that has not been worked to death, the first really modern biography of a strange woman. Mr. Rheinhardt's *Napoleon and Eugénie* was a great popular success in Europe and won him the recognition of the critics in this country; his *Josephine* has an unusual slant, for he sees the woman through the eyes of a modern psychologist, as wholly innocent of the history that is in the making all about her. His book has a touch of novelty in its contention that the beautiful Creole did not die of a broken heart.

A charming autobiography is *At 33* by Eva Le Gallienne (Longmans, Green, \$3.50), the brief, but none the less interesting, account of the life of a young woman who has known excitement almost from her birth, and who has seen one of her great dreams come to fruition, the New York Civic Repertory Theatre. She still dreams, and is ambitious to see her theatre plans carried much further. Her book is full of stories and personalities—she knew Bernhardt and Duse both well, among many other people—and she writes with modesty and simplicity of a career that has been full of color and violent ups-and-downs.

*The First Billion: The Stillmans and the National City Bank* by John K. Winkler (Vanguard, \$2.50), biographer of Morgan and Rockefeller, is a thin book about the elder Stillman, the



tight-lipped little man who won a reputation for wisdom by saying nothing with great enthusiasm, and his son, who saw Moses Taylor's bank hit the billion-dollar class, and watched his own personal life go to pieces under the impact of scandal. There was a better story than this to be written, if not of the Stillmans, who are not very interesting people, of their bank. Maybe Mr. Winkler can console himself with the thought that the story of Samuel Insull is yet to be written, and what a tale that will be if it is properly done! Insull was the perfect symbol of boom-time America, one of the most fascinating of all our long line of buccaneers.

Basil Matthews has done a long account of the life and achievements of another type of human being in *John R. Mott: World Citizen* (Harper, \$3), the story of a business man with ideals and his work in the cause of international amity.

### *America's Problems*

TWO of the newest books on our present situation, and its whys and wherefores are *The Economics of the Reconstruction Program*, by seven Harvard economists (Whittlesey House, \$1.50), a small volume with a lot of good sense in it; and *Kemmerer on Money* by Edwin Walter Kemmerer (Winston, \$1.50), in which one of the most famous money-doctors of the world advises a return to the gold standard and suggests a way it can be managed. In the earlier book are to be found these articles: "Depressions" by Joseph A. Schumpeter, "Purchasing Power" by Edward Chamberlain, "Controlling Industry" by Edward S. Mason, "Helping the Worker" by Douglass V. Brown, "Higher Prices" by Seymour E. Harris, "Helping the

Farmer" by Wassily V. Leontieff, and "Economics and Politics" by Overton H. Taylor. There are some free swings at President Roosevelt's policies in this little book, which appeals to the Landscaper as one of the best available, not too difficult, comprehensive and sane.

Another new book that has to do with money is Arthur M. Wickwire's *Weeds of Wall Street* (Newcastle, \$3), in which the evil ways of the Stock Exchange are once more pointed out, with especial emphasis upon pool operations, which, if one may believe the newspapers, have not been stopped by the Roosevelt "revolution." Mr. Wickwire is merely saying that the sucker who plays the market is up against a rigged game, which is not exactly a new warning, but perhaps it can not be repeated too often. United States Senator Peter S. Norbeck said of the Wickwire book: "If your book had been read by the investing public in 1928 we would not have had the debacle in 1929," which is very high and very silly praise: not all the books in the world could have kept the public away from the market in 1928, especially with a lot of economists saying every day that we had at last discovered the secret of permanent prosperity.

### *Spoofing the Jungle*

OF NEW books about strange places, the Landscaper's favorite is Peter Fleming's *Brazilian Adventure* (Scribner, \$2.75), a gay and light-hearted account of a voyage into the jungles of Matto Grosso, the Great Forest, in search of news of the English explorer, Fawcett, who disappeared almost ten years ago while in search of buried cities. Mr. Fleming is a literary man by profession and a wanderer by choice; he joined the expedition to Brazil after



reading about it in the Agony Column of the London *Times*. It turned out to be much more entertaining than he expected. Despite the flippant tone of the book, he and his companions saw some real adventure, but he, at least, refused to be impressed. Few of the familiar Brazilian dangers escape without being scoffed at, including crocodiles and the man-eating piranha. Mr. Fleming was also very little impressed by the Brazilians themselves and his book is not calculated to increase Empire trade with South America. But it is good reading.

Other books under this classification include *Roman Roundabout* by Amelie Posse-Brazdova (Dutton, \$3), a successor to *Sardinian Sideshow*, and of the same species, good gossip, humor, etc.; *Cannibal Quest* by Gordon Sinclair (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50), travels in New Guinea, Borneo, Bali, Mandalay and Baluchistan, by the slangy author of *Footloose in India*, this time with much more startling discoveries, including an abundance of cannibals, mainly women; and *Tia Barbarita* by Barbara Peart (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50) which is really a book of reminiscences of a woman who saw life all the way from Dublin, which she left at the age of eighteen, to Texas and New York, including a long stay in Argentina, a delightful story of a good life, illuminated by the attractive personality of the author.

### *The War in Paris*

THE miscellaneous books this month include several of the Landscaper's favorites. First among these is Michel Corday's *The Paris Front: An Unpublished Diary 1914-1918* (Dutton, \$5), something entirely new in the way of War books. M. Corday is a Left Repub-

lican, which means that he is a pacifist, so he saw the War behind the lines from an unusual point of view. An official in the Civil Service and the close friend of such writers as Anatole France, Tristan Bernard, Romain Rolland and many others, he had every opportunity to see the show from a choice seat, and as he watched it unfold, he set down his cynical comment from day to day. The result is a book that is unique, the record of an idealist watching a world go to the devil. All the hysteria, the hatreds, the greed of profiteers, the ambitions of politicians, the politics of generals are to be found in the diary, which is as powerful a sermon against war as has ever been preached, and not at all dull, as sermons are likely to be.

The Landscaper has come across few books in years that gave him as much satisfaction as this record, and recommends it without reservation. It was never worse needed, with the world drawing closer and closer to another war, in which people will act exactly as they did in the last one. And how they acted! M. Corday saw and knew and understood; his eyes were not blinded nor his vision distorted by the bunk on which we were all fed.

Another of the important new books is Fannina W. Halle's *Women in Soviet Russia* (Viking, \$4.50), a complete study of the position of Russian women from the earliest days to the present, with the emphasis, naturally, upon what is happening under the present equality of the sexes. This is an altogether different type of book from the run of writing on Russia; its author is an exceptionally well educated Russian woman, who has perspective and judgment. She does not pretend that conditions are ideal as yet, or that the



Russian woman is on her way to Utopia, but she knows that a fascinating experiment is under way, and she writes of it informatively and entertainingly.

### *Touring a Library*

SOMETHING of an entirely different order is Charles J. Finger's *After the Great Companions* (Dutton, \$3), a book of literary enthusiasms by a man who had the good fortune to discover his own favorite authors, and who has enjoyed many writers spoiled for most of us by college professors.

Mr. Finger's tastes are of the most catholic variety, although as an adventurer himself he leans strongly toward books of derring-do. His tour of the library ends with lists of books that ought to be in other libraries, especially where there are children in the house, as in his own. His book is good reading—there are plenty of quotations, as samples of what he likes—and likely to inspire almost anybody to run down some of his excellent leads. Certainly few living people have read either so well or so wisely as the editor of *All's Well*, that remarkable small magazine from Arkansas; Finger is a man of our times worth knowing about on a large number of scores.

A sociologist's idea of how America got the way she is is to be found in James H. Tufts's *America's Social Morality* (Holt, \$3), a survey of contemporary life in this country that touches upon all phases. It would be a better book to read if it were not so conservative; the author takes no chances whatever with any of his statements and makes one wonder just where he has been all this time himself. He touches upon race problems, marriage, business, politics, gangs, Prohibition, prostitution and many other outstanding phases of

the American scene, furnishing a large store of information and statistics on all these subjects. What he has to say about "The Moral Dilemmas of Business" is especially pertinent and cogent; until there is actual and definite improvement at this point, very little that the New Deal or any other regulatory measures can do will push this country forward. It is no simple matter, however, as Mr. Tufts points out, or as anybody knows who has even had direct contact with the workings of the business system.

### *A Visit to Hell*

DIRECTLY bearing on this general subject is the latest visit of Art Young to a region about which he has written and drawn more than once. This is Hell. His newest contribution is called *Inferno* (Delphic Studios), and has a large number of Mr. Young's cartoons and decorations, in addition to plenty of text. The Hell he writes about is curiously like our own United States; it seems that the Devil has been in hot water lately because the Speculative Financiers took over his domain and ran it so much more efficiently than he ever had that he was forced into virtual retirement. In other words, Mr. Young doesn't care for the capitalist system, and takes this way of saying so.

*Culture in the South*, a large and imposing symposium edited by W. T. Couch, director of the University of North Carolina Press, and published by that press, is another one of the more important recent books. It contains thirty-one essays on various phases of life on the other side of the Mason and Dixon line, in which a wide diversity of points of view is expressed, and from which a picture muddled enough to resemble this country emerges.



*What of the Future?*

How much of the tradition of the ante-bellum period is worth preserving and what are its chances of survival is the subject of one of the best essays in the collection, with Josephine Pinckney as the author. Donald Davidson writes of the literary situation, and wishes there were more Southern novels like Stark Young's *River House*, speaking rebukingly to Ellen Glasgow for the ironical handling of her own part of the country, and to James Branch Cabell for turning his back on Virginia and writing of Poictesme. In fact, Mr. Davidson seems to think there is a definite Southern tradition which ought to serve as a guide for people who write books. But even if this were true, would all the people who write books be interested in the tradition, sympathetic with it, or willing to be guided by it? The answer is no. The South, like every other section of this country, breeds every known variety of personality, and offers every known problem for these personalities to work on; there is no chance of any kind of regimentation, even if it were desirable.

It should be explained, perhaps, that

both Mr. Davidson and Mr. Young belong to the group of Southerners who announced their allegiance to an agrarian way of life a few years ago in a book called *I'll Take My Stand*. The good old Southern Landscaper found that book highly romantic, because it seemed to him to represent a nostalgic dream, a yearning for a way of life that was probably never half so delightful as it looks now, and even if it had been perfect, has passed forever. How anybody who really knows farm life in the Southern United States could go agrarian remains a mystery to this observer. There were, if memory serves, no dirt farmers among the gentlemen who "took their stand."

Mr. Couch's own introduction to the volume is excellent, and so is his essay on the Negro in the South. There is a vast deal of information in the book; what it all means, the Landscaper does not even pretend to know. The South as a section is today without leadership, devoid of political thought and represented for the most part by low-grade politicians, a section that doesn't know where it is going or how to get there. In the last respect, to be sure, it is no worse off than the rest of the world. . . .





*Tros Tyriusque mibi nullo discrimine agetur*

# *The North American Review*

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## Apéritif

### *Guesses Good and Bad*

IN HIS *A Journal of These Days* Mr. Albert Jay Nock remarks that the accuracy of his prophecies concerning international events has often astonished people. But he takes no especial pride in the accomplishment, for he believes that others could guess as well nine times out of ten if they imagined themselves in the positions of appropriate statesmen and then considered how they would act if they were thoroughly dishonest.

Although a harsh standard, this might be convenient. At any rate, Mr. Nock's prognostic ability suggested an experiment in this office which has proved to be amusing. It consisted in reading over back copies of the REVIEW from the time of the market crash in 1929 through what we have so far enjoyed of the depression, comparing opinions of our writers on economic and political events with the situation today as best it can be seen. Perhaps the fact that not all our writers took so gloomy a view of public men accounts for the occasional lapses into unjustified confidence.

Mr. James A. Farrell, for instance,

in December of 1929 wrote the following sentence: "Our entrance into new fields of business enterprise abroad has been of signal benefit not only to ourselves, but also to the countries where our investments have been made and with which our commerce is carried on." Four years of hindsight yield a sadly different interpretation. Curiously, the same issue of the magazine carried these prophetic words by Dr. Virgil Jordan: "The papyri of the New Era of prosperity end here, and those of depression, disappointment and despair have not been written."

Judged by 1934 standards, 1930 was a wildly prosperous year, and after the hot air was squeezed out of Wall Street we still hoped to escape anything worse than the recession of 1921. Little was said about economic conditions in the magazine during most of the year. True, John Pell had the first of a considerable series of articles advocating measures to prop up the failing construction industry as a sure-fire method to restore good times. But the construction industry had been failing much longer than the stock market. And it was still possible to interest readers seriously in such an article as "Ten Key



Men of Business," by Edward A. Filene. His list, incidentally, does not appear nearly so ill-chosen as later events might have made it. The business leaders were: Henry Ford, Owen D. Young, Julius Rosenwald, A. P. Gianini, Jesse Straus, Daniel Willard, Thomas P. Lamont, Thomas Edison, Charles F. Kettering and Herbert Hoover.

In December of 1930 John T. Flynn made an observation that has pertinence today: "Slowly the share in national income of the employes grows more than that of the employers. Dr. King reports that in 1917 the employers' income was \$25,529,000, the employes' \$25,802,000. But in 1928, while the employers got \$38,296,000, the employes got \$51,123,000." If the speculation in the late 'Twenties bears a good part of the blame for our economic collapse, why has the employe class escaped criticism so largely? They had a preponderance of income and undoubtedly did speculate; moreover, ours was still a philosophy of *caveat emptor*, and if they were foolish enough to be bilked by wealthier people that, under the rules, should have been their fault. At any rate, the present Government effort is to expand employes' income to an even greater proportion than existed in 1928. It will be interesting to see whether they use it more sensibly than they did then—that is, if the Government effort succeeds.

During 1930, also, Governor Ritchie of Maryland said: "There is no reason to despair of democracy politically if we look upon what it has done." And Mr. Raymond T. Fuller insisted that "modern China is past bullying by Japan." Both of which statements seem rather optimistic for 1934.

By 1931 we were getting well into

the swing of things. The perennial farm problem was with us almost monthly; the shortage and maldistribution of gold became seriously apparent; the construction industry was frequently diagnosed; there was a dour man who looked over the field of possible new major inventions to hoist us out of depression, and found it wanting. President Hoover's debt moratorium was applauded by Phelps H. Adams. The fascinating subject of what to do with technologically enforced leisure appeared and was welcomed with open arms.

And politics, of course, with the 1932 election nearing, crept into larger view. Robert C. McManus had an article praising Mr. Raskob's skill in holding together the Democratic party and calling him "unshakably in power." Mr. Roosevelt's genial Postmaster General was still somewhat in the background. But Henry Carter sifted the field of possibilities for the Democratic nomination and inclined toward Roosevelt, which rescued our batting average. John Spargo made the odd statement that: "Spiritually, Herbert Hoover is kindred spirit to Walt Whitman."

IN THE January issue of 1932 there were three excellent predictions. Professor Neil Carothers said that: "Economic vicissitudes have always been turned to the advantage of the silver interests," and intimated that this would be another such occasion. Hugh M. Foster predicted still greater governmental regulation of business. And an automotive engineer named Joseph Ledwinka predicted stream-lined cars and prosperity for the automobile industry when they arrived.

In a later issue Mauritz Hallgren said: "Actually how strong is France?"



Upon the answer depends in large measure the immediate future of Europe, and perhaps also of the entire world of capitalism." On the subject of the Disarmament Conference Herbert Brucker said: "No agreements for a major reduction in armaments will be reached." Which sounded more pessimistic then than it does now.

William Troy predicted that American intellectuals would throw off their apathy of the 'Twenties and go into action. Presumably the professorial procession through Washington can be taken as verification of this. But Professor Claudius Murchison declared, "Were it possible to mobilize the forces of liberalism in the United States and so procure action along a single battle front, the mastery of our major economic problems would be comparatively easy." And if you consider the Roosevelt power as a marshalling of liberal forces, the prophecy has not quite come true. But, of course, our major economic problems became immeasurably more serious after Professor Murchison penned his words.

On Prohibition in 1932 there were two predictions, one by Miss Malvina Lindsay that a new kind of woman voter at the polls would throw off the reformer spirit and bring back liquor; and the other by Herbert Brucker: ". . . it takes a hardy Wet to expect that happy event [repeal] before 1936." One right and one wrong, but we were happy about both.

Money and debts came into a good deal of discussion in 1932. The War debts, of course, held a monopoly of attention, but there was an article describing a man's reaction to his mountain of unpayable private debts, not a soothing reaction for his creditors, since he took the attitude that many of the

securities and instalment purchases he had acquired were forced on him by people who should have known their worthlessness or the inadvisability of his contracting for them, and that the welfare of his family should come before that of his creditors. Then there were various articles on gold and silver and some one who had attended the Democratic convention in Chicago made the seemingly wild suggestion that Mr. Roosevelt might be inclined toward a commodity dollar. He has said so since. Mr. George E. Anderson, in October, thought that: "On the whole it is probable that no class of people suffers more from the present state of American banking than American bankers themselves." With Mr. Pecora's revelations still fresh in our minds it is doubtful whether this thought would now find much agreement.

In 1932 there were many articles dealing with foreign affairs—Hitler, the Polish Corridor, unrest in the Balkans, the Ottawa Conference (about which our contributor was rather more sanguine than events seem to justify), the Manchurian muddle, Russia in the depression and the decline of socialism in Mexico. But most of it was in the familiar vein of post-War America: we had a worried interest in all these matters, but it was complicated with sentimentality and an unwillingness to do much of anything about them. Last year, with the advent of Roosevelt's hard-boiled foreign policy, the attitude seemed to change. Hamilton Butler was found advocating our relinquishment of the Stimson policy in the Far East so as to avoid trouble with Japan. George Gerhard looked at the prospect of Philippine independence without feeling particularly badly either for the



Filipinos or our own self-respect. Roger Shaw had an article which was not altogether sure that a German victory in the War would not have been less of a calamity than the Allied. William C. White saw the Polish Corridor problem in terms of birth rates rather than rights.

Both 1932 and 1933 saw a great burgeoning of economic theory, almost everything from the Douglas Social Credit to the eclectic philosophy of the New Deal. Technocracy had its day. Norman Lombard expounded on two or three different occasions his beliefs on stabilization through credit control. Edward Mott Woolley foresaw the decentralization of ten million Americans. Nationalism and internationalism were dissected and compared and argued over. H. P. Losely and others waved farewell to *laissez-faire*.

Politics last year consisted almost entirely, of course, in watching Mr. Roosevelt entrench himself as a popular idol. There was patronage, though, to com-

ment upon; and it became evident that the Democrats were not going to be different from other politicians in their use of it. After the veterans' lobby was firmly squelched in the Economy Bill, E. Pendleton Herring wrote an article describing a change in its tactics and predicting that it would be heard from again, as it has. General Harbord suggested that it might be wise to follow up the lame-duck amendment with a shortening of Presidential campaigns. There was discussion of the Supreme Court's attitude toward New Deal legislation and what the Democrats would do if the decision was against it.

All in all, it seems that we have not done as well with our prognostication as Mr. Nock. But, as was said at the beginning of this article, the failures may have been due to an excess of optimism and the next few years may see an improvement. Particularly if we view with a jaundiced eye not only politicians but economists as well.

W. A. D.





# A Dollarless Audit

BY J. M. NOLTE

*After a year of the Roosevelt Administration how do the nation's books stand?*

IT is now a year since the Democratic party, with something of the condescension of Phœbus Apollo mounting his sun-chariot for a whirl through the heavens, gathered up the reins of government from the palsied hands of the Republicans. Even those who think that the course of the Administration has indeed been in the clouds for the past twelvemonth admit that there are now signs of getting the steeds back to earth; and the rest of us, however we may have been captivated at first by the circus-wagon embellishments of the chariot itself, are saying to ourselves that we knew all along the horses were not celestial but Percheron, and better suited to mud highways than to aerial orbits. For all of us, the period of worship is at an end and the period of accounting begun.

The American manner of reviewing a year's activity is to prepare a balance sheet in terms of dollars and cents; but from this practice we shall at once depart. The press has already been full of monetary comparisons (to the further mystification of most of us, who scarcely know from day to day how our dollar compares in purchasing power with that of March 1, 1933); and monetary comparisons don't necessarily prove any-

thing anyway (witness any number of balance sheets published in 1929). We tend to believe in miracles if only some one prints a dollar sign in front of them. A true statement of the assets and liabilities of the United States under the Roosevelt Administration can not be restricted to money. Dollars and cents, in spite of our predilection for them, are not the essential factors in determining where we stand. Let's omit them from this present audit.

It may be understood at the outset, indeed, that most of the adverse criticism of the Administration's fiscal policy, and most of the vehement defense of it, are both likely to be beside the point. They both depend upon an *if*, and only time can tell us whether the Administration or the calamity howlers have the right *if* by the ears. "*If* the upswing of the cycle is already in progress, as we are certain it is," says the Administration, "we do not need to worry about the incidence of increased taxation upon our people." This is good Whig doctrine, and the arguments for this point of view are well summed up in Chapter XIX of Macaulay's *History of England* (which Americans will do well to re-read at this time), wherein he concludes:



"A long experience justifies us in believing that England may, in the twentieth century, be better able to pay a debt of sixteen hundred millions than she is at the present time to bear her present load. But be this as it may, those who so confidently predicted that she must sink, first under a debt of fifty millions, then under a debt of eighty millions, then under a debt of one hundred and forty millions, then under a debt of two hundred and forty millions, and lastly under a debt of eight hundred millions, were beyond all doubt under a twofold mistake. They greatly overrated the pressure of the burden: they greatly underrated the strength by which the burden was to be borne."

"On the contrary," say the hostile critics of the Administration, "if the cycle, as many indicators foretell, has not yet passed the low point in the downswing, our splendid spending will be just that much more load for an already overloaded citizenry. In addition to being wasteful, the programme will, by being premature, throw into disrepute the time-honored principles of public finance, that last bulwark of a people's credit," and so on. These arguments are reincarnations, so to speak, of the utterances of such men as David Hume, Adam Smith, and George Grenville, mentioned in Macaulay's *History* as great thinkers who saw disaster in the progressive growth of the British public debt.

The point is that the *pros* and *cons* have not between them the knowledge to prove one case or the other, because neither group has the authentic gift of prophecy. The vital truth about any balance sheet is not in the figures alone; and the cautious investor looks behind the figures and weighs the integrity and industry of those who are backing the

business. He tries to estimate the quality and value of the service rendered by the concern he is studying, and the degree of capability of its directors. We are all investors in the United States. Let us not be misled by a mere array of numerals.

WHAT, then, are the assets of the United States, as shown by our dollarless audit, which are new, or which show more favorably than a year ago? These assets should be the items that make for happiness, material welfare and peace. They might be listed as follows:

- (1) Restored confidence of the people in their government.
- (2) Acceptance on the part of the people of government-controlled experiments in economic planning.
- (3) An increase in employment.
- (4) Higher indexes of business activity.
- (5) Harmony in Congress.
- (6) Increased national solidarity.
- (7) Higher retail, wholesale, and farm prices.
- (8) Higher wages.
- (9) A realistic and independent foreign policy.

Let us examine these items briefly.

Without attempting to apportion blame for it, it is undeniable that at the end of the Hoover Administration, the majority of American citizens had less than a normal confidence in their Government. The magic of the latest campaign, even if wrought as much by despair as by the Democrats, gave to the country a rebirth of trust in our institutions. President Roosevelt most astutely made political use of this phenomenon, annexed it to himself and has so far kept the new faith bright and untar-



nished in the eyes of the general public. People gave him a good start by believing in his sincerity. They still believe in it. They believe in it so strongly that in spite of the criticisms of hard-headed men for policies that appear dangerous or vague or aimless, the people as a whole still have full trust in the capacity of the present Administration to solve its problems. They believe in it so strongly that they have taken as gospel the assurances of the Administration that prosperity is on the way back. They believe in it so strongly that they have faith in the promise of social betterment made by the Administration leaders. We are not unanimous in this confidence, of course; but whereas lack of confidence had the vote of a large majority last February, affirmative trust has the vote of a similar majority today.

The uniform failure of the Hoover attempts at economic planning had by 1932 discouraged those citizens who thought about them at all. The remainder of our citizens apparently were unaware that such attempts had been made. At any rate, the people were convinced by November, 1932, that government should try to alter the economic dispensation in such a way as to give greater opportunities to the person of moderate means and capacities. But the people were not willing to entrust to the Republicans the franchise for these attempts. Under Roosevelt, this condition has changed. The people are in sympathy with the Administration's programme and will support it until it is definitely proved practicable or a failure. Here, again, we are not unanimous, but the President today commands a large affirmative majority.

Since the advent of the Democrats, there has been a decline of unemploy-

ment. If the "made work" employes and governmental bureaus are eliminated, the number reemployed may not be large, but there is a real gain, and it is a real asset.

The business indexes are higher than they were when the Administration took office. Economists, familiar with the ledgerdemain necessary to reduce indexes of various dates to a common standard, are by no means agreed that the improvement in business is as great as the indexes show at first sight; but the people, who have always imperfectly understood the indexes anyway, are satisfied that there is a real betterment. This is a psychological asset of considerable importance.

The last two years of the Hoover Administration were plagued by a hostile Congress. The triumphant sweep of the Democracy changed this condition, and since last March we have had a government to all intents united. There have been voices of disaffection, some of them as loud as that of the Louisiana buffoon, Huey Long, some of them as significant as those of Carter Glass and Alfred E. Smith; and to the discerning the congressional harmony may seem tentative; but it is there, and it fits in with the popular mood. The advantage of this fortunate condition to the Administration is inestimable. It doubly fortifies the confidence of the people in their government.

The Hoover Administration was born in an atmosphere of suspicion. The country at large had never forgiven the Republicans for the Harding-Daugherty régime, but illusive "prosperity" cozened it into accepting tentatively the iniquitous implications of anti-social men in high offices, just as it had accepted them from 1870 to 1876 under President Grant. The taint of the Hard-



ing days did not affect President Coolidge and President Hoover directly, but there was an underlying feeling that the evil cabal still had a say in Federal affairs. The Coolidge and Hoover appointments were often not such as to allay this suspicion.

The new Democratic Administration swept clean the office buildings and the hotel rooms of Washington. The cynical say that the new crowd is just like the old, only less presentable; but this has not yet been proved to the people at large. The country feels that the new Government is earnestly trying to pull the United States out of the depression, and that no high governmental officers are taking advantage of official connections to feather their own nests. The rank and file of Democrats are of course just as hungry and grasping as the usual office-hunting vultures, but America has accepted this state of affairs since 1828. We are accustomed to political greed, and to speculation of a small sort in lesser offices; but we frown—when we are not too busy—upon grand larceny in the Cabinet. However inconsistent our attitude, and however disappointed we may be in the competence of the Federal ménage, we are as a people still believers in the honesty of the high command. We are today a more united, a better integrated people than we were a year ago.

PRICES, in terms of the existing dollar, are higher today than they were a year ago. The people as a whole appear to have accepted the Administration's thesis that higher prices are necessary if real relief is to come to those who are unemployed or working at starvation wages. There is a real increase in the prices of things sold at retail; the wholesale indexes are also higher. The

farmer, in most instances, is getting more for his produce, and when direct payments for reduced acreage are added to his prices, he has experienced a real improvement in his economic condition. Sectional and industrial considerations alter the degree of enthusiasm shown by various classes of workers and farmers towards the Administration's price raising activities; but in the main the country has accepted the increases and has been glad to see them.

Wages have also gone up, although it is in this phase of planning that the Administration has had its least success. Employment has been spread out, however, and the actual increases are pleasant to contemplate in contrast to the progressively longer bread lines of last winter. The country seems willing to "ride along" with the President on this portion of his programme, confident that the next few months will see a gain in per capita wages which will more than balance the decrease in the dollar and the decline in its purchasing power.

President Roosevelt started his term with a public expression of idealism in foreign policy more suited to Wilsonian days than to the tariff-torn and armament-ridden Nineteen-Thirties. Hitler's scorn for any American idealism not backed by military statistics and the perhaps short-sighted realistic nationalism of the London Conference evidently convinced the Administration that arguments for a monistic conception of international commerce were premature and futile under depression conditions. The President thereupon shocked Europe by announcing to all and sundry that if the rest of the world insisted upon playing the old game of chauvinism and alliances, we would go our own gait and manage our affairs primarily in our own interest. Having gone off



gold, we stayed off; and President Roosevelt—wisely as far as our foreign policy is concerned—refused to allow any considerations to force a stabilization of our currency until the state of world recovery and of our own commercial revival indicated that it could be done with advantage to our foreign trade. This policy was dictated, no doubt, by the Administration's belief that our agricultural surpluses can not be consumed by the home market even in "normal" times, and that we must have our hands free to handle the problems of exchange in such a way as to insure an outlet for our products abroad. Perhaps nothing that the President has done has been received with as much satisfaction in the interior of the country as his casting off of the European hawser. To the agricultural regions the events of the past year have signified a change from half-altruistic concern about the condition of Europe—with an eye to collection of foreign debts—to wholly realistic concern about the present and future of American commerce—with sorrowful acceptance of the fact that the debts will have to wait.

The recognition of Russia aroused misgivings, because of the feeling that it is likely to lead us into a balance-of-power arrangement ultimately involving Japan. In spite of this fact, there is a general belief that Russia and the United States can be of reciprocal economic service to one another, and a feeling—perhaps confined to an over-patriotic minority—that Russia is in better position because of the agreement with us to apply the brakes to Japanese ambition. There is ground for satisfaction with the Administration's policy, although the Far Eastern situation is so unsettled as to forbid complacency. Taken as a whole, the performance of

the President in foreign affairs and our reaction to it must be reckoned as national assets.

In this capitulation, it is plain that confidence is the major ingredient of the Democratic success to date. It is undeniable, too, that this confidence is centred around the President himself. His leadership is the party's only significant unity, and by far its greatest resource or tool. The foregoing assets might almost be summarized—aside from the net gains in economic statistics—as a national awareness of, trust in and appreciation for Franklin D. Roosevelt.

WHEN we come to examine the other side of the ledger, and to make up the list of liabilities, it is noteworthy at once that many of them concern themselves with definite minorities. Hope, trust, confidence: these are general traits. At present they may be said to be the dominant imponderables that determine the course of American politics; but they are so widely distributed that it is difficult to take a census by groups of those who are influenced by them. The opposite is true of the liability column. When some one's ox is gored, he is naturally resentful; and during the campaign the Democrats promised the country some plain and fancy ox-goring. Some of the liability items must therefore be discounted for perfectly human animus. As an antidote to the Pollyannaism which enrolls the over-hopeful with the President, we take the cynical personal interest that enrolls many conservatives with his enemies.

What are the liabilities, the items that make for contention and distress? Let us set down a list, similar to our list of assets:



- (1) Mistrust of the Administration by the thrifty.
- (2) Monetary uncertainty.
- (3) Dissatisfaction with political appointments.
- (4) Static indexes in the capital goods industries.
- (5) Cross purposes in the President's programme.
- (6) Increase of sectional or group feeling.
- (7) Failure to find a permanent solution to the farm problem.
- (8) Antagonism of the creditor class.
- (9) Disparity between price and wage increases.

Let us comment briefly upon them, one by one.

Many people, who take literally the copy-book wisdom of their school days, are believers in thrift. They form a numerous class in our population. A large part of this class is holding in abeyance its convictions as to the necessity of saving and economy because it finds hope a pleasanter companion than self-denial. It is therefore only faintly disturbed by the heresies that seem to be inherent in the President's programme of magnificent spending. But the remainder of this thrifty class, whose convictions can not be rooted out or even suspended either by hope or despair, have been seriously shocked by what the Administration has done and is doing.

First of all, they look with distaste upon any meddling with the monetary standard. To them, property is thrift crystallized. Whether or not they possess any mortgages, government bonds or other securities, they look upon any alteration of such contracts by forceful means as outright dishonesty, and therefore inexcusable. They also have grave doubts as to the wisdom or

ultimate beneficial effect of tampering with the basis of the currency. Money being the measure of thrift, they object to changing the measure. It does no good to say to them, "Circumstances alter the measure whether we like it or not." Their retort is, "Circumstances change the measure, and then change it back again. The measure is the best we have, and won't be any better for the meddling of politicians who don't know any too much about it anyway, and who couldn't always be trusted to act in good faith if they did." They have full faith in the President's integrity, although not always in his judgment; but they point out that he will not always be President, and the example now created is dangerous.

In the second place, these thrifty ones abhor the uneconomic implications of the "made work" theory. This has always been taught to them as a fallacy, and when they drive along our rural roads and see hundreds of men with picks and shovels using the latter for support while they warm themselves at bonfires at fifty-five cents an hour, they are convinced that the whole programme of public works is nothing but a system of working the public. Their own practice when days of adversity come is to tighten the belt, cut out luxuries and work all the harder. They can not understand a scheme that proposes to make us all rich by putting men to work doing unnecessary things at the worst time of the year and without regard to the personal capability of the workers employed. It is as if they should come home in the evening and each say to his wife, "My dear, times are unspeakably bad. I don't see how we are to get along. You had better go down town tomorrow and buy yourself a new fur coat."



In the third place, the indelibly thrifty are shocked by the threat to the future in the government spending programme. They see behind the experiment a long wake of tax problems. They admit that the country can readily absorb the increase in the national debt so far entailed; but they fear that the Federal debt increase will be only the beginning. A vast army of men are being taught to look to government for emergency employment. Already the plan has exceeded its original scope. If the emergency should continue—that is, if returning prosperity, as the technocrats predicted, leaves us with still a great number of “temporarily” unemployed or occupationally obsolete—and even granting that the Federal Government has stamina enough to resist the pressure tending to make it continue the “made work” policy, will not this vast army insist that the local and State governments take up the burden laid down by the national authorities? Can we create a class of dependents and then leave them without means of support? It does no good to ask the incorrigibly thrifty in return what else we can do under existing circumstances. They feel that the minimum of charity given outright is less destructive of character than a maximum of charity in the disguise of uneconomic public work.

“The Hoover Administration,” say the thrifty, “left us on our uppers and minus our shirts; but it did not knock us groggy by calling Ben Franklin and his homely wisdom wreckers of prosperity, or by falsifying the bonded word of the United States.”

UNDER the Hoover régime, everything else may have been uncertain, but the monetary standard was fixed, and protected at home and abroad

with all the zeal that was shown by Grover Cleveland under circumstances more than a little similar. Whatever the rigors of deflation, business knew the elements of the problem with which it had to contend. The Democrats have introduced a new confusion. Thousands of business men have been greatly perplexed over the change in the dollar and, until recently, over the failure to fix the gold weight of the dollar at a given point. It has become a popular pastime to attribute all worry from this cause to “Wall Street” and to the “international bankers” in the financial centres; but it is by no means only those who are dealing in foreign exchange who have been mystified. This uncertainty has probably restricted the turnover of capital to a greater extent than business men themselves realize. The same doubt that has assailed the business man has attacked the consumer, and has restricted consumer spending as much as it has fostered it. The theory was that the consumer would hasten to spend his dollar before it spoiled any further. The actual result has been that the consumer often saved his dollar as long as possible because he didn’t know when he’d get another.

When the Democrats came into office, people generally hoped for a better class of Federal office-holders. The Republicans had taught them that those who occupied political jobs were as a regular thing a weird species of hybrid bird: as extinct as the dodo as far as utility in their jobs is concerned, as rapacious as ravens in regard to the perquisites of office, and as ruthless in consuming public money as the pelican that devours its own young. The debonair Mr. Roosevelt of the hustings, mouthing social regeneration, was taken at his voice value, and the coun-



try hoped for a brand new kind of bird in the Federal office cages, quite like the much advertised Blue Eagle in devotion to duty and to the public good, and ready to resist with lightning-charged claws any attempted subversion of its energies to strictly political uses. Here we are on absolutely safe ground in affirming that, leaving out of account some of the highest offices, nothing has changed on the birds but their plumage. Each individual citizen may easily prove this to himself—provided he is not either a disgruntled offcast of the old régime or a self-satisfied beneficiary of the new—by naming over one by one the Democratic political appointees that he personally knows. The best that may be said of them is that they are no better than those selected by the Republicans, which is to damn them by faint praise indeed. There is, moreover, a strong feeling among the people that the Democrats are using the necessities of the relief programme to create a strong political machine, whereas fairness would demand strict non-partisanship. Dissatisfaction with this state of affairs will continue to grow, in spite of the fact that we are accustomed to the evils of patronage, and will end by wrecking the Roosevelt popularity unless the President is powerful enough to give Mr. Farley his *congé* or adroit enough to engage the attention of the people elsewhere (or lucky enough to have our attention drawn elsewhere by a sudden boom, or a foreign war, or some other sideshow).

It is no secret that the plans of the Administration have not been overly successful in stimulating real recovery in the so-called capital goods industries. Iron, steel, copper, brass and other metal statistics, freight movements of raw manufacturing and structural ma-

terials, the indexes of construction other than that paid for out of taxes: such indicators do not show striking improvement over last year. There is even ground for the assertion that, making allowance for the changes in the dollar, deflation continued throughout 1933. In the realm of industry, primary steel manufacture, general construction, and railroad extensions and replacements have for many years been the bulwark of wage-earners' prosperity. The paving of roads with its requirements of reinforcing steel and concrete and the automobile business with its consumption of metals and textiles and rubber have changed this condition somewhat; but it is still true that many enterprises will not recognize recovery until it is accompanied by unmistakable large-scale gains in the demand for and the production of capital goods. Price peaks like the "July boom" in 1933 are meaningless to such industrial leaders. They can conceive of a people hounded by publicity and ballyhoo into retail activity. The real upward march, so they maintain, will not start until fundamental improvement shows itself in basic manufactures and extractive industries.

Many people are worried over apparent "canceling" activities on the part of the Administration. On the one hand, they point out, there is an attempt to curtail production, to conduct sabotage under Government auspices, to raise prices and to set back the clock of progress until our surpluses are consumed. On the other hand, there is a gigantic programme devoted to enlarging our energy output and thus reducing production costs in power and in labor. On the one hand, subsidies are paid to the farmer to bring his returns into conformity with the returns of industry. On the other hand, there is a programme



devoted to raising the prices of everything that the farmer buys, so that the advantage of the subsidy is lost. On the one hand, there is the diversion by the Federal Government of much bond, income and excise tax money to local and State governmental uses. On the other hand, there is a Federal requirement that much of this money be spent only in conjunction with locally raised tax money, which is to be wrung out of citizens already seriously delinquent in the payment of such taxes already levied. The economic background of these enterprises may be such that one and all are completely justified; but the Administration has certainly not made this fact plain to thousands of thinking men. The bewilderment of the latter is a formidable liability, more formidable in some respects than was the dogged resignation to deflation that gripped the same citizens at the end of the Hoover era.

IT WAS inevitable that the Administration programme should work better in some parts of the country than in others, and it is only natural that sections which have not shared ratably in the recovery so far attained should fail to see eye to eye with the President. We may call this "sectionalism," although it is not always geographical. There is, for example, wide-spread dissatisfaction with the New Deal in the agricultural areas; and in some States the rural population has not been won over by the subsidies awarded to date. This sort of sectionalism is geographical. But there are other classes or groups well scattered over the entire United States who have similar grievances. The wage-workers in some of the primary industries would fall in this category. In general, the feeling of the nation is

more harmonious than it was last February; but there are some disaffected groups whose opposition to the Roosevelt programme is deeper and more aggressively defiant than was their opposition to the *fainéant* policy of the preceding Republican Administration. These groups constitute a national liability of prime importance.

Closely bound up with the sectionalism outlined above is the underlying conviction of the Mid-Western farming area—and of similar areas in parts of the South and Far West—that the farm relief programme is a palliative rather than a cure. The people of these areas are grateful for the relief so far given them, and are for the most part willing to concede that the Federal Government is earnestly trying to help them; but they also conceive the present programme to be adulterated with political opportunism, and they insist that parts of the programme are nothing else. Such measures as the leasing of non-productive areas, the processing tax, the fixing of milk prices, the purchase of surplus meats and other farm products are more effective, they insist, as vote-buyers than as permanent correctives of economic injustice. Taken as a class, these people do not relish the idea of being recipients of public charity. They want a system established which will give them the independence of activity they have always cherished, but which will at the same time assure them a fair chance in the opportunities of trade. They seek no subsidies—except as a mitigation of intolerable distress—and demand that the Administration remove the causes of their disabilities. The programme of the Administration has so far succeeded in purchasing for the Democrats a continuance of their Congressional majority; but the farmer



has not said his last word or uttered his last criticism. The action of the Democratic majorities on such matters as the St. Lawrence Waterway (which promises reduced freight costs to the interior) and the adjustment of railroad rates will have an important bearing upon the attitude of the farmers of the great plains region. Their present temper is one of suspended revolt, and it is properly a national liability.

There is a tendency in all depressions, as soon as inflation appears on the horizon, for society to divide into debtor and creditor classes. This division is at first almost subconscious; but as inflation is finally adopted the classes become articulate. This phenomenon has been noted in every depression of Western civilization, and in every country. The debtor class in America has supported the Administration's inflationary activities, and will continue to do so. The predominantly creditor class is perhaps less outspoken, but it is against the Administration's programme and will continue to be so as long as it thinks inflation of any sort is a part of it. Several students of American affairs have pointed out that the real interest of our people is a creditor's interest, and that it must inevitably be so if any people is to commit itself on a national scale to a programme of savings in contemplation of old age and superannuation. Some of these students have held that the sanest view of the panaceas proposed by the President will prove to be the view ultimately taken by the enlightened holders of life insurance policies. These policy-holders will not easily be misled by glib promises of the millennium. This class of creditors is today sympathetic with the intent of the Administration, because even the securities permitted to life insurance com-

panies are valueless unless they represent parts of going concerns. But this class of creditors is chary of innovations, looks with undisguised suspicion upon the revaluation of the dollar, and regards inflation as a hogshead of nitroglycerin—useful if administered in small amounts by one who knows how to use it, but if mishandled exceedingly likely to blow everything to smithereens. In addition to these sympathetic creditors we have a large creditor group who are not socially minded, but look upon debts owed to them as something sacred. Deflation of the dollar during their stewardship is to them testimony of their own foresight, or virtue, or good luck. They will not relinquish their "rights" without a struggle, nor abate the terms of the bond a single ducat. To the extent that their conservatism is an obstacle to change just because it is change, these creditors are a national liability.

Throughout the country people have noticed to their despair the widening gap between prices and wages. There has been a statistical increase in both, but in most localities prices have moved faster than wages and salaries. This condition was predicted, and was well handled in the publicity of the Administration; it has therefore been accepted as one of the unfortunate consequences of the start of the New Deal. The disparity of increase must be ended soon, however, if the Administration is not to antagonize a consequential and significant minority. The lower middle class in particular, upon whom the brunt of the depression has fallen, will not long remain tractable if the prices continue to outstrip salaries. Millions of these people are associated with enterprises of local scope and only moderate resources; and such enterprises, what-



ever General Johnson may bellow to the contrary, have found it difficult to remain solvent under the NRA. The latter, moreover, has given relief to the employes lowest in the pay-scale often at the expense of those immediately higher up. Thousands of intelligent and indispensable "executives" and "officers," nevertheless drawing salaries perilously near to the thirty-five-dollar-a-week minimum, have had to assume without increase of remuneration part of the duties of employes who have had their hourly pay-rate increased and their actual work reduced. When, on top of this injustice, these persons find the grocer's bill and the clothier's bill and the rent all raised, they are likely to become bitter. The only "out" for them is prosperity, wide-spread and indubitable, so that higher salaries may be justified. If such prosperity does not come, or if to their already crushing burden of work and worry is added a further spread between the increases of pay and the cost of living, they will become uncompromisingly hostile to the President's programme. In general, the narrower the margin between income and unavoidable outgo, the more critical the person. The unorganized wage-earners and the people on small salaries are, like the Mid-Western farmers, in an attitude of suspended revolt. Their potential power for trouble is enormous in spite of their lack of organization, because they are mostly independent voters at heart and owe no fixed allegiance to either major party. The disparity between price and pay increases must therefore be classed as a liability.

**S**UPPOSE NOW, after the manner of good business men, we assign to our assets and liabilities, as nearly as we can, their relative values as reagents of

happiness or distress. We might conclude our dollarless audit by saying that the Administration, as the board of directors of our national venture, started its term of office with a large capital of hope and good will, and very little else save the plant and equipment for running the show. Much of this hope and good will, which might be considered the raw materials for making contentment, has been manufactured into public confidence, public acceptance of the betterment programme and greater national solidarity. These, in turn, have been "sold" to the country, and turned either into cash-on-hand-and-in-bank items such as the increase in employment, the higher indexes of business activity, and the higher prices and rates of pay, or into receivables such as congressional harmony and a realistic foreign policy, which still remain to be liquidated. The year's operation has been efficient, and we still have on hand an ample inventory of hope and good will.

In doing a year's business, however, our directors have naturally created charges, which must be taken care of out of profits or surplus. Some of these liabilities are definite and unescapable; though they may be deferred, they must eventually be met. Among them are the mistrust of the thrifty, the monetary uncertainty, the disparity between price increases and rates of pay, the failure to solve permanently the farm problem, the antagonism of the creditor class. Other liabilities are less definite, and might be classed as contingent. They may be taken care of by shrewd operation during the coming months, or by unpredictable good luck. Among these are the dissatisfaction with political appointments, the continued deflation in the capital goods industries and the increase of sectionalism.



After comparing the two sides of the accounts, we seem to have a sizable surplus in the asset column. But it is an unintelligent stockholder indeed who does not see that it will require much further manufacture of hope into confidence and of the latter into rising indexes before we can think about generous dividends of happiness. The directors and officers seem in the main to

be capable; but we can get along with a less politically-minded personnel department, with fewer high-powered sales managers, and with fewer "workers" who watch the clock and pad the expense account. In addition, it wouldn't do any harm to keep an eye out for some "hard guy" who doesn't know any politics but who really understands protecting our credit.

## Rain Images

BY ANNE ZUKER

THE new moon tipped  
Her prongs in balance  
To form a golden bowl  
Flowing with faint lunar mist.

Later—in the night—I heard  
The lances of the rain  
Upon the roof.  
Throughout the night it rained .  
And all next day,  
And still another day  
The rain fell on  
Until the garden was a pool.

When dusk came, the cypress trees,  
The privet and the fig tree,  
Whose pearl-gray branches,  
Bare and twisted,  
Were now a shiny greenish black—  
Rain lacquered—  
All saw their own reflections  
In the water  
And wondered. . . .  
Never having seen before  
How beautiful they were.



# The Murder

BY JOHN STEINBECK

## *A Story*

**T**HIS happened a number of years ago in Monterey County, in central California. The Cañon del Castillo is one of those valleys in the Santa Lucia range which lie between its many spurs and ridges. From the main Cañon del Castillo a number of little arroyos cut back into the mountains, oak-wooded canyons, heavily brushed with poison oak and sage. At the head of the canyon there stands a tremendous stone castle, buttressed and towered like those strongholds the Crusaders put up in the path of their conquests. Only a close visit to the castle shows it to be a strange accident of time and water and erosion working on soft, stratified sandstone. In the distance the ruined battlements, the gates, the towers, even the arrow slits require little imagination to make out.

Below the castle, on the nearly level floor of the canyon, stand an old ranch house, a weathered and mossy barn and a warped feeding shed for cattle. The house is empty and deserted; the doors, swinging on rusted hinges, squeal and bang on nights when the wind courses down from the castle. Not many people visit the house. Sometimes a crowd of boys tramp through the rooms, peering into empty closets and loudly defying the ghosts they deny.

Jim Moore, who owns the land, does not like to have people about the house. He rides up from his new house, farther down the valley, and chases the boys away. He has put "No Trespassing" signs on his fences to keep curious and morbid people out. Sometimes he thinks of burning the old house down, but then a strange and powerful relation with the swinging doors, the blind and desolate windows forbids the destruction. If he should burn the house he would destroy a great and important piece of his life. He knows that when he goes to town with his plump and still pretty wife, people turn and look at his retreating back with awe and some admiration.

**J**IM MOORE was born in the old house and grew up in it. He knew every grained and weathered board of the barn, every smooth, worn manger rack. His mother and father were both dead when he was thirty. He celebrated his majority by raising a beard. He sold the pigs and decided never to have any more. At last he bought a fine Guernsey bull to improve his stock, and he began to go to Monterey on Saturday nights, to get drunk and to talk with the noisy girls of the Three Star.

Within a year Jim Moore married



Jelka Šepić, a Jugo-Slav girl, daughter of a heavy and patient farmer of Pine Canyon. Jim was not proud of her foreign family, of her many brothers and sisters and cousins, but he delighted in her beauty. Jelka had eyes as large and questioning as a doe's eyes. Her nose was thin and sharply faceted, and her lips were deep and soft. Jelka's skin always startled Jim, for between night and night he forgot how beautiful it was. She was so smooth and quiet and gentle, such a good housekeeper, that Jim often thought with disgust of her father's advice on the wedding day. The old man, bleary and bloated with festival beer, elbowed Jim in the ribs and grinned suggestively, so that his little dark eyes almost disappeared behind puffed and wrinkled lids.

"Don't be big fool, now," he said. "Jelka is Slav girl. He's not like American girl. If he is bad, beat him. If he's good too long, beat him too. I beat his mama. Papa beat my mama. Slav girl! He's not like a man that don't beat hell out of him."

"I wouldn't beat Jelka," Jim said.

The father giggled and nudged him again with his elbow. "Don't be big fool," he warned. "Sometime you see." He rolled back to the beer barrel.

Jim found soon enough that Jelka was not like American girls. She was very quiet. She never spoke first, but only answered his questions, and then with soft short replies. She learned her husband as she learned passages of Scripture. After they had been married a while, Jim never wanted for any habitual thing in the house but Jelka had it ready for him before he could ask. She was a fine wife, but there was no companionship in her. She never talked. Her great eyes followed him, and when he smiled, sometimes she

smiled too, a distant and covered smile. Her knitting and mending and sewing were interminable. There she sat, watching her wise hands, and she seemed to regard with wonder and pride the little white hands that could do such nice and useful things. She was so much like an animal that sometimes Jim patted her head and neck under the same impulse that made him stroke a horse.

In the house Jelka was remarkable. No matter what time Jim came in from the hot dry range or from the bottom farm land, his dinner was exactly, steamingly ready for him. She watched while he ate, and pushed the dishes close when he needed them, and filled his cup when it was empty.

Early in the marriage he told her things that happened on the farm, but she smiled at him as a foreigner does who wishes to be agreeable even though he doesn't understand.

"The stallion cut himself on the barbed wire," he said.

And she replied, "Yes," with a downward inflection that held neither question nor interest.

He realized before long that he could not get in touch with her in any way. If she had a life apart, it was so remote as to be beyond his reach. The barrier in her eyes was not one that could be removed, for it was neither hostile nor intentional.

At night he stroked her straight black hair and her unbelievably smooth golden shoulders, and she whimpered a little with pleasure. Only in the climax of his embrace did she seem to have a life apart and fierce and passionate. And then immediately she lapsed into the alert and painfully dutiful wife.

"Why don't you ever talk to me?" he demanded. "Don't you want to talk to me?"



"Yes," she said. "What do you want me to say?" She spoke the language of his race out of a mind that was foreign to his race.

When a year had passed, Jim began to crave the company of women, the chattery exchange of small talk, the shrill pleasant insults, the shame-sharpened vulgarity. He began to go again to town, to drink and to play with the noisy girls of the Three Star. They liked him there for his firm, controlled face and for his readiness to laugh.

"Where's your wife?" they demanded.

"Home in the barn," he responded. It was a never failing joke.

Saturday afternoons he saddled a horse and put a rifle in the scabbard in case he should see a deer. Always he asked, "You don't mind staying alone?"

"No. I don't mind."

And once he asked, "Suppose some one should come?"

Her eyes sharpened for a moment, and then she smiled. "I would send them away," she said.

"I'll be back about noon tomorrow. It's too far to ride in the night." He felt that she knew where he was going, but she never protested nor gave any sign of disapproval. "You should have a baby," he said.

Her face lighted up. "Sometime God will be good," she said eagerly.

He was sorry for her loneliness. If only she visited with the other women of the canyon she would be less lonely, but she had no gift for visiting. Once every month or so she put horses to the buckboard and went to spend an afternoon with her mother, and with the brood of brothers and sisters and cousins who lived in her father's house.

"A fine time you'll have," Jim said to her. "You'll gabble your crazy lan-

guage like ducks for a whole afternoon. You'll giggle with that big grown cousin of yours with the embarrassed face. If I could find any fault with you, I'd call you a damn foreigner." He remembered how she blessed the bread with the sign of the cross before she put it in the oven, how she knelt at the bedside every night, how she had a holy picture tacked to the wall in the closet.

ON SATURDAY of a hot dusty June, Jim cut hay in the farm flat. The day was long. It was after six o'clock when the mower tumbled the last band of oats. He drove the clanking machine up into the barnyard and backed it into the implement shed, and there he unhitched the horses and turned them out to graze on the hills over Sunday. When he entered the kitchen Jelka was just putting his dinner on the table. He washed his hands and face, and sat down to eat.

"I'm tired," he said, "but I think I'll go to Monterey anyway. There'll be a full moon."

Her soft eyes smiled.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "If you would like to go, I'll hitch up a rig and take you with me."

She smiled again and shook her head. "No, the stores would be closed. I would rather stay here."

"Well all right, I'll saddle a horse then. I didn't think I was going. The stock's all turned out. Maybe I can catch a horse easy. Sure you don't want to go?"

"If it was early, and I could go to the stores—but it will be ten o'clock when you get there."

"Oh, no—well, anyway, on horseback I'll make it a little after nine."

Her mouth smiled to itself, but her eyes watched him for the development



of a wish. Perhaps because he was tired from the long day's work, he demanded, "What are you thinking about?"

"Thinking about? I remember, you used to ask that nearly every day when we were first married."

"But what are you?" he insisted irritably.

"Oh—I'm thinking about the eggs under the black hen." She got up and went to the big calendar on the wall. "They will hatch tomorrow or maybe Monday."

It was almost dusk when he had finished shaving and putting on his blue serge suit and his new boots. Jelka had the dishes washed and put away. As Jim went through the kitchen he saw that she had taken the lamp to the table near the window, and that she sat beside it knitting a brown wool sock.

"Why do you sit there tonight?" he asked. "You always sit over here. You do funny things sometimes."

Her eyes arose slowly from her flying hands. "The moon," she said quietly. "You said it would be full tonight. I want to see the moon rise."

"But you're silly. You can't see it from that window. I thought you knew direction better than that."

She smiled remotely. "I will look out of the bedroom window then."

Jim put on his black hat and went out. Walking through the dark empty barn, he took a halter from the rack. On the grassy sidehill he whistled high and shrill. The horses stopped feeding and moved slowly in toward him, and stopped twenty feet away. Carefully he approached his bay gelding and moved his hand from its rump along its side and up and over its neck. The halter-strap clicked in its buckle. Jim turned

and led the horse back to the barn. He threw his saddle on and cinched it tight, put his silver-bound bridle over the stiff ears, buckled the throat latch, knotted the tie-rope about the gelding's neck and fastened the neat coil-end to the saddle string. Then he slipped the halter and led the horse to the house. A radiant crown of soft red light lay over the eastern hills. The full moon would rise before the valley had completely lost the daylight.

In the kitchen Jelka still knitted by the window. Jim strode to the corner of the room and took up his 30-30 carbine. As he rammed shells into the magazine, he said, "The moon glow is on the hills. If you are going to see it rise, you better go outside now. It's going to be a good red one at rising."

"In a moment," she replied, "when I come to the end here." He went to her and patted her sleek head.

"Good night. I'll probably be back by noon tomorrow." Her dusty black eyes followed him out the door.

Jim thrust the rifle into his saddle-scabbard, and mounted and swung his horse down the canyon. On his right, from behind the blackening hills, the great red moon slid rapidly up. The double light of the day's last afterglow and the rising moon thickened the outlines of the trees and gave a mysterious new perspective to the hills. The dusty oaks shimmered and glowed, and the shade under them was black as velvet. A huge, long-legged shadow of a horse and half a man rode to the left and slightly ahead of Jim. From the ranches near and distant came the sound of dogs tuning up for a night of song. And the roosters crowed, thinking a new dawn had come too quickly. Jim lifted the gelding to a trot. The spattering hoof-steps echoed back from the castle behind



him. He thought of blonde May at the Three Star in Monterey. "I'll be late. Maybe some one else'll have her," he thought. The moon was clear of the hills now.

JIM had gone a mile when he heard the hoof-beats of a horse coming toward him. A horseman cantered up and pulled to a stop. "That you, Jim?"

"Yes. Oh, hello, George."

"I was just riding up to your place. I want to tell you—you know the spring-head at the upper end of my land?"

"Yes. I know."

"Well, I was up there this afternoon. I found a dead campfire and a calf's head and feet. The skin was in the fire. half burned, but I pulled it out and it had your brand."

"The hell," said Jim. "How old was the fire?"

"The ground was still warm in the ashes. Last night, I guess. Look, Jim, I can't go up with you. I've got to go to town, but I thought I'd tell you, so you could take a look around."

Jim asked quietly, "Any idea how many men?"

"No. I didn't look close."

"Well, I guess I better go up and look. I was going to town too. But if there are thieves working, I don't want to lose any more stock. I'll cut up through your land if you don't mind, George."

"I'd go with you, but I've got to go to town. You got a gun with you?"

"Oh yes, sure. Here under my leg. Thanks for telling me."

"That's all right. Cut through any place you want. Good night." The neighbor turned his horse and cantered back in the direction from which he had come.

For a few moments Jim sat in the moonlight, looking down at his stilted shadow. He pulled his rifle from its scabbard, levered a shell into the chamber, and held the gun across the pommel of his saddle. He turned left from the road, went up the little ridge, through the oak grove, over the grassy hog-back and down the other side into the next canyon.

In half an hour he had found the deserted camp. He turned over the heavy, leathery calf's head and felt its dusty tongue to judge by the dryness how long it had been dead. He lighted a match and looked at his brand on the half-burned hide. At last he mounted his horse again, rode over the bald grassy hills and crossed into his own land.

A warm summer wind was blowing on the hilltops. The moon, as it quartered up the sky, lost its redness and turned the color of strong tea. Among the hills the coyotes were singing, and the dogs at the ranch houses below joined them with broken-hearted howling. The dark green oaks below and the yellow summer grass showed their colors in the moonlight.

Jim followed the sound of the cow-bells to his herd, and found them eating quietly, and a few deer feeding with them. He listened long for the sound of hoofbeats or the voices of men on the wind.

It was after eleven when he turned his horse toward home. He rounded the west tower of the sandstone castle, rode through the shadow and out into the moonlight again. Below, the roofs of his barn and house shone dully. The bedroom window cast back a streak of reflection.

The feeding horses lifted their heads as Jim came down through the pasture.



Their eyes glinted redly when they turned their heads.

Jim had almost reached the corral fence—he heard a horse stamping in the barn. His hand jerked the gelding down. He listened. It came again, the stamping from the barn. Jim lifted his rifle and dismounted silently. He turned his horse loose and crept toward the barn.

In the blackness he could hear the grinding of the horse's teeth as it chewed hay. He moved along the barn until he came to the occupied stall. After a moment of listening he scratched a match on the butt of his rifle. A saddled and bridled horse was tied in the stall. The bit was slipped under the chin and the cinch loosened. The horse stopped eating and turned its head toward the light.

Jim blew out the match and walked quickly out of the barn. He sat on the edge of the horse trough and looked into the water. His thoughts came so slowly that he put them into words and said them under his breath.

"Shall I look through the window? No. My head would throw a shadow in the room."

He regarded the rifle in his hand. Where it had been rubbed and handled, the black gun-finish had worn off, leaving the metal silvery.

At last he stood up with decision and moved toward the house. At the steps, an extended foot tried each board tenderly before he put his weight on it. The three ranch dogs came out from under the house and shook themselves, stretched and sniffed, wagged their tails and went back to bed.

The kitchen was dark, but Jim knew where every piece of furniture was. He put out his hand and touched the corner of the table, a chair-back, the towel

hanger, as he went along. He crossed the room so silently that even he could hear only his breath and the whisper of his trousers legs together, and the beating of his watch in his pocket. The bedroom door stood open and spilled a patch of moonlight on the kitchen floor. Jim reached the door at last and peered through.

The moonlight lay on the white bed. Jim saw Jelka lying on her back, one soft bare arm flung across her forehead and eyes. He could not see who the man was, for his head was turned away. Jim watched, holding his breath. Then Jelka twitched in her sleep and the man rolled his head and sighed—Jelka's cousin, her grown, embarrassed cousin.

Jim turned and quickly stole back across the kitchen and down the back steps. He walked up the yard to the water trough again, and sat down on the edge of it. The moon was white as chalk, and it swam in the water, and lighted the straws and barley dropped by the horses' mouths. Jim could see the mosquito wigglers, tumbling up and down, end over end, in the water, and he could see a newt lying in the sun moss in the bottom of the trough.

He cried a few dry, hard, smothered sobs, and wondered why, for his thought was of the grassed hilltops and of the lonely summer wind whisking along.

His thought turned to the way his mother used to hold a bucket to catch the throat blood when his father killed a pig. She stood as far away as possible and held the bucket at arm's length to keep her clothes from getting spattered.

Jim dipped his hand into the trough and stirred the moon to broken, swirling streams of light. He wetted his forehead with his damp hands and stood up. This time he did not move so



quietly, but he crossed the kitchen on tiptoe and stood in the bedroom door. Jelka moved her arm and opened her eyes a little. Then the eyes sprang wide, then they glistened with moisture. Jim looked into her eyes; his face was blank of expression. A little drop ran out of Jelka's nose and lodged in the hollow of her upper lip. She stared back at him.

Jim cocked the rifle. The steel click sounded through the house. The man on the bed stirred uneasily in his sleep. Jim's hands were quivering. He raised the gun to his shoulder and held it tightly to keep from shaking. Over the sights he saw the little white square between the man's brows and hair. The front sight wavered a moment and then came to rest.

The gun crash tore the air. Jim, still looking down the barrel, saw the whole bed jolt under the blow. A small, black, bloodless hole was in the man's forehead. But behind, the hollow-point bullet took brain and bone and splashed them on the pillow.

Jelka's cousin gurgled in his throat. His hands came crawling out from under the covers like big white spiders, and they walked for a moment, then shuddered and fell quiet.

Jim looked slowly back at Jelka. Her nose was running. Her eyes had moved from him to the end of the rifle. She whined softly, like a cold puppy.

Jim turned in panic. His boot-heels beat on the kitchen floor, but outside he moved slowly toward the watering trough again. There was a taste of salt in his throat, and his heart heaved painfully. He pulled his hat off and dipped his head into the water, then he leaned over and vomited on the ground. In the house he could hear Jelka moving about. She whimpered like a puppy.

Jim straightened up, weak and dizzy.

He walked tiredly through the corral and into the pasture. His saddled horse came at his whistle. Automatically he tightened the cinch, mounted and rode away, down the road to the valley. The squat black shadow traveled under him. The moon sailed high and white. The uneasy dogs barked monotonously.

AT DAYBREAK a buckboard and pair trotted up to the ranch yard, scattering the chickens. A deputy sheriff and a coroner sat in the seat. Jim Moore half reclined against his saddle in the wagon-box. His tired gelding followed behind. The deputy sheriff set the brake and wrapped the lines around it. The men dismounted.

Jim asked, "Do I have to go in? I'm too tired and wrought up to see it now."

The coroner pulled his lip and studied. "Oh, I guess not. We'll tend to things and look around."

Jim sauntered away toward the watering trough. "Say," he called, "kind of clean up a little, will you? You know."

The men went on into the house.

In a few minutes they emerged, carrying the stiffened body between them. It was wrapped up in a comforter. They eased it up into the wagon-box. Jim walked back toward them. "Do I have to go in with you now?"

"Where's your wife, Mr. Moore?" the deputy sheriff demanded.

"I don't know," he said wearily. "She's somewhere around."

"You're sure you didn't kill her too?"

"No. I didn't touch her. I'll find her and bring her in this afternoon. That is, if you don't want me to go in with you now."

"We've got your statement," the



coroner said. "And by God, we've got eyes, haven't we, Will? Of course there's a technical charge of murder against you, but it'll be dismissed. Always is in this part of the country. Go kind of light on your wife, Mr. Moore."

"I won't hurt her," said Jim.

He stood and watched the buckboard jolt away. He kicked his feet reluctantly in the dust. The hot June sun showed its face over the hills and flashed viciously on the bedroom window.

Jim went slowly into the house, and brought out a nine-foot, loaded bull whip. He crossed the yard and walked into the barn. And as he climbed the ladder to the hayloft, he heard the high, puppy whimpering start.

When Jim came out of the barn again, he carried Jelka over his shoulder. By the watering trough he set her tenderly on the ground. Her hair was littered with bits of hay. The back of her shirtwaist was streaked with blood.

Jim wetted his bandana at the pipe and washed her bitten lips, and washed her face and brushed back her hair. Her dusty black eyes followed every move he made.

"You hurt me," she said. "You hurt me bad."

He nodded gravely. "Bad as I could without killing you."

The sun shone hotly on the ground. A few blowflies buzzed about, looking for the blood.

Jelka's thickened lips tried to smile. "Did you have any breakfast at all?"

"No," he said. "None at all."

"Well, then I'll fry you up some

eggs." She struggled painfully to her feet.

"Let me help you," he said. "I'll help you get your waist off. It's drying stuck to your back. It'll hurt."

"No. I'll do it myself." Her voice had a peculiar resonance in it. Her dark eyes dwelt warmly on him for a moment, and then she turned and limped into the house.

Jim waited, sitting on the edge of the watering trough. He saw the smoke start up out of the chimney and sail straight up into the air. In a very few moments Jelka called him from the kitchen door.

"Come, Jim. Your breakfast."

Four fried eggs and four thick slices of bacon lay on a warmed plate for him. "The coffee will be ready in a minute," she said.

"Won't you eat?"

"No. Not now. My mouth's too sore."

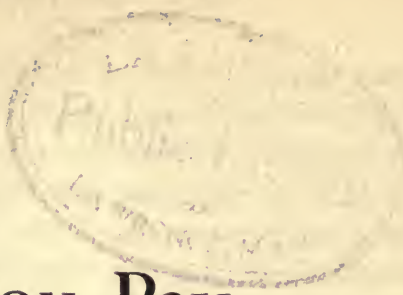
He ate his eggs hungrily and then looked up at her. Her black hair was combed smooth. She had on a fresh white shirtwaist. "We're going to town this afternoon," he said. "I'm going to order lumber. We'll build a new house farther down the canyon."

Her eyes darted to the closed bedroom door and then back to him. "Yes," she said. "That will be good." And then, after a moment, "Will you whip me any more—for this?"

"No not any more, for this."

Her eyes smiled. She sat down on a chair beside him, and Jim put out his hand and stroked her hair, and the back of her neck.





# Vote as You Pay

BY H. P. LOSELY

*Suggesting a method of taxation which will act as an automatic brake on extravagant public spending*

**A**LONG with the Marshall five-cent cigar and Blue Bird wages to buy it, it is quite evident that this country needs a New Deal in taxation. One does not need to add to the overproduction of statistical evidence. For with municipal treasuries all over the country in such distress that many a policeman's payday is postponed, the break-down of our present tax system is clearly no longer an academic problem.

The search for new taxes is a thankless one, as the effusive mayor of New York has realized. For any new tax now simply reaches into another pocket of the taxpayer whose other pockets have already been picked clean. Indeed, the popular cartoon of the taxpayer minus pockets, garments and all, left standing in an empty pork-barrel, is often too close to the truth to be altogether comical.

It may therefore be helpful to approach and appraise the problems of taxation from an entirely fresh point of view. To do so, a rough charting of the course of our political philosophy will be necessary. If we can steer that course clear of some rocks ahead, we may find it possible to reach a tide of "new revenue" suggestions. They are all guaranteed vegetarian—"no pork."

The root of our tax troubles is that we have instituted innumerable different services, all of which were easy to demand by special pleaders, and which offered to our political bureaucracy ready means of self-perpetuation. But the costs were all lumped together into our various government budgets. Then the grand total was presented as one bill for payment and the job of distributing the charges turned into a search for backs broad enough to bear the burden. The apportionment was not a matter of equity, but what the traffic would bear. Under such a scheme of conducting business, the politician has not needed so much a knowledge of economics as of the tactics of getting as much as possible out of the trough for his electorate. The more he can get, especially if he can make it appear that some one else pays the bill, the more popular he is. Hence the old aphorism that the art of taxation lies in plucking the goose with the least possible squawk.

It is, however, less widely recognized that in its practical workings this method of taxing all the traffic could be made to bear has been a means of redistributing accumulated wealth. Our Occidental methods of appropriation of resources and exploitation of the masses



led to such unequal accumulation that the politician became the agent of a more democratic distribution of the returns. One of our eminent economists has even gone so far as to suggest the need for still more taxation to bring about a more even distribution of wealth.

But now we are applying new economic forces which in themselves will change the distribution of wealth. As a nation, we have finally realized that the anarchy of unregulated competition in our productive and distributive process led to destructive chaos for capitalist, worker and consumer alike. We are now busily engaged in setting up a framework of regulation, of which one of the principal objectives is to make a tolerably just division of the proceeds of our scientific progress. If we can achieve that, then we will be able to proceed a step further away from paternalism and distribute responsibility to the masses along with increased economic power.

It is the disregard of individual responsibility and indiscriminate lumping together of all sorts of community expenses which has brought about the chaos of taxation. It has been suggested that town, State and country should agree to parcel out between them the range of their spoils, and so at least avoid the conflict of duplicate taxation. That is not nearly enough. What we need to do is to reverse the slogan of the Boston Tea Party. We have gone so far beyond the ideal of "no taxation without representation" that we now have representation without responsibility.

The plea that will be made for "no representation without taxation" is then not reactionary in the dictionary sense of being opposed to all political reform.

It is reactionary in the sense that such a policy must come as the natural reaction to taking away the surplus of exploitation from the barons of industry and commerce and distributing it directly to the masses. Rightly or wrongly, our national judgment appears to be that the greater and lesser barons have failed in their administration of the country's wealth, so in the future we are going to compel them to give up more of it and by the direct route of the payroll. To the degree that this is done, corporate surpluses and dividends will be diminished, and that source of taxation will be impoverished. The base of taxation will certainly need to be correspondingly broadened; this must be widely understood, so that readjustments can be made before public finances go from bad to worse.

Even regardless of the necessities of the case, the method to be propounded is precisely what is also needed to solve the chaos of taxation. Briefly stated, the principle involved is the replacement of indiscriminate taxation by specific service charges, so that the beneficiaries of governmental service will pay for its cost. That has a twofold purpose. In the first place, it will discourage waste, not only directly as to the amount of service demanded, but indirectly, as will presently be illustrated. In the second place, as fast as such service charges can be imposed, the general levies on property and income can be reduced. Needless to say, these proposals will not receive the approval of our champion log-rollers, whether in Washington or Podunk, since technological unemployment might then be their fate.

We already have had one outstanding example of taxation on a service charge basis in our gasoline tax before it began to be abused. The United



States Bureau of Roads made a survey in one State to find out whether various types of vehicles were being equitably taxed. It was found that the license fees plus gas tax of three cents a gallon brought in revenue from each very closely corresponding to respective wear and tear on the highways. Of course, when the gas tax is unfairly apportioned, there is legitimate cause for complaint. If the gas tax is to support highways, that should include local as well as State roads. It would even be advisable to make the gas tax also cover the expense of policing the traffic.

THE outstanding monstrosity of taxation is, of course, the levy on real estate. With the average investor today placing such a high premium on liquidity, so that he may cut and run at the first scare, it is not to be wondered at that real property goes begging. It is about as attractive as a dinosaur stuck in the mud, victimized by every hungry tax-gatherer who in passing carves himself a juicy steak. About one-half of all our government expenses are local ones, and the greater part of these local expenses are assessed on the real-estate owner, with little or no regard to actual service demands connected with the property. If this tax incidence were small, the crudity of the levy would not be so serious in its consequences, but when the amount levied is greater than a safe return on capital, it becomes ruinous. Over half of our national wealth is in land and buildings and it is high time that we cease and desist from unscientific taxation of it.

We are apt to smile at the stupidity of the ancient French tax on windows. Yet we thick-headedly stand in our own light by imposing a flat percentage levy on assessed valuation. It should be ex-

ceedingly useful to dissect some of its bad effects, especially as they are related to the principal items of the usual municipal budget—fire, public works, police and education departments.

American fire losses are notoriously high. Our fire department budgets are correspondingly heavy, for we pride ourselves on prompt and adequate fire-fighting with abundant equipment. Not long ago I observed the consequences of an alarm turned in for a chimney fire: one fire chief auto, one hose company, one ladder company, one chemical wagon, one ambulance and one police patrol wagon all clanged up in rapid succession. And, of course, as long as we permit wood-shingle roofs and frame construction, even flying sparks are a menace to be dealt with before the flames spread. But not only do we permit combustible construction—we encourage it by lower taxation. A man who invests some \$600 extra in his one-family house while it is being built, using masonry and fire-proof floors and roof to reduce risks, is commended by the insurance company—his premium is one-third that of his neighbor who built the same size house but used the cheapest construction possible. The local assessor also commends him, but in different terms. When the assessor looks over the specifications on file at the building department, he very properly and legally assesses him some \$600 more than his jerry-building neighbor, so that his reward for making less work for the fire department is an additional tax of fifteen or twenty dollars a year.

The simplest remedy for that discouragement to thrift would be to take the fire department expense right out of the general levy, and make a special fire protection levy or service



charge in proportion to the fire insurance premium paid. That would be a great encouragement to remodeling, since in many cases it would be sufficient added incentive to an owner to replace exteriors which besides being combustible require excessive maintenance. We would then find ourselves getting along with smaller fire losses, lower premiums and smaller fire departments. We would be spending money on better homes instead of larger fire departments.

Garbage and ash removal is another item which no sensible cost accountant would turn into a general levy. That again penalizes the sound builder, who has installed an excellent but expensive home incinerator and uses ashless fuel. In making these installations, he had to get permits from the building department for flues and building changes, so the assessor again raises his valuation. So, having spent \$1,000 to equip his home with an oil-burner and incinerator, and thus having relieved the city of about thirty dollars annual trash removal expense, he not only gets no credit, but is actually charged with about an equal amount of taxes for the privilege! Obviously, the remedy would lie in making a specific charge for service rendered, just as the ice-man does.

Even police expenses might be largely converted to service charges. Some of the expenses can of course hardly be met except by general levy. But the small community which offers neither temptation nor opportunity to the criminal gets along very comfortably with one or two bucolic officers of the law. The greater part of our enormous police force is only necessary because we have wealth to protect. One can not steal a house, so why charge the

owner of it with the expense of protecting rich women's diamonds? The personal property tax, which has been so generally discarded, might be revived in a new and more workable form. The present police method appears to be to spend much energy after a robbery. The victim gets a lot of service—finger-print experts, detectives and gold-braided consolation—but while he receives no bill for the professional service, neither does he often get much satisfaction. If the service were made conditional on carrying adequate insurance, with a portion of the premium allotted to the police force, that would constitute an indirect personal property tax, with the expenses of protection charged to those who occasion them. One might then confidently rely on action by the insurance companies to make burglary rather rare and unprofitable.

This shifting of charges from a general to a specific basis would have as its objective not merely a lowering of the rate of taxation on real estate. That would be of little benefit if the individual had to pay out just as much cash as before for general taxes and service charges. The point to be made is that the exaction of the service charge applies economic pressure to assist the prevention of waste. It would encourage the carrying out of improvements instead of penalizing them, and so put men back into useful occupations.

WE NOW come to one of the most contentious items of the whole tax levy—the charge for education, which in most urban centres amounts to a third of the tax burden. There has been of late much criticism of our educational system, some of it going so far as to contend that the whole system is nothing more than an organized high-



class racket. Certainly, when educators in solemn conference propound the doctrine that free education *ad libitum* for any child or grown-up must be a first charge upon the nation's resources, they lay themselves open to such a charge. The logical consequence of that reasoning would be to provide free food, housing and clothing to any one who wished to continue with some programme of imbibing knowledge for its own sake. It is not without justice that the fitness of such educators to continue teaching has been questioned.

Our school system is already far too communistic—the average parent has economically no choice as to what school his children shall attend. He is heavily taxed for the existing system—whether he pays directly or indirectly via the rent roll—and if he wishes to use any other school than the one prescribed by the State, he does so at his own expense and without any credit for releasing seats in the public school.

I am no advocate of any organized church, but when I see the Roman Catholics running real estate developments and profiting by tax exemption, I find it difficult to blame them for trying to recover some of their expenses for running parochial schools. If we want to end religious tax exemptions—and there is no reason why a church should not at least pay for its share of community utility services—let us be fair about it and desist from making inequitable tax charges to those who support their own education. I would ultimately go so far as to charge tuition all down the line. That does not mean that opportunity need be denied. We have such things as endowment funds and can extend them so that the deserving—regardless of age—may obtain all the educational assistance they are capable

of using. Then, providing they live and succeed, if their education has profited them, they should over a term of years be able to repay the expense to the endowment fund.

This is not to say that profit must be the sole motive in education. But it does mean that we should use the principle of control by economic pressure. Many a family, many a community burden themselves to give an overrated formal education to their younger members. For what? To see them depart to distant cities, with no return to those who assumed the burden. The very consciousness of having a definite debt to repay would stiffen the backbone of many a young graduate who now ruins the white-collar labor market. And if a little added difficulty in getting “higher” education prevents turning a first-rate mechanic into a second-rate draftsman, private as well as public finances would be the better for it.

Of course, the moment charges were made—whether spot cash or long term instalments—for education, the strangle-hold of the State mutual benefit educational association would be broken, for the way would be opened to private competition with more emphasis on teaching and guidance, and less on fat architectural contracts. We would have an opportunity to judge by results of competitive methods. But to the city financial system there would be provided immediate relief, in that the budgets would begin to accumulate credits for education given and to be repaid later, if not at once. Actuarial losses would of course be comparatively high on the deferred payments, but better a seventy per cent return to the treasury than a one hundred per cent dispersion.

Necessarily, this topic of transform-



ing taxes into service charges has been dealt with rather sketchily. It has been intended to indicate how in all our fields of government we might begin to place charges where they belong. If the apparent cost of living is somewhat increased thereby, that will be more than balanced by reduction of indirect burdens, and by lightening the tax on capital, this will make it so much easier to pay the higher wages which are to

come. The greatest benefit will, however, be through bringing home to the individual what good government costs. He will have the choice of taking what he wants and paying for it, or, if the cost is too high for the returns, he can automatically vote against it by discontinuing use and payment together. A ballot-box fed by dollar bills can register every month without waiting for elections.





# France Calls for Action

BY GEORGE GERHARD

*Long immune to the effects of world depression, France at last experiences riots and bloodshed, and may turn in the dictatorial direction*

UNREST of the people, as a rule, forecasts political changes. There have been few important events in recent times (or for that matter in past ages) which were not foreshadowed by mass demonstrations, grave street riots or other public disturbances of a violent nature. Even in the comparative calm and dignity of British political life the change from Labor Government to the Conservative régime was not effected without months of strikes, hunger parades, bank runs and general unrest. Germany and Italy, of course, are classical examples of how political unrest can be organized and disciplined for minority purposes. Right here in the United States the people's sentiment showed fully a year before the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt which way the wind was blowing; and the result came as a surprise to no one.

One is therefore inclined to take rioting in France as an indicator of coming changes in the political structure of government. Riots and disorders in other countries may mean that the governments had better look out. But in France they are an almost unfailing sign that some awakening is going on, that some

reform is waiting around the corner. For "it is the common man, modest, simple, thoroughly conservative and as honest as he is unpretentious who must be watched in French politics." So I wrote in *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* in September, 1932. At that time I traced the changing French attitude with regard to "security." Now it seems the time to trace another change, namely from parliamentarism to some form of absolutism. The people are aroused and bitterly disappointed; they get out on the streets and demand action. They are split and disorganized—but they are one in spirit. They are hazy about the morrow—but they are thoroughly disgusted with the yesterday. If changes are impending, where do they point?

Essentially, the Frenchman is fighting for only one ideal: security of his home and his country; stability of his work and his savings; comfort of life for himself and his children. This goal he has chased ever since a victorious War pushed him to the top of Europe. He is still chasing it. First he tried consolidation of the War gains through an iron-clad system of alliances in the east and southeast of Europe. He strengthened



it with loans totaling more than \$200,000,000. He sent the Balkan nations arms and ammunition to equip their armies, and instructors and inspectors to train them. He concluded commercial treaties. He invited their government officials to Paris; in short, he did everything for the sake of "security," to be prepared against another war and to live safely, peacefully and comfortably in the style to which he felt accustomed since Versailles gave him the spoils of victory.

The results were disappointing. The French alliances were punctured and penetrated. If France closed a treaty of friendship with Rumania, Germany would sign one with Poland. If France backed Jugoslavia, Italy would step behind Austria. The large French financial interests in the Balkans did not work out as was expected. Greece, Bulgaria, Rumania, Austria, Hungary defaulted on their obligations or declared transfer moratoria which, in effect, amounted to the same thing. French loans helped them little toward a solution of their domestic problems, but got them deeper into debt. Thus the French citizen saw billions and billions of francs invested abroad, with hardly any return but with great danger of outright loss. He saw that the "iron-clad" system of alliances was melting away under the sun of German, British and, particularly, Italian propitiousness. He took a loss of a hundred million francs through the depreciation of sterling. The devaluation of the dollar, again, cost him more than four billion francs in gold.

No wonder, then, that the much-touted foreign policy of obtaining security through francs and alliances gradually weakened to a point where it was not any longer a matter of policy but of sometimes painful necessity.

Then the French citizen turned away from disappointment abroad to re-awakened hope and confidence at home. His faith as well as his finances could be used to better advantage here.

This was two years ago, and it must be considered an event which history will write in capital letters. Politically, it meant the liquidation of the idea behind the Versailles Treaty. Economically, it gave the nations of the Balkans an opportunity to solve their problems on their own initiative, an opportunity which has recently borne fruit in the Balkan Union. Spiritually, it meant the collapse of the "victory-attitude."

THE Frenchman's return to domestic grounds, unfortunately, came at a time when the world was deep in the grip of an extended depression, while his country, in spite of losses abroad, was still in the midst of prosperity. Even today, with all the critical problems she is facing, it is well to remember that France is economically sound, fundamentally speaking. Her wealth is well distributed among the population. There are neither thousands of millionaires nor a large number of positively destitute people. The great majority of Frenchmen have either some capital or somebody "to hang on to." Many of the industrial workers, for instance, come from the farms; they may be unemployed at times, but as a rule they have a place to go. Furthermore, industry and agriculture are well balanced, each forming about half of the country's economic structure. After the War there was no industrial boom comparable to that experienced in the United States, or Germany, or Great Britain. As a result, her industry does not have to be "deflated" like those across her borders.

However, the world depression was



not long in casting its shadow over France. Foreign trade felt it first. Between 1929 and 1933 imports declined forty-seven per cent, but exports sixty-five per cent. Foreign trade costs France every year in the neighborhood of ten billion francs. How to pay for it? There are, of course, the invisible items of trade such as the tourist trade. This has suffered enormously, partly because prices in France are too high in terms of depreciated currencies such as the dollar, and partly because of America's reaction to France's default on the War debts, Hitler's campaign, the Spanish revolution and other factors. While in 1930 a total of 1,800,000 tourists spent about 8,500,000,000 francs, two years later there were only 945,000 tourists spending about 3,500,000,000 francs. The figure was revised further downward in 1933. In short, the international balance of payments reveals a shortage of about six or seven billion francs, as compared with three billion in 1931.

This deficit is a drain on the nation's wealth and has an unfavorable effect upon the national economy. For one thing, the six or seven billion francs to which extent French foreign trade is in the red every year must be paid out in gold, though this may be a matter of small concern to the Treasury, which has an abundance of gold. Secondly, the unfavorable foreign trade balance has its domestic repercussions in declining production and, consequently, employment. Obviously, export industries will restrict their production if their sales fall behind the figures of former years. The decline in export trade seems to account for lower production. But this is the tail wagging the dog.

In reality, the opposite is true: there is evidence that exports fell off since

1929 to the remarkable extent of sixty-five per cent, because the cost of production was too high, as compared with world prices. This may be seen from the fact that the cost of domestic commodities last year was, on the average, 340 per cent above the 1913 level; while that of imported commodities rose only 170 per cent. Retail prices jumped even higher, namely, 415 per cent. With prices so high, it becomes clear why France could not compete with foreign manufacturers in European and overseas markets.

Along with other industries, such key-industries as the iron and steel plants are producing now at little more than half of the 1929 rate. Unemployment reached at the end of January the all-time high of 332,000 persons receiving the Government dole. Unofficial estimates place the total number of unemployed at about 1,700,000, that is, regardless of their official registration. Such a figure was not even dreamed of in prosperous France two years ago; but then, neither was the word "unemployment" known in the United States back in 1928.

THE decline in foreign trade was only the beginning of domestic difficulties. The high prices which played an important part in this decline were at the same time responsible for the high cost of living. Taking 1928 as 100, it rose to nearly 110 in 1931 (when it fell off considerably in other countries) and dropped back to about 100 last year. In contrast, it is interesting to recall that over the same period of time the cost of living declined in Italy nineteen per cent, in Germany twenty-two, in Great Britain eighteen, and in the United States twenty-eight per cent. Proportionately, the Frenchman pays for the



daily necessities of life approximately twenty per cent more than the people of other countries. It may have taken him a year or two to find out about the excessively high cost of living, but recent disorders in Paris, Lyons, Arras, Bordeaux and many other cities are convincing testimony to the fact that by now he feels it in his pocketbook.

There are definite reasons why prices remained so high in France when they were following a steady downward course in neighboring countries. One of them is that France was still headed in the direction of prosperity when the world was worried how to get out of the depression. While foreign countries were "deflating" values and prices, France still felt the influence of an inflationary period. And as is well known from the lessons of 1928 and 1929 in this country, such influence expresses itself in a tendency toward high prices.

Another reason may be found in the fact that at a time when Britain was off the gold standard, and when the dollar was in a somewhat doubtful position, the capital of the world looked toward Paris as one would look at a range of mountains after drifting on the ocean for uncounted days. The concentration of French and foreign capital in Paris provided the domestic market with a superabundance of funds, making for easy credit, low interest rates and high prices.

A third reason behind the high price level lies in Government measures, involving high tariffs, quota systems, subsidies and the like. They prevented the "natural" price level which is arrived at from the competition between foreign and domestic goods. It is true that other countries, particularly Germany and Italy, were by no means backward in

using the same trade weapons. But these two, at the same time, decreed low production costs and, hence, a reasonably low price level, by keeping wages down, regulating to some extent competition, stimulating exports and providing, in general, a policy of protection for the manufacturer as well as for the consumer. France did not.

THE high cost of living is a steady, powerful drain on the French public. But there is a third drain on the nation's wealth, namely the Government budget. Within a year and a half, the debt has risen nearly twenty-five billion francs. The deficit on the 1933 budget, which closed on December 31, 1933, is unofficially estimated at six-and-a-half or seven billion francs, or between fourteen and fifteen per cent of the total budget. Furthermore, the deficit of the railways, which is covered by borrowings on which the Treasury pays the interest, amounts to about four billion francs for 1933. Hence, the total deficit is more than ten billion francs.

Contrasted with the ever-increasing debt of the Government is the ever-decreasing tax revenue. Tax receipts during 1933 were about 1,800,000,000 francs below estimates, for which the general business situation must be held partly responsible; also a tendency in the Finance Ministry to overestimate revenue, and to underestimate expenditures. The Government decided on radical economy to do away with the deficit, also on establishing new taxes as well as instituting a lottery. The new law provides for temporary salary reductions of 510,000 of the country's 836,000 civil service employees. The cuts range from two per cent on salaries above 12,000 francs to eight per cent on salaries above 100,000 francs. Re-



membering the effect of high prices on the average citizen's buying power, it can be imagined just how the government employes felt when they heard of these new reductions.

HERE are the three factors which account for the present plight of the country: the foreign trade deficit, the excessive cost of living, and the government deficit. There are many others such as gold withdrawals, the position of the franc as against the dollar and the pound, the high cost of armaments. But the three factors mentioned above must be dealt with first of all, because they are responsible for the enraged attitude of the French people. These three items, or rather their consequences upon the people's earning and spending power, were the force behind the riots in Paris and other cities which cost the lives of more than a score, and caused injuries to several hundred people, with the damage from thefts, destruction of property and strikes running into millions. These three items caused the downfall of five cabinets in little more than a year; they have brought to the fore again the possibility of another currency inflation; they have changed the nation's attitude toward Great Britain, Germany and possibly Austria; and, finally, they tend to weaken parliamentary government in France to such an extent that it is seriously doubted whether the principle and the institution of parliamentarism can survive. After all, in the long history of France, democracy and, with it, parliament have existed for but sixty years, while some form of absolutism reigned over the preceding thousand years. If France went back to monarchy or a dictatorship, it would be nothing new in history.

What, then, is being done to remedy the situation? With regard to foreign trade, France is determined to reduce her imports if she can not increase her exports. Only recently she canceled the Franco-German trade treaty and established quotas which, the Germans claim, will cost them 600,000,000 francs a year in exports to France; Germany, by the way, was not slow in returning the compliment on French goods. Furthermore, France denounced the Franco-British trade and maritime treaties of 1926 and 1882. She feels that this will save her about half a billion francs a year; besides, she insists that Britain lift the import restrictions on French goods, whereas London takes the viewpoint that no negotiations will be started for a new treaty unless France removes on her part restrictions on British goods.

How these trade wars will benefit France is hard to see. She may reduce her imports, but at the certain sacrifice of some of her exports to Germany and Great Britain. On the other hand, the recently signed Franco-Russian commercial treaty provides for greatly increased exports to the Soviet Union. In the first eleven months of 1933 French imports from Russia totaled 471,000,000 francs while her exports reached only 40,000,000; this will be equalized, as far as possible, if the treaty works out as expected.

The most pressing problem, however, is the price level. There is no doubt but that prices have to be deflated. It could only be avoided in two ways: by an improvement in world prices and world trade to bridge the gap between French and world prices, and this possibility seems rather remote; or resort to inflation of the currency, which is advocated by the powerful Socialist party



which likes to see debts decreased and prices deflated, as well as by certain economic interests which see in inflation a definite cure for the depressed export trade (which could then compete with other depreciated currencies) and a solution of the equally depressed tourist trade. With prices inflated, thousands of tourists would like to spend their money once more in beautiful France. But the French people, mindful of the post-War inflation, in which they lost about eighty per cent of their wealth, would not tolerate again inflation of the currency, and the possibility must be discarded for good, if only on psychological grounds.

There remains, then, the inevitable necessity of readjusting the entire national economy, by bringing wages into line with the cost of living; by reorganizing downward the capital structure of many a French enterprise; by subsidizing exports in the Italian or German style; by reducing the tremendous cost of government; by eliminating graft and corruption; by severely punishing tax evasion, and by initiating a hundred other measures all designed to base the economic structure

on the deflation-level of 1934, and remove it from the proud pedestal of 1918.

Seen in this light of domestic difficulties, it is only natural that foreign problems have to wait in the background till some more auspicious time. Where in past years a Hitler in Germany, or rising Nazi-ism in Austria would have meant a (perhaps very welcome) challenge, today they find a strangely calm, almost indifferent reception.

In the case of France it appears as a certainty that the domestic problems have grown to such proportions as to be an extremely severe test for any parliament, let alone the French parliament, which has shown little ability to deal with less important problems in the past decade. The times are ripe for iron leadership; and the difficulties are such that they can apparently be solved only under a dictatorial régime. It remains to be seen whether France will produce such a leader out of a minority party under the Fascist banner, or whether she will continue to pay a terrific price for the privilege of being the standard-bearer of democracy.





# A Question of Questionnaires

BY P. W. WILSON

*The community, these days, is the thing, and an individualist has trouble defending even his personality from invasion*

AS TABLE talk there are topics, not to be taken too seriously, that are entertaining as intelligence tests. People can argue about them without always losing their temper.

Personally, I like to begin a conversation, especially when psychologists are present, with the words of the great orator, John Philpot Curran, that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." How much we owe to the copy-books which, before the era of the typewriter in literature, warned us to be on our guard against subtle and insidious attempts at enslavement!

Another of our cherished memories is that, despite historical research, the colonists in 1776 did really revolt against King George III and set the whole world seething with nations rightly struggling to be free. Can it be that, in due course, we shall have to rebel against a more intimate despotism than the kings and sign a second Declaration of Independence, more personal than the first, and no less resolute? The table is silent. Evidently I have said the wrong thing.

The king is dead—we cry—long live the community. So be it. To criticize the community is the latest lapse into *lèse-majesté*.

But in communities there used also to be insignificant elements called individuals. Is it utterly obsolete to suggest that, amid the roar of airplanes overhead and of radio in the parlor and of artillery in Vienna, the individual, like some forgotten Pharaoh in Egypt, should still be exhibited in our mental museums? After all, His Majesty, King George III, who in his annoying way was also an individual, did at least allow individuality in the Colonies. They were so individual as to sign the Declaration of Independence, which—if one thinks about it—was what we call taking a liberty.

But what is the position today? It is not only that the community runs our trains, installs our telephones, supplies our water and adds other amenities for which we are not always as grateful as we might be. The community is trying also to manage our minds for us. To many mandarins, it is doubtful whether the citizen should be permitted any longer to call his soul his own. Is it conceivable that we may have to say to the community what the Colonies said to the mother country—*thus far shalt thou go and no further?*

At this point, the psychologist over his sherry becomes a little restive in his



armchair. He admits that he has started a new science. He thinks that it is a very nice little science and he won't hear a word against it. Did not the Greeks insist that we should know ourselves? What could be more flattering to the individual than a study of the individual? Even bacteria know that—under the microscope.

Psychologists do not merely brood over the play of infants in the nursery and assist mothers in the unaccustomed task of bringing up children. But they have joined the growing army of statisticians. The inhibitions and complexes of poets and pickpockets, of monarchs, millionaires and morons, are classified in percentages, and truth marches to victory over ignorance in columns of figures worthy of Frederick William and his Prussian Dragoons. At all costs, statistics must be forthcoming.

Hence, the zeal of the psychologist for the questionnaire. Like an epidemic, this affection of the brain has spread from coast to coast. No school or college, no newspaper, manufacturer of a specialty or announcer over the air considers that he has fulfilled the whole duty of man unless he has prepared a series of interrogatories and asked everybody within reach to fill in the answers to them. Of all phenomena, in this aftermath of inflationist unreality, the questionnaire is at once the most popular and the most juvenile. There has been nothing hitherto quite like it; and—one might instance euphuism, crinolines and gladiatorial shows—it may be that it is the kind of thing that mankind is content to try once.

IT is not easy to say how seriously the questionnaire should be regarded. Is it useful? Is it silly? Can it be mischievous? But it may be suggested that

the claim of the community to ask questions and to demand answers to them, for whatever reason, implies a challenge to the individual. It means that he has been induced or compelled to share what had previously been private to himself.

Like the quality of mercy, questionnaires are, after all, twice blest. They do not merely yield answers. They affect the person who gives the answer, and is the effect always beneficial?

People study animals. But over vivisection, animal opinion has never been unanimously favorable. The question whether it is or is not legitimate to torture animals in order to discover information helpful to man, the lord of creation, has led to brisk argument in mousetraps and dog-kennels.

Can it be that a study of man by man is open to similar differences of emotion? In his pious way, Torquemada put his victims to the question and believed that he was rendering valuable service to his generation. But his object was not to obtain new light on theology. His sole desire was to benefit the individual to whom he ministered. Is it possible that, in our less sensitive day, the individual is secondary to a science? Have we set up research as an altar on which human sacrifices—to be melodramatic—are included in the order of service?

Personality has its bulwarks. If they are broken down by academic pressure, they will not be available later as a resistant to any other kind of pressure. Personalities violated will not be as tough as personalities splendidly inviolate.

If the psychologist is to ask questions for the sake of his science, we may be very sure that the politician will ask questions for the sake of his politics, and



who, rendered psychologically acquiescent, will say him nay? In Europe questions have become the most dreaded engine of despotism. They wreck homes, separate families and deprive people of the right to live. In Soviet Russia, like Tsarist Russia, a huge secret police, male and female, is employed to surround the citizen with an atmosphere of interrogation. The Cheka and its successor, the OGPU, exist to ferret out what is within the home and the mind of the individual. The recent charges of sabotage leveled at British engineers, who, as everybody knows, were wholly innocent, arose out of this insistent surveillance, and the surveillance was exercised through verbal questionnaires.

Nazis in Germany are enquiring into people's pedigrees and are seeking by questions to discover whether, among parents and grandparents, there has been an admixture of other than Aryan blood. It is an ominous and instructive application of the study of heredity.

Freedom from questions is thus becoming as important a right of the citizen as freedom of speech or the press. But they who advocate an amendment on the subject to the Constitution must try to keep their heads. They are under no necessity to tear their passion to tatters. As an enrichment of the post-office, questionnaires, like the air-mail, serve a very useful purpose.

If, by chance, a President has to be elected or if Prohibition must be repealed, why should not *The Literary Digest* mail a few millions of cards in advance and so anticipate the worry and expense of the legal ballot? Questionnaires to housewives enable the captains of commerce to estimate her preference for plain or embroidered bedspreads,

single or double blankets, and so on. Hollywood decides by questionnaire whether gentlemen prefer blondes, and if so, which? Also, radiolaters decide by questionnaire whether it is the prevailing desire to croon with Bing Crosby, to be enlightened by Father Coughlin or to be impressed by the Mormon choir.

A class in college will select by questionnaire who are the favorites of the year—the best dressed girl, the most popular boy, the student with the most even poise and other qualifications. Sometimes there is a plunge into a playful census—how many of the graduating class are heart-free—how many are in love—how many are engaged—how many expect to be married? Vocational intentions, with cocktails, cigarettes and Communist inclinations, are duly enumerated in a jesting spirit—also pacifism, Fascism and whether motherhood is a career. Such innocences are only significant as evidence of a tendency—the ideal of good fellowship as the supreme achievement of the good fellow—the absolute necessity of avoiding the danger which proved too much for so many people of what is called genius—the danger of being different—of remaining one's self.

Students do not mind putting friendly questions to one another. But it is a very different matter when the faculty intervenes. Heretofore, the "quiz" was limited, more or less, to algebra or Livy. If, however, there are echoes of anguish on the campus, it is, in these days, because the "quiz" has been elaborated into a very different ordeal and students are beginning to resent it. They did not go to college in order to provide cadavers for psycho-anatomical dissection. They are at college in order to receive what is known



throughout the world as a liberal education.

That questions—even personal questions—have to be addressed to all of us is obvious. There are occasions when, for good reason, we have to state our age, income and other particulars. But the questionnaire goes far beyond any such limits, and perhaps it may be amusing—even instructive—to study an authentic instance of the kind of thing that has become so customary as to arouse no comment.

THE questionnaire arrived, with other correspondence, by mail. The title was *Myself* and the cover was adorned with the words—"To thine own self be true—Shakespeare." There was also a sub-title which read, "A Profit and Loss Statement Evaluating Ego, Income and Outgo." There were a hundred questions on which it was possible to earn good and bad marks, so accumulating a "plus and minus score."

That the author of this questionnaire is sincere in his effort to benefit mankind is obvious. He bases his plan on personal experience which he describes. "About a year ago," he says, an acquaintance asked him, "What has become of your usual amiability?" Friends had noticed in him "a change for the worse."

Hence, he took himself in hand and, after compiling a questionnaire for the occasion, filled it in, not once but twice. The second score was 4.06 better than the first, and three people told him that he was looking better. By a coincidence, one may add, the graphs of prosperity also rose. But we accept the assumption that the questionnaire also helped and that—including allusions to the wisdom of ample insurance—it is intended honestly to help others.

Nor can it be denied that, in this self-appraisal, some questions are salutary. We can not be reminded too often of our doctors and dentists, nor will it ever be wholly superfluous to warn people against the iniquity of retaining umbrellas other than their own. All that I would add here is that an allusion to one important influence over conduct and character might have been worth a line or two. "What do you read?" is an important inquiry—"tabloid newspapers only," or what? Apparently, the self-appraiser did not recollect a book or literature called the Bible.

My friend was most careful to define the "coöperation" which he asked of me. He did not suggest that I send him the questionnaire as a whole, with answers filled in. These I might keep to myself. All he wanted was my "final net score."

For the moment, I could not imagine what conceivable value it would be to him. But the resources of a mind, infected by psychology, are never exhausted, and my solicitous friend had his answer pat. My net score would "assist in establishing a set of norms for use by people generally." As a billionth ingredient of the human race, I was to be merged into a kind of composite or—as the Germans put it—totalitarian personality to which all of us, as individuals, would be politely but firmly adjusted. Because of the failure to construct robots that are human, what is human is to be standardized as a robot.

I submitted obediently to the command—"Take your chart and go into seclusion"; and, in due course, I was alone with my "low percentage sections" facing the question "On what level of society do you really belong?" which so agitates the Dominion of Canada when



an honor-list is published. Was I or was I not "a selfish, conceited, talkative vulgarian?" Was I "a going personality or an opportunist with a toothpick?" I was most curious to find out.

My first mystification arose over the arithmetic of it. We prepare elaborate statistics of output and profits. We enumerate the tuberculous. We calculate mileage on a gallon of gas. But can we equate human "values" as if they were dollars and cents in an inventory? In an era of psychology, there is, apparently, no difficulty about what Christopher Morley calls

Collections entered, debits and credits noted, Soul balanced—and Carried Forward.

It is simply another column in social accountancy.

"The rating scale" of marks, plus and minus, is well worth a detailed examination. Anybody under twenty-eight years is credited with eight marks plus which, of course, brings in the ladies who seldom survive that age. But how about a man in the fifties who is honestly trying to be as young as Rockefeller? He receives "no score," and while I make no complaint, I can not pretend to understand it.

There is a question, "how many occupants in your sleeping room?" and a person who sleeps alone gets four marks. But if anybody else is there, it is, again, a case of no score, while if there are three or more occupants, the mark is two minus. Once more I do not complain. Once more I fail to understand. With due respect to bachelors and spinsters, why do they enjoy this advantage over the happily married?

The weighing of virtues and vices as if they were pounds of butter becomes quite a game. Delay the purchase of license plates for an automobile through lack of money, and you lose a couple of

marks. But you can win them back by declaring triumphantly that Boccaccio wrote the *Decameron* and by refraining from the "constant and invariable practise to cross your legs when seated."

There is a careful schedule—"your habitual form of gambling." For dealing in "stocks on margin," you are debited two minus—which is not so bad. But if you drop a nickel in a slot machine, it is very regrettable. The penalty is six minus. Other forms of gambling are "driving to the left on the highway," "over-eating," "using public drinking containers," "keeping late hours" and "beating traffic lights"—which again do not easily yield a common denominator.

Over glasses of water one has to be industrious. In order to earn four plus, one must drink a dozen a day. Yet if one is so careless as to "sneeze or cough" without a handkerchief, one loses that four plus. On a bath a day, one scores two plus—but nothing extra on additional baths. One is tempted to ask whether it might not be arranged that a person of limited thirst might count a shower as equal to four glasses or an inadvertent sneeze, and so keep up his score.

I AM one who would not dream of criticizing the self-sacrificing men and women who, on low salaries, sometimes unpaid, are educating the youth of a great commonwealth. Like doctors, they are carrying out the will of Him Who set a little child in the midst of a civilization decadent with sophistication. I will not insult the pride of the pedagogue by suggesting that he has ever thought for an instant that man and his faculties can be measured by mathematics—a kind of Bertillon sys-



tem applied to the character and reputation, a finger-printing of the soul. But I do put the point that a questionnaire, based on such assumptions, indicates to what fantastic extremes the questioning craze is carrying a community that will become the laughing-stock of the world unless it "snaps out of it."

The Self-Appraiser—with a mental equipment sufficiently indicated by his attempt to reckon ethics by arithmetic—has had to face a situation about which it is not suitable to jest. With the candor that is cultivated in the Oxford Groups, he "shares" with the world a confession that many of his virtues "showed a marked trace of yellow." I am quite ready to make a similar confession. There is none righteous—no, not one.

One seems vaguely to remember that certain preachers used to talk in days gone by about marked traces of yellow in human virtue. There was John the Baptist. There was John Wesley. There was William Booth. There was Dwight L. Moody. There is still Billy Sunday. It is thus interesting that behaviorism should still leave something to seek in behavior—that psychology should still acknowledge a sin from which we need to be saved. Under the circumstances, there is pertinence in the question, "Do you attend church only as a social or business expedient?"

The church is commanded, at any rate, to bring to bear upon the moral maladies of mankind an abounding love that asks few questions but makes great sacrifices. Psychology sometimes reverses the process. It makes few sacrifices but asks many questions. It is cross-examination—but not always, as the Salvation Army puts it, at the foot of the Cross. The yellow streak of trans-

gression is there all right. But the red streak of atonement is missing.

Confession is good for the soul. But are we to have mass confession added to mass production? There were days when the church did offer mass baptism. Was the resultant Christendom wholly a success? And is confession to be stimulated by a kind of academic third degree?

A question suggests and the power of suggestion is said to be enormous. Take this from our questionnaire:

"How many times have you seriously considered suicide?"

"When you observe an opponent cheating, do you cheat to get even?"

"Have you ever steamed the seal of a letter not addressed to you?"

"Have you ever made false compensation claims for accidental injuries?"

"What are your secret vices? Amatory, narcotic, alcoholic or offensive habits?"

Many people consider suicide. Many cheat at cards and in commerce. There are many secret vices. But is it by public and written questionnaire, addressed alike to the just and the unjust as if there were no difference between them, that these evils are to be combated? For every person who has considered suicide, a hundred have never dreamed of such an offence against themselves. Yet in order to discover the one—not that, when it comes right down to it, he is to be assisted in any way—the hundred are brought under the shadow.

What would be thought of the Roman Catholic Church if the confessional were no longer secret and if every confession was in writing? Yet this is the kind of thing that is added, by questionnaires of a certain kind, to the archives of civilization.



# Unhappy Austria

BY VIRGINIA CREED

*What really lay behind the recent bloodshed, and what is in store for the Austrians?*

WHEN the big guns of the *Heimwehr* were trained upon the municipal houses of Vienna even the most obtuse realized that Austria's tragic situation in Europe has converted a normally gentle population into a breeding ground for future European wars of Titanic proportions. A brief glimpse into the manner in which the alliances and ambitions of her neighbors have reflected upon even the most intimate details of Austria's private life clarifies the entire European struggle.

Modern Austria is a small, landlocked country of about the size and population of Portugal. She is surrounded and traversed by high Alpine ranges, and watered by several large rivers of which the most important is the Danube. Present-day Austria comprises the nucleus from which the original Habsburg feudal holdings expanded into empire. Tyrol, Vorarlberg, Carinthia, Salzburg, Styria, Upper and Lower Austria, Burgenland and Vienna are the provinces that first passed into the hands of Rudolf I and his descendants. They are all German provinces.

Geographically, Austria is in the centre of Europe. Hence it is not surprising that all the conflicting national ambi-

tions of the Continent should converge here. To the north hulk Hitler's Germany. Italy on the south has concerned herself in conspiracies with Hungary, which borders Austria on the east. Not far to the west is France who has subsidized Czechoslovakia, Austria's north-eastern neighbor. Such an interplay among surrounding countries goaded Austria into civil war by splitting her into heated factions.

The occasion of the immediate internal situation, which, unless some radical rearrangement of the balance of power takes place, is bound to be no isolated incident, was the insurrection of the Socialist elements of the City of Vienna who were provoked by the Federal Government of the nation. To understand how this occurred it is essential to know something of the background of the Socialist party in Austria, its origins, the occasion of its accession to power, the extent of that power, the uses made of it, and the probable fate of the party.

UNDER the old régime both liberalism and socialism kept well beneath the surface. In Vienna there had existed for many years a strong Marxist proletariat, but this portion of the popu-



lation had no part in the government. Furthermore, the working classes were reasonably contented. Vienna, as the resplendent capital of a mighty empire, was rich. Into her banks poured the gold of sixteen nations. The intellectuals of the middle class fostered Marx as an interesting theory, but found neither opportunity nor reason to convert his doctrines into action.

Franz Josef, an apparently efficient emperor, inspired the confidence if not the impassioned love of his Austrian subjects, who found it more entertaining to think of the refinements of life than to dwell upon political theory. The passing of the "Biedermeyer Period" with its emphasis upon art, music and letters was marked by a continuance of the qualities epitomized in the expression "*gemütlichkeit*." The enormous middle class remained enfolded in a roseate mantle of security. Government was left to aristocrats and the advisers of the Emperor.

Among the politically alert attention was directed to major problems of an imperialistic nature. By the time Austria had ceased waging the wars that were incumbent upon her as the protector of western Europe against the Ottoman Turk, she had already become an unwieldy empire. To keep the Habsburg domains together, to enlarge them and consolidate them, long foreign wars were required with Germany, Italy, France and Poland, among other nations. There was also the perpetual struggle in the Diet at Frankfort for the supremacy of the Holy Roman Empire.

Governing sixteen nationalities, all speaking different languages and dwelling in sections radically unlike one another, was never simple. The monarchy in order to remain in power effected

a semblance of harmony by conceding, whenever possible, to the subject majorities. That this harmony was more real than apparent is now well known.

The vicissitudes of a long and unsuccessful war radically altered the picture. When the duration of the War became trying and defeatism was gaining ground in Austria itself, Marxism came out into the open and began to foment revolt. Its supporters combined with the representatives of the subject races hastened Austrian defeat at the front. The revolutions that swept Europe had their counterpart within the empire. Nationalistic aims predominated; republican and democratic objectives were secondary.

In Vienna a war-weary citizenry watched with dazed incredulity while the pieces of the empire dropped away. This process started about a month before the Armistice. From demanding autonomy within the Dual Alliance the subject nationalities progressed to demands for separation. On October 18, 1918, Czechoslovakia declared her independence. On October 28, the Croatian Diet made a similar declaration. November 2 saw the last Emperor, Karl, releasing the Magyars from their oath of fealty to the crown. The day following the Armistice these movements were officially recognized in Vienna. Within Austria the German Nationalist party was demanding union with Germany. The people of Vienna, rendered apathetic by a fatal defeat, neither knew what they wanted nor where to seek it. Events followed one another too swiftly to admit of any profound grasp of their significance.

The Government of Vienna had ceased to function in October. When the "German National Council" appeared before a mob in the city and sug-



gested that a new government be formed, the exasperated crowd shouted, "But without the Habsburgs!" At the same moment another mob, equally large and vociferous, was rioting before the imperial palace of Schönbrunn. It demanded that the Emperor himself form a new government. These conflicting demonstrations illustrate the distracted state of the people.

The tragic condition of Austria demanded a strong government. Not only was the imminent transition from a great power to a third-rate state in prospect, but from Hungary the red tide of communism menaced. Bela Kun was ravaging the neighboring country with frightful bloodshed. Austria was carried into the throes of panic. Into this breach stepped the by now well organized Socialist party. It was becoming evident that the Allies would allow no union with Germany; hence the only organization that could present a constructive programme was the Socialist machine. It promised the people that it would rid the country of Communists and improve the condition of the common man, with the result that it was voted into power by a safe majority. The middle classes, who listed in their ranks bankrupt business men, bewildered intellectuals and army officers, were disorganized and incapable of opposition.

ONCE the Socialist Government took charge in Vienna certain unfortunate aspects of their programme became evident to the bourgeoisie. True, they suppressed communism and saved Austria from its excesses. It became increasingly clear, however, that their "common man" included only the members of their own party. Systematically they set out to cripple the middle class

and to enrich the proletariat at its expense. As the middle class had already been ruined by the War the spectacle was not humane. In pursuit of its aims the Socialist Government in Vienna and elsewhere conducted numerous ruthless raids upon helpless citizens. As it had not yet disbanded the cadets, these hang-overs from the old régime were living in barracks. They were, for the most part, boys of seventeen, eighteen and nineteen. Many instances are related of the insulting zeal of the Socialists against these children. To while away the tedious length of cold and hungry evenings the cadets played poker far into the night. The Socialists, observing the lights in the barracks, accused the cadets of intriguing against the Government and regularly raided their quarters, looking under mattresses, searching the persons of individuals and confiscating bayonets and ornamental swords. Every other representative group of the middle class was subjected to the same treatment. Veterans of the War were slapped in the face and stripped of decorations in the streets and householders were forced to submit to search without warrant. These instances in themselves are merely symptoms of hysteria, but they erected the foundation of hatred that made the recent gory retaliation possible. Such small insults are remembered long.

Much graver were the methods of taxation employed by the Socialist Government in order both to fulfill its campaign promises to its supporters and at the same time to prepare for future opposition. "The dire punishment" of the Central Powers had turned Vienna into a starving city where women and children perished at the rate of a thousand a week for want of food. The So-



cialists no doubt needed money badly. Some was supplied by foreign relief. The rest they extracted from the middle classes, who had little enough left. The type of taxation inflicted had a tendency to aggravate the poverty of the city. Everything was taxed. There was a tax of ten dollars a month upon domestic servants, with the result that these could no longer find employment. Rents were taxed. The possession of an automobile meant a tax of \$800 a year; consequently few possessed automobiles. The tax upon business concerns was so exorbitant and difficult to compute that firms employed accountants who did nothing but make tax reports. Foreign enterprise at once betook itself elsewhere, notably to Switzerland.

The municipal housing project ate up most of the money thus obtained. The rents of ordinary apartments were regulated by law. In Vienna an average four-room apartment rented for about four or five dollars a month. The landlord was forced to turn over the bulk of this to the Government. With it the City of Vienna erected the most costly tenements in the world, at a rate of expenditure that no American city in the height of its boom years professed itself able to afford. The equivalent of \$11,000,000 annually was put into these buildings. The apartments in them were rented for the cost of upkeep. The average rent amounted to about two dollars and a half a month for a four-room apartment. The income from them did not pay even the interest upon the investment.

This housing project served a double purpose. Its first, although not its most widely publicized, object was to consolidate the power of the Socialist party. A committee appointed by the city government passed upon the applicants for

apartments in the buildings. None but Socialists were accepted. As has since become apparent, the buildings were purposely erected at strategic points. They formed a well-closed circle around the City of Vienna. A glimpse at the ground-plans of the large units shows that they were all constructed around large garden plots and all faced inward, although this was not imperative in a city like Vienna. The entrance gates were comparatively small and easy to hold in case of siege. Outside of this inner circle, of what speedily became armed fortresses of the Socialists, and of which the Marxhof was the most important because of its position upon the Danube Canal, another ring of garden settlements was built. These likewise were self-contained, easily defended structures.

The secondary purpose of these buildings was praiseworthy and has met with loud acclaim outside of Austria. From a humanitarian point of view they were without equals. The large units covered about three hundred and thirty city blocks and contained some sixty thousand flats of three and four rooms each. The inhabitants had all modern conveniences. Every apartment boasted both light and air. To achieve this desirable condition elaborate terracing and bridging at different levels was necessary. The ground plans, which were executed by a group of the most accomplished architects in the world, were bizarre but practical not only for defense purposes but also for ideal living conditions. Professor Tandler, one of the most famous experts on public hygiene in Europe, supervised the installation of clinics and the other sanitary arrangements. Each of the larger buildings had its own kindergarten, day nursery, playgrounds, swimming pools,



gymnasiums, libraries, laundries. The Marxhof, the largest of all with a total of over thirteen hundred flats, had even a crematorium.

Decorative features were not overlooked. Plastics, frescoes, ornamental fountains and columns were numerous. Reidl's figures on the Marxhof showed well developed trends of modern art.

In addition to the larger units smaller settlements were erected. These were called garden cities. They were made up of one and two family houses and were obtainable by Socialists on very liberal long-term payment plans. According to the catalogues published by the City of Vienna, they occupied "all the pleasant meadows and woods that encircle Vienna." This rang very delightfully in the ears of all those interested in the well-being of the worker. To the Viennese bourgeoisie it had a more ominous meaning.

All the rampant hatred of the Socialist régime focused upon the buildings erected by the city. The utter impoverishment of one class for the benefit of another is never taken kindly by the reduced class. The bourgeoisie lived in large, draughty apartments of pre-War design. No modern conveniences or improvements upon these apartments were possible, for the landlords were compelled to turn over such a large amount of the rents to the Government. The average Viennese of the middle class had neither playgrounds and nurseries for his children nor any of the other advantageous conditions available to the Socialists at his expense. Furthermore, the middle class Viennese was never employed by the city government and as this government had taken over every possible enterprise the field of activity for all save Socialists was limited. Many migrated

from Austria. As conditions, instead of improving, settled into a desperate state of pathetic poverty, resentment against the Socialist régime mounted.

The Treaty of St. Germain permits Austria for her defense to possess an army of 22,000. This is painfully inadequate; hence private armies came into being. The *Heimwehr* is one of these; the *Schutzbund* of the Socialists was another. The *Schutzbund* numbered one hundred thousand, almost five times the size of the official army. When this force was disbanded it was not disarmed. The people of Vienna well knew that the municipal apartments were concentration points not only for Socialist agitation, but also of Socialist arms. This menace to the bourgeoisie became a crisis when it appeared that the Socialists were to pass permanently from the national scene.

IT is here necessary to diverge somewhat in order to explain the relation of the Socialists of the City of Vienna to the Federal Government of Austria. Austria is divided sharply by sectional interests and consequently by political feeling. The interests of the western provinces are not the interests of the eastern provinces. The western provinces, namely Vorarlberg, Tyrol, Carinthia and Salzburg, are agricultural regions with peasant populations. Because of his tie to the land the peasant is not normally a Socialist, as the difficulties encountered with the class in the beginning of the Soviet régime in Russia proves. The gains made during post-War hysteria by the Socialist party in these provinces were swiftly lost as the peasant reverted to type.

Another party, the Christian Socialist, had emerged with a platform ideal for the peasants of the west. This party,



of which Dollfuss is now the leader, originated in Vienna. "Socialist" in this instance does not refer to Marxian principles but to a liberal interest in social conditions. The two major tenets of this party involved peasant ownership of land and the security of the Catholic Church in Austria. Naturally the peasant desired to pay off his mortgage at a low rate of interest. The Austrian peasant has been Catholic since the earliest days of his recorded history. The Church is an inseparable part of his daily life. He has a tendency to support parties that represent it.

Moreover, there were particular reasons in particular provinces for the failure of the Socialists to gain a foothold in the west. For example, Tyrol was much more closely allied to the House of Habsburg than it was to the Vienna Government. One branch of the Habsburg house originated in Tyrol. Some of the most glamorous of the emperors resided in the town of Innsbruck to its permanent enrichment. Maximilian lived in Tyrol almost all his life and fought many battles over its borders. With the Habsburgs gone the tie to Vienna became tenuous. There was, furthermore, an affinity with the Bavarian brotherland. Tyrol and Bavaria share customs and culture. Parts of Tyrol have once been parts of Bavaria.

In the case of Vorarlberg, geography divorces the province from Vienna. Only the narrow Arlberg Pass connects that province with Austria. Geographically, it is part of the Engadine. Its main source of income is the tourist traffic. The tourist traffic supports Switzerland, which does all in its power to make life easy for the tourist. The Vienna Government, on the other hand, was apathetic to the demands of the tourist trade, or was ignorant of it. The

tourist traffic was becoming a major source of income to all Austria. Vorarlberg and her sister provinces clamored for tourist facilities. Not receiving them immediately, Vorarlberg began to look toward Switzerland.

Eastern Austria, on the other hand, is industrial. Once very rich, it has been beggared by the treaties that severed its factories from their sources of supply. It does not lie within the power of any Austrian party to improve the condition of the industrial east, as the valiant but futile attempt of the Socialist régime proved. Steyr is a case in point. Before and during the War Steyr was the centre of the munitions production of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Workers from the length and breadth of Austria flocked to Steyr to work in the plants. The Treaty of St. Germain compelled Austria to buy her munitions abroad. Steyr attempted a conversion into an automobile-producing centre, but the taxes on automobiles made them prohibitively expensive. The meagre demand was further reduced by the minor clauses of the treaties, which forced Austria to buy the caterpillar cars, of which she uses thousands because of the mountainous nature of the country, in France. Steyr was relegated to a penury so dire that two years ago the town dogs were slaughtered for food. Today seventy per cent of the population of Steyr is made up of beggars. Admittedly, this town is an extreme case, but in varying degrees of intensity the same conditions prevail in all industrial centres. Only socialism appeared to offer anything to the people of the centres.

The Federal Government of Austria, however, can not be entirely Socialist because every swing of the Government to the Left is promptly met by threats from the four western provinces. They



will secede if the Federal Government goes to the Left, or they will starve Vienna out, a line of action entirely within their power. Now it follows that the Government of the nation must steer a precarious middle course to satisfy both sections of the country. It can never satisfy either. Vienna is an overpopulated city stripped of her revenue. She drains the west, but can offer little to the west because the Allies refuse to permit Austria to make arrangements for preferential tariffs with her neighbors. Austrian industry has no outlet.

The Government of Dollfuss has attempted to steer the necessary middle course. Menaced on the one hand by the growing Nazi element of untested powers, it was immediately under the threat of the Socialists within the city. An attempt was made to disarm the Socialists quietly. We know how it failed. No doubt there was unnecessary vehemence used by the *Heimwehr* by way of retaliation for the indignities to which the classes it represents were subjected by the Socialists after the War. In the face of determined resistance from the Vienna Socialists, however, and with the pressure of Nazi-ism from behind, it is hard to see how Dollfuss could have forced the Socialists to capitulate without turning howitzers upon the Marxhof. Machine guns are not effective against sniping from the windows of high buildings. There was no time for a long siege. Austria's situation in Europe with relation to the Nazis would not permit that, which raises the question of the results of foreign interference upon *Anschluss*.

THE Tyrol and her sister provinces were well-nigh ruined by the German embargo upon the tourist trade. Tyrol, furthermore, resents Italy's

gains at her expense. South Tyrol is part of the life and tradition of the province even today. The inhabitants of South Tyrol, now in Italian hands, are German-speaking Austrians. They adhere stubbornly to Austrian customs and loyalties. The history of Tyrol started in the region of Merano, at present on Italian soil. It was from the same region that the Tyrolean hero, Andreas Hofer, rose to fight a gallant war against the Napoleonic marshals. Upon that occasion Tyrol ignored the decrees of Vienna relevant to submission to Napoleon. There will be no happiness in Tyrol among the intensely independent peasants until their 300,000 brothers and the sections they inhabit are restored to them. It is probable that *Anschluss* offers them more hope than any other course. The Socialists of Vienna may well come to think so also in view of the fact that industrial Austria would, as a part of the German Reich, have far better outlets for her production than she has today.

Only the *Heimwehr*, Dollfuss and the old régimists resist Nazi pressure. The monarchists, who, although they may be few, are blessed with that solidarity peculiar to royalist elements, stand firmly against *Anschluss* because they resent the reduction of Austria to a subject state of the Reich. Having long memories and old traditions, they recall the times when the German Austria dominated the Teutonic world. They are joined in their opposition to the Nazi policy by those who feel that the characteristics of the Prussians are not compatible with the easy-going, polished charm of the Austrian temperament, as indeed they are not. Such considerations are, however, superficial beside the task of feeding a hungry people.



The Nazis, who stand for the unity of Teutonic races, gain ground with every empty gesture offered by the Allies. The wise, having watched Austria's relations with the Allies since her admission to the League, have come to the conclusion that nothing has been gained by it. The recent civil strife is apt in the long run, any temporary prestige gained by the Dollfuss régime notwithstanding, likewise to bolster the Nazi cause. It is almost inevitable that the ranks of the Nazis will be swelled by the suppressed Socialists. The bloodshed in Vienna did not help the standing of the Dollfuss Government abroad.

Possibly the Allies may gain enough stability to prevent open union between Austria and Germany. That is of little consequence, since union can take place without their permission. It need not be technical, but it can be actually brought about by secret treaty to the point of a good working basis for peacetime co-operation, or, and this concerns the powers more, wartime solidarity.

In conclusion it should be noted that if the powers who profess so zealously their desire to preserve the peace of Europe, feel, as they seem to feel, that *Anschluss* means war, they must move quickly. Nothing will convince Italy,

once Germany has been brought within a hundred miles of the Adriatic, that Germany does not intend to try for a restoration of Fiume and Trieste. A German-Italian conflict would eventually ensue. France is involved because Czechoslovakia is well aware that her dissolution is threatened by *Anschluss*. Such being existing sentiments with regard to *Anschluss*, the powers have as few courses open to them as has bankrupt Austria, who will be forced into the Reich by economic and internal conditions if the powers do not intervene.

No flowery speeches with regard to friendship will meet this need. The time for empty phrases has passed. When pressed to the wall, Austria must always flee for support to the country known familiarly within the borders of the Danube country as "our big brother to the North." Immediate and drastic revision of the unwise Treaty of St. Germain is the only answer. Generous concessions by the nations who plunged Austria's six millions into despair alone can prevent *Anschluss*. Austria must have preferential tariffs. She must have some boundary revisions. If the powers do not move at once their sincerity in the cause of world peace will be open to grave question.





# Louisa's Machine

BY EVAN COOMBES

## *A Story*

THERE was no sound to keep the man awake. Yet he had been lying on his narrow bed for hours listening to that still house. The only other people in the house, his two daughters, had long since gone to bed. He had heard them creak softly up the stairs as they did when returning from a dance, but tonight there was no lingering in the hall or stifled laughter. Without a word they had closed their doors and silence had settled over the house like a fall of snow. Still he turned and twisted and while his body became more restless, his mind was becoming more fixed and concentrated on a single subject. If he had been thinking about his wife, he could not have endured it, but his mind rigorously excluded Louisa, even her image. Thus, he considered, he protected himself from too much grief; it was to escape the pain of thinking about her death that he had become absorbed in such a trivial matter as the disposal of her sewing machine.

The matter was not only trivial but he had made his decision. Minna had asked for her sister's machine and he had refused. He had no intention of altering this decision, yet he could not put it out of his head or dismiss Minna, whose small black figure continued to

solicit him. Again he saw her approach him as she had that afternoon in all her ancient black, her faded widow's weeds, creased and smelling of attic trunks. A damp handkerchief was pressed in her hand, her eyes were red from weeping, but in spite of these insignia of bereavement, she had been able to ask for the sewing machine; a request that had shocked him not only for what seemed an utter lack of taste and feeling, but for another reason.

He had just entered the hall and was putting the latchkey back in his pocket, when he raised his eyes involuntarily as one does in the direction of a sound. He was so accustomed to hearing the soft hum of the machine that he imagined he heard it now, and as he stood there listening to the inaudible and the silenced, he became aware of Minna standing near as though she too were listening. Her slight figure was close against the wall and by the very fact of her remaining there and not slipping away as she usually did when she encountered him, he knew that she had something on her mind. It appeared to weigh as heavily as her ridiculous millinery, a large black hat draped with a veil. Her head seemed to be tilted to one side by the double burden of her headgear and of what she had to say,



those simple but extraordinary words that had so startled him.

"You'll want to get rid of it," she said.

He asked himself now as sharply as he had asked Minna, why should they wish to get rid of it? (Oddly enough, there had been no question of what she had referred to as "it.") He must have spoken very sharply because she looked confused and would have backed away, no doubt, if she had not already been close against the wall. She ventured an apology, murmuring that his girls would never use the machine while her own Florence, with small children to sew for, was too poor to buy one. He had interrupted her: Louisa's machine had stood in that room upstairs for over twenty years and there it must stay. Whether the girls ever used it or not, all their clothes had been made on it since the time they were born; as a matter of sentiment they could never, as she so crudely put it, "get rid" of the machine.

And Minna, with averted face, had hastily slid away. She "had no idea," she murmured, and the front door had closed on the incompleted sentence. The words hung in the air after she had gone and he stood there alone hearing them. She had no idea. That was her apology and he did not like it. She implied that she had no idea they cared about the machine. That was the remainder of the sentence and that too hung in the hall like the faint odor of her ancient mourning, creased and smelling of attic trunks.

HE WAS not supposed to care and yet here he was turning and turning in bed, unable to sleep for thinking of it. Again he seemed to hear the soft humming of the machine as he had

heard it that afternoon, not like a sound but the memory of a sound. The voice of Minna, rapid and subdued like Louisa's, accompanied it. He believed this rapid utterance of the sisters came from their timidity and conscious inferiority. They did not feel that what they had to say was important enough to take any one's time, and they would lose heart in the middle of a sentence, letting the words fail on their lips, half-formed. She had no idea . . . the girls will never . . .

No, thank God, his daughters would never sew. Their lack of domesticity gratified him. They would never sew or marry poor men or have a drove of children. Louisa too, rather surprisingly, had encouraged this tendency and put an even higher value on education than he. Certainly, she had done everything to make college possible and relieve them of home duties. They had repaid her by being good students. They were specializing and would be independent. Yes, he was proud of his clever girls, who had brains but were not bookish as he was, for they enjoyed their good times. Whatever happened, he could be sure they would always be independent and have a good time. They would never devote their lives to artistic ideals, as he had done with his careful writing that did not sell; nor would they ever round shoulders over a sewing machine. But that has nothing to do with it, he said angrily, addressing a phantom Minna. Whether the machine is used or not, I have no intention of disposing of it.

Outside the open window, the leaves of the oak tree rustled, their shadows cast against the wall by the yellow light of the street lamp. Mingling with this restless foliage, he seemed to see the small black figure of Minna. She



emerged from the branches like some queer bird with a headdress. As she came forward, her black hat assumed enormous proportions until it became the ceiling and he himself was lying under the crape brim. He rubbed his eyes and stared so coldly at this visionary figure that it slipped away as swiftly as the woman had slipped away that afternoon. But there were other things he could not banish: her insinuations, the unsaid words that had spoken themselves after her departure and that still hung in the air accompanied by the soft hum of the machine. For he could no longer deny that he thought he heard the machine. He did not hear it, of course; he was careful to make that distinction, but the distinction did not serve to banish the sound. If he did not know it to be impossible, he would swear some one was sewing in the next room.

Come, he said sharply to himself, it is well enough to see visions in the dark, even to see the figure of Minna in those tattered shadows where one might see anything; but to hear a sound that does not exist, that is a different matter. There is no one in the house except my daughters and myself, and it is as reasonable to say that I am sewing on the machine as to say that either one of the girls has risen from her bed to do so. My mind may be disordered by grief and wakefulness, but at least I can tell what is reasonable and what is not. I still know that I cannot hear the sound of the machine because there is no such sound for me to hear.

The fact was indisputable, but as if to convince some skeptic ear, he sat up in bed and listened. With eyes closed, he concentrated his entire mind on the act of listening. His whole being was in the convolutions of his ears like the vital organism within the whorls of a shell.

If he died at that moment, he thought, his spirit would escape through his ears. As he sat there listening, he first distinguished the actual sounds: the rustling of leaves outside the window and the quiet sounds inside the house. Even when no one is moving and it is after midnight, a house is not noiseless. There are soft shiftings of walls and furniture; like an animal, the house stirs in its sleep, twitches and dreams. These occasional muted sounds were reassuring because he knew them to be real; but merged with them and seemingly as genuine was the humming of the machine. There was no difference between them that he could tell. When he pressed his fingers to his ears, he heard nothing but the faint roar that comes from within. If the machine were in his head, why did he not hear it there? Why did it rush back when he removed his fingers from his ears as though it existed apart from his imagination and in reality?

Yet the difference must be there. A wax figure, no matter how lifelike, will betray itself among living people. This imaginary sound among the actual would betray itself in time. And as he listened, he began to realize that there was something unnatural in the very continuation of the sound. It was too steady, too prolonged. No one had ever sewed so long a seam. But he had no sooner told himself in triumph that he had detected the flaw, than the machine seemed to be slowing down. It was actually retarding as he had heard his wife retard it when about to break a thread. The steady whir was disintegrating into separate stitches, a cautious stitch by stitch proceeding, and the everlasting seam was brought to an end. Hark! Yes, by God, that was the little click that released the material! He had



heard it unmistakably. Instead of being relieved now that the sound had stopped, the manner of its stopping increased his agitation.

AN UNNECESSARY detail, he said almost angrily, as he used to say when reading certain fiction. Spare me these realistic details. It is quite enough for a man to torment himself with such a delusion without adding these details to convince himself that it is true. I am never deceived by the warts or grease spots of fiction, nor am I going to be deceived by the final click of the machine. I am thoroughly awake. I can see the room clearly, feel the rough wool of the blanket under my fingers, feel the cool air on my back. Whatever I may have thought I heard, I hear no longer. The noise has stopped and that's the end of it.

But he still sat there, his back tense and upright, waiting for something. The silence was complete. Even the leaves were motionless. He could hear nothing in the house. Silence was like cotton in his ears and made him deaf. To find out if he could still hear, he snapped his fingers. An odd sound in the quiet night. He must look grotesque, he thought, sitting up in bed and snapping his fingers. The gesture had a meaning, but for the moment he could not remember what it was. Contempt? He would not give that (snap) for something. Perhaps he snapped his fingers at Minna, at his delusion, at the sewing machine itself. He could see it in the next room as clearly as though the walls were transparent: the old-fashioned machine with its iron treadle and wheels, the box-like cover of golden oak that served as a seat when removed. Now that he heard nothing, he saw everything. He could see the whole

room and all the homely paraphernalia of sewing: the paper patterns, the red tomato cushion bristling with pins and needles, the spools and scissors, and the vari-colored clippings that strewed the floor like the autumn leaves at Vallombrosa. The room was always in disorder and because his sense of beauty was offended, he would avert his eyes when passing the door. He had never known he was looking in the room and yet now he could see everything in it.

But the room was empty. The wooden box covered the top of the machine; the wheels and treadle were still. He could project no image of Louisa there. Had he actually forgotten how she looked? Perhaps he had ceased to look at her for years, accepting her small quick figure, so wordlessly going about her small tasks, as a matter of course. He could not deny that he wished his wife had been different. What husband, he wondered, does not? It implies no faithlessness, no lack of affection. Louisa too, for all her devotion to him, must have felt alone. He would have liked to discuss his writing with her, but her respect for it precluded criticism; it was the respect, he must acknowledge, of ignorance. He would have liked, also, to see her sitting on the veranda in a charming frock, her hair becomingly waved and a book in her hands or a bit of fancy sewing. There could be no objection to a little fancy sewing, but, really, an oversensitive man might feel that he had married a dressmaker. It was one of his pleasures, a family jest, for him to say that all he had been spared was a sign in the window. But of course that was nonsense. Louisa had a gift for this piecing together of materials and there is compulsion in a gift. What she could do so skilfully, she had to do. If she liked to



make dresses for her daughters and relations, even friends who doubtless paid well (he never asked, detesting questions of money) it should make no difference to him. He wished, however, that she had sewed more for herself. When they came to dress her for the last time, she had no dress fit for eternity. The girls had to buy her one and even he could see it did not suit her. They had all cried about it. The girls wept bitterly, saying it was not their fault, they had often told her to make something pretty for herself. It was no one's fault, he tried to comfort them, but her own. That was the only consoling thought he could give them, it was no one's fault but her own.

He had covered his face with his hands but now he looked up, preferring to see the darkness of the room, the yellow light of the street lamp, the shadows of the leaves like tattered mourning. Minna was no longer there in her ancient black nor could he hear her words. What was it she had said, the remark that had so distressed him? Perhaps he was becoming drowsy. He was less tense, his back had lost its stiffness, his eyelids were drooping. The silence had restored his nerves, poured like healing oil in the disturbed channels of his hearing. Now, at last, he might be able to sleep. He laid himself down as carefully as though he were a sleepy child and feared to rouse himself. There was nothing he wanted so much as to sleep.

**B**UT something was keeping him there in the world of awareness, like a hand on his shoulder that would not let him go. A little wheel was beginning to turn, a treadle and a needle were going up and down, a spool was unwinding its thread. Faint, unhurried, stitch by

stitch, the machine began its song; faster, faster, stitch, stitch, stitch, the momentum gathered the single stitches into one continuous hum that rose like the song of the locust to greater volume and speed, but, instead of dying away, the machine maintained this loud and rapid pulsation. As he listened, his heart beat faster and faster; he felt as though there were some connecting band between himself and the machine, as though his heart were being operated by that relentless treadle, taking his breath from him until in fright and desperation, he reared out of bed.

The noise must be stopped, that was all he knew as he headed for the door of his room. He turned the knob fearfully, dreading to let in what he did let in, the increased volume of sound. It rushed against him with the darkness and the cold draught blowing through the hall, and as he stood there shivering violently, he thought of his daughters. Were they awake? Could they sleep with a sound like this filling the house? Not if it filled the house, and he longed to call them for their denial. He longed to cry aloud and waken them that he might know they slept. Father, they would say, there is nothing to hear, you have been dreaming. But he did not call them. Looking down the dark hall to the sewing room, he saw two white figures. They were standing tall and dim in long robes, one on either side of the closed door like angels before a tomb. Their faces were turned toward him but they did not speak nor could he bring himself to utter a word. Stiff with fear he gazed at these figures whose aspect in their long gowns, whose stillness increased his terror. Rather angels, he thought, than his daughters and reality; but the sense of unreality persisted. He moved toward them as a



man in a dream moves, making no progress, and it was not until he put his hands and body close to the wall pushing it behind him, that he reached the white figures and knew them to be frightened breathing women, listening as he was to a machine sewing in the night, before a door they dared not enter.

There was something about the closed door that held them at bay, that resisted their intrusion. It would have yielded at a touch, but he could not lift his arms. They hung uselessly at his sides as though he no longer controlled them. The closed door seemed to exert a mysterious and formidable power. It willed not to be opened. He stood frustrated, feeling like a man who strains to lift a small woman who wills not to be lifted. All he could do was to stand close to the panel and listen to the noise beating within the shut room, to the frenzied pedaling that racked the machine. Whoever is not sewing there, he thought, is sewing against fate, against time. The seams fall apart, the needle pierces but does not unite. He asked the strange question: what impossible task is not being achieved, what sewing is not being done without thread?

Must he hear this sound forever as he had been hearing it through the years, this sound of woman's toil? Could a man only stand by and listen, or try to cover his ears? What else could be done, he suddenly knew. Raising his fists high above his head, he brought them down against the door. A new sound filled the house, overpowering the sound within the room. He pounded the door with both fists and it rattled at the lock and the wood thundered under his blows. He pounded harder and harder until the machine could no longer be heard, until nothing

could be heard but the magnificent resonant pounding, rejoicing his ears and his soul, rejoicing his manhood, the pounding of a man's fists on a door he could not open.

Women were beside him, hampering him with confused feeble cries and with their hands on his arms. They clung to him more and more desperately; they dragged him down and he had to surrender. The glorious noise was over, the women quiet. He listened.

"I have stopped the sewing," he said.

HE LOOKED at his daughters the next morning as they sat at the breakfast table. Heavy-eyed, silent, they sat without speaking or looking at each other, like strangers at the table. He would never know, he thought, whether they had shared his experience or not; he would never know whether there had been such an experience to share. But there was one thing he did know, and as he folded his napkin, he announced it. Minna had asked for the sewing machine and he had decided to give it to her. Mother would wish her to have it, did they not think so? They thought so; they were certain Aunt Minna should have the machine. He observed their eagerness narrowly. They were not always so generous. Yet now they offered to carry it downstairs and take it to her in the back of the car that very morning.

In a body, chattering loudly, even gaily, they advanced up the stairs and boldly charged the door of the sewing room. Quickly they filled the room with themselves and opened the windows to let something out. The air is dreadful, he said. But when the windows were open, the room became alive. Paper patterns blew about, spools rolled to the floor. He stooped to pick them



up. When he could no longer avoid it, he faced the machine. He recognized every old-fashioned scroll in the iron-work, the treadle and wheels, the color of the worn oak marked with a lifetime of use. It looked small and inoffensive

enough, but with a certain dignity, the dignity of the faithful and the humble. For an appreciable moment they hesitated, and then abruptly, concertedly, they attacked the old machine and carried it out.

## Fishing Village

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

HERE every day comes gently as the tide  
That swells the torpid river from the sea;  
Over time-whitened docks the hours glide,  
Slipping like stealthy barges noiselessly  
Into the deeper channel of the dark.  
Here nights are languid under pendent fogs  
That close upon the trawler's valiant spark  
Stealing its way past reefs and jutting logs.

Only three things this sleepy village knows:  
The tide, the task, and the eternal swish  
Of water under docks, that comes and goes,  
Breathing its salty litany of fish,  
Of floundering suns above the oyster bars,  
And cold moons swimming through a school of stars.





# A Suggestion for Railroad Reform

BY A. A. BOUBLIKOFF

*Who finds in Tsarist Russian history an idea which could be profitably employed in America*

THE wastefulness of American railroads is proverbial. Everybody accuses them of mismanagement, of inefficiency and of squandering money for no purpose. They still use methods of operation which Russian railroads, for instance, discarded some fifty years ago as utterly inefficient. Yet every reference to foreign railroads' practices is brushed aside: conditions abroad are so different, labor is cheap, etc.

Unfortunate as it may be, it is usually true that no people is ever eager to profit by the experience of another people. However, the problems confronting the American railroad system are so essentially similar to those which at one time faced Russia that it would be of practical interest for America to become acquainted with the Russian ways and means of solving them.

Railroad construction in Russia and in America was started at almost the same time. The first Russian railroad of importance—between St. Petersburg and Moscow—was opened in 1852 or at the same time as the first important American railroad—from New York to Lake Erie. Both were 400 miles long, but here the similarity ended. The Erie was constructed very badly, had to be

rebuilt several times and proved to be a financial failure, passing three times through reorganizations. The railroad between St. Petersburg and Moscow, called the "Nicholas" Railroad under the Tsars and the "October" Railroad under the Bolsheviki, was constructed most solidly. It was originally double-tracked with five per cent grades and with buildings that are serving their purpose up to now without reconstruction. Financially it proved to be a striking success from the start. Traffic increased by leaps and bounds.

Yet the road's construction cost—though nobody ever ascertained its exact figure—proved to be prohibitive. Two years after its opening the Crimean War broke out. The Russian Government's credit went to pieces, and Government construction was out of the question. But the Government as well as public opinion realized that Russia's first need was large scale railroad construction. The only way out was to resort to private initiative. Though the Imperial Government was never too fond of any private activities even in the purely economic field, it had to allow the formation of private railroad companies. By the early 'Eighties all Russian railroads were in the hands of



private companies. Even the Nicholas Railroad was leased to a private company as a means of improving its credit.

However, the private companies' credit soon became no better than the Government's, and the latter had to come to their assistance. This was done in the form of full and unconditional guarantee of the revenue on all their capital shares as well as bonds. This form of financial assistance led to very peculiar consequences. The majority of the companies did not entertain any hopes about ever producing a revenue in excess of the guaranteed minimum. Therefore they were in no way interested in efficient operation. On the contrary, some of them even tried to make money for their owners by inflating operating expenses—by buying from them coal and other supplies at prices above the market.

Besides this, all the roads indulged in very keen, "American style" competition, diverting goods from each other by offering the shippers every kind of inducement, which was not charged them, but at the same time cost the railroads large sums of money.

The Government had to hold the bag by making good on the guarantee. Its payments in the aggregate reached a fabulous—for those times—sum of three billion rubles. The Government grumbled, but paid and paid. This game lasted until a very clever and energetic young man was made traffic manager of a southern road. This railroad seemed hopeless as an eventual dividend producer. Therefore its owner had no objections to make, when the traffic manager started—rather for fun's sake, as an outlet for his energies—a large scale rate war, trying to divert goods, principally grain, from other roads. The rates fell well below cost in

many directions and the Government's payments on the guarantee to the roads involved in the rate war began to assume alarming proportions.

The Government was forced to intervene, and intervene it did in a rather high-handed manner. Though all the charters specifically gave the railroads the right to introduce rates at their will, provided they did not exceed certain specified maximums, the Government, invoking the general law of "national emergency," took the matter of making rates and directing shipments into its own hands. A kind of Russian I.C.C. was created which by three consecutive revisions brought back the grain rates to a profitable level and introduced uniform rates for all important goods transported by railroads. As soon as the Government came to regard the railroads as parts of a single mechanism, the American kind of competition, consisting of diversion of goods from one road to the other, appeared in its true light of nonsensical waste of money and energy. The "principle of shortest routes" was introduced by which the railroads, if not otherwise instructed by the shipper, had to direct freight automatically over the shortest route between the points of shipment and destination. Rules were enacted "preventing competition between the railroads." Stealing of freight was strictly forbidden and the prohibition was enforced.

THE financial status of the railroad system improved considerably, yet it still was far from satisfactory. The Government's payments on the guarantee remained in the case of the majority of quasi-private companies. Still many of them were operated in a very loose way, without any regard to the results to be obtained.



Finally the Government decided to take over one of the worst offenders and to operate the road for the account of the Government. A young, very capable and energetic engineer, a firm believer in the principle of governmental operation, was placed at the head of the road. He produced a miracle almost overnight. The road, which piled up huge deficits under private management, began to make money as soon as it came under governmental management.

This experience showed the Government a way out of its financial difficulties in supporting the railroad system. It began to redeem one road after another and to consolidate them into greater units. The remaining private companies saw the writing on the wall. They realized quite clearly that they were doomed unless they could prove that they were able to operate their roads more efficiently than the Government could.

After that a very keen competition between the private and the governmental roads began, which lasted until the bitter end, when the Bolsheviki took them all and began to operate them as everything else—at a loss. The result of this constant competition was that the Russian railroads gradually became perhaps the most economically operated railroads of the world. Their finances were in a brilliant state. The dividends in many a case were amazingly high. Thus, for instance, the Moscow-Kazan Railroad, even after ceding to the Government up to eighty-five per cent of the net as its "participation in the profits," paid to the share-holders thirty-four to thirty-nine per cent a year. The Vladikavkaz Railroad—after the Government's share of over seventy-five per cent—up to twenty-five and one

year even fifty per cent, the Moscow-Windava-Rybinsk Railroad, serving the poorest part of Russia, up to twelve per cent, etc. Those dividends become more striking in the light of the fact that most of the capital shares were never paid in, but formed a kind of builder's bonus, or plain "water." Even the Government, which owned a number of railroads which were never intended to produce profits, but were constructed for defense or colonization purposes, nevertheless derived some profits from the whole system. The exact amount of those profits is not available, because of the deficiencies of governmental accountancy, yet it was quite sizable, far in excess of one hundred million gold rubles a year.

The interests of the shippers were well protected. Any delay in delivery was severely punished and the amount of the fine imposed after one month or so became equal to the whole freight. The railroads were obliged to receive and to keep in storage free the goods offered for transportation even if—as it sometimes happened with seasonal goods like grain and sugar beet—they could not be shipped by the roads immediately. The rates were pretty low. As a matter of fact, the passenger rates actually charted in 1913 were exactly one-third the average rates charged in that year by the American railroads. At the present time the difference between Russian and American passenger rates is even greater. The density of freight traffic on the Russian railroads was twice as great as on the French roads and eighty per cent greater than on the German roads, reaching on the average one and a quarter million ton-miles per mile on all railroads, branches and even narrow gauge roads included. On some of the roads it was as high as



seven and a quarter million tons. If one takes into account the fact that Russian rails were light—only sixty-five pounds per yard as against 100 pounds even on the Erie and 130 pounds on the really “good” American roads; that the loading capacity of a Russian freight-car was only seventeen and a half tons, then the attainments of the Russian railroads were little short of miraculous. This result was due mainly to the spirit of true competition—not for the increase but for the curtailment of operating expenses, by the application of a most efficient and scientifically arrived at method of operation.

This spirit of competition was fostered primarily by the co-existence of private as well as governmental operation. In theory each has its strong and weak points. When there was a standard of comparison available, none of them could rest on laurels previously won, but was constantly spurred to new victories over the rival organization.

CURIOUSLY enough, under the Bolshevik unification the first thing the railroads managed to do was to abolish the legal safeguards (often very costly to the railroads) which were in existence before, and to treat the shippers as a kind of nuisance requiring rough handling. Under the principle of shortest routes, in case this shortest route became overloaded with traffic, the railroads had the right to redirect the freight over the next shortest route. Yet the shippers were not charged for the additional haul resulting from redirection. Under the Bolshevik rules they have to pay for it. The time given now for loading and unloading cars is extremely short, in fact so short that in most cases it is impossible to complete the operation during the period

of time allowed. Yet for exceeding it the shippers are either heavily penalized or have their cars summarily removed to the classification yards. Free storage of the goods which can not be shipped immediately has been abolished. Thus the shippers have to pay for the shortcomings of the railroads.

This specimen of Bolshevik legislation should serve as a warning to all the advocates of public ownership. As soon as a state becomes the sole owner of some public utility, it becomes permeated with owner's mentality. It loses the ability to appear in the rôle of an impartial superarbiter in the disputes between the public utility and its customers. It invariably takes sides with the utility, often in a very cynical form. The old motto “The public be damned!” becomes operative with a vengeance, and there is no recourse.

It is quite evident that the liberality towards the shippers (which in olden times was excessive) used to cost the railroads an enormous amount of money. The abolition of safeguards should have resulted in a striking improvement of railroad finances. Yet they are run now in the red and there is no possibility of ascertaining if the roads are properly operated and if their present deficits are due to outside causes or to their own errors: there is no longer a standard in existence by which their efficiency could be impartially judged. If the results are disappointing no one can say whether this is due to the inherent defaults of the régime or to the mistakes or laziness or even outright criminality of the personnel. The conclusions reached by people who have visited Russia recently are greatly influenced by their sympathies or antipathies. Some of them state that the difficult living conditions and the fre-



quent replacement of the highly trained technical personnel by the Communistic "home-made" talent have produced a universal indifference as to the results obtained. Everybody worries over means to avoid possible punishment for often non-existent crimes. Many are sabotaging consciously, and almost everybody unconsciously—by showing no devotion to the business, no real interest in its success. This is something very akin to the indifference of the graduate engineers on the American railroads due to the incredible underpayment for their services.

Under such conditions it is impossible to prove that there is a place for improvement in the methods of operation. There is only one conclusion which can be accepted as firmly established, namely, that the disappearance of the automatically working standard of comparison which was offered by the very existence of the private companies must have produced a falling off of the competitive spirit and consequently a deterioration of operation. This does not of course mean that private operation would have been possible after the Revolution. Yet the fact remains that, as long as the capitalistic régime obtained in Russia, the co-existence of private

and governmental management of Russian railroads insured the best results obtainable.

Isn't there a lesson here for America?

Suppose a sufficiently large railroad system were selected, preferably among those which are facing financial collapse, that this system were taken over by the Government, that a capable man were placed at its head, firmly believing in Government operation, that he were given free hand with every assurance against interference of "politics," that the Government operation were conducted on exactly the same basis as the private operation in so far as accountancy, finances, working conditions, taxes, etc., are concerned.

Who would deny that the very fact of the existence of such a system would produce a highly vitalizing effect on the whole railroad business in America?

Is there the remotest possibility that railroad presidents would disregard the existence of the Government competitor and would not do their utmost in order to outrun it in the way of efficiency?

Would not such an incentive work better than any governmental supervision and often irksome interference?





# An Unexpected Champion

BY JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD

*The Chief Justice whose appointment was considered reactionary turns out as a defender of the liberal Roosevelt programme*

WHEN, on January 8, 1934, Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes led the majority of the Supreme Court in upholding the validity of the Minnesota mortgage law, he paved the way for judicial approval of the entire national recovery programme. He cleared away the many doubts existing about the constitutionality of emergency legislation. To one reading literally the prohibition of the Federal Constitution that "no state shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts," the Minnesota statute, extending the time allowed a mortgage debtor to pay his debt, thwarting the creditor in his attempt to foreclose the property in pursuance of the terms of the contract, seemed a clear and obvious violation of that constitutional restriction. Yet it was sustained as a worthy effort to bring order out of our economic chaos. And it was sustained because the Chief Justice exhibited the vision and statesmanship which has long marked his public service, especially his service on the bench of the nation's highest tribunal.

Taking the long view ahead and mindful of our past constitutional development, Chief Justice Hughes decided that the words of the Constitution

should be interpreted in the light of conditions to which they were sought to be applied. A crisis existed which made imperative a flexible construction of those words in the interest of the preservation of the State. The contract relations between individuals must be subordinate to the safety of the commonwealth, lest those relations perish altogether in the collapse of the entire economic and social structure.

The economic interest of the State may justify its continuing and dominant protective power notwithstanding interference with contracts. . . . The policy of protecting contracts against impairment presupposes the maintenance of a government by virtue of which contractual relations are worth while—a government which retains adequate authority to secure the peace and good order of society.

Where, in earlier days, it was thought that only the concerns of individuals or of classes were involved, and that those of the State itself were touched only remotely, it has later been found that the fundamental interests of the State are directly affected; and that the question is no longer merely that of one party to a contract as against another, but of the use of reasonable means to safeguard the economic structure upon which the good of all depends.

Thus, to a progressive statesman, does the regulating power of government survive the claims of property-conscious individuals.



How, it may be asked, does Hughes's opinion upholding a State emergency regulation determine so directly the fate of the congressional relief legislation, the NRA? Well, the main constitutional objection is similar in both cases—the objection that private property rights, vested interests, are free from governmental regulation. If a constitutional provision protecting contract rights must yield to State regulation in the public good, so too a constitutional provision protecting individuals against the deprivation of their property “without due process of law” must yield to Federal regulation having a similar aim. The constitutional guarantee of property rights in either case—the rights of a mortgage creditor in one instance, and the rights of a man to hire and fire labor according to his own notion of working hours, wages and laboring conditions in the other—must, according to the enlightened principle laid down by Justice Hughes, give way to the edicts of the proper regulating body; and, under the Constitution, the Federal Congress is a proper regulating body in all matters, including industry, affecting interstate commerce. Thus is met the second main objection to the validity of the national legislation—that even if a State can regulate property rights for the general welfare, the national government, being one of closely restricted powers, can not do so. For under the broad interpretations which the Supreme Court has given to the Commerce Clause, a Federal police power has grown up to parallel the long-acknowledged police power of a State itself. Under its comprehensive power to control interstate commerce and the mails, the Federal Congress has validly regulated American business before—witness the Sherman Act, the

Pure Food and Drug Act, the Oleomargarine Act—and it is validly regulating it today, notwithstanding the Supreme Court decision in the child labor case, where no national crisis existed, and where the court, fifteen years ago, was dominated by conservative judges who lacked the progressive outlook which characterizes the present Chief Justice.

The Congress which enacted the NRA was careful to write into that statute that “a national emergency productive of widespread unemployment and disorganization of industry, which burdens *interstate and foreign commerce*, affects the public welfare, and undermines the standard of living for the American people, is hereby declared to exist.” And penalties for violations of the codes promulgated under the statute are inflicted only for transactions “in or affecting interstate or foreign commerce.” Thus the legislative intent to keep within the field of its constitutional power is made clear. And even the Supreme Court has declared that industry within a State is subject to congressional regulation if it affects interstate commerce. This was the gist of the far-reaching decision in the Shreveport case in 1914, in which the opinion was written by Justice Hughes, then as now a liberal and outstanding figure on the high bench. In that case, a State regulation of purely intrastate railroad rates, to the prejudice of railroads carrying on interstate transportation, was made to yield to the paramount and unifying control of the Federal regulating body. Railroads charged a higher rate for shipping goods between Texas towns and Shreveport, Louisiana, than they did for shipping goods an equal distance between two Texas towns. As this was a discrimination against interstate commerce, the Supreme Court



decided that the Interstate Commerce Commission had the power to make uniform rates for both interstate and intrastate carriage. Said Justice Hughes:

The fact that carriers are instruments of intrastate commerce, as well as of interstate commerce, does not derogate from the complete and paramount authority of Congress over the latter or preclude the Federal power from being exerted to prevent the intrastate operations from being made a means of injury to that which has been confided to Federal care. Wherever the interstate and intrastate transactions are so related that the government of the one involves the control of the other, it is Congress, and not the State, that is entitled to prescribe the final and dominant rule. . . . This is not to say that Congress possesses the authority to regulate the internal commerce of a State, as such, but that it does possess the power to foster and protect interstate commerce, and to take all measures necessary or appropriate to that end, although intrastate transactions may thereby be controlled.

SO WE see Justice Hughes, in his first Supreme Court incumbency, paving the way for national control of even local affairs, provided those affairs touch interstate matters, and twenty years later we see him exalting State control over affairs which, in normal times, might be protected from any control at all. From a combination of the two, the principles of the Shreveport case and the Minnesota mortgage case, the conclusion is unescapable that he will lead the present Supreme Court in giving judicial approval to the national recovery programme. The provisions of the Constitution will be given such weight as the needs of the people require: the Commerce Clause will be emphasized to give Congress the power it has taken, and the Due Process Clause will be minimized to make the exercise of congressional power valid against the protests of property interests. The standard of paramount public interest

will be adhered to in the future, as it has been in the past. As his judicial record shows, such a standard appeals strongly to Chief Justice Hughes.

A liberal Chief Justice to carry out the policies of a liberal Administration—few people would have believed it back in 1930, when President Hoover appointed to the head of the Supreme Court the man who, as private lawyer, had argued case after case in that tribunal on behalf of big business and vested interests. The outcry in the Senate against Hughes's appointment, culminating in the mustering of twenty-six votes against his confirmation, leading the Sons of the Wild Jackass to beat their brows at the thought of pending ruin to democratic institutions, was soon doomed to rank high among the false prophecies of demagogues. From the first, the rebels were routed. Hughes proceeded to carry on calmly the liberal tradition he had himself maintained when a member of an enlightened Supreme Court from 1910 to 1915. Forgetting altogether the man's prior public service, the opposing Senators saw only such facts as Hughes's defense of Truman Newberry, the Michigan Senator-elect whom the Senate refused to seat because of the excessive money spent in conducting his successful campaign; and his attempts to free public utilities and large business concerns from the burdens of taxation and regulation. No distinction was attempted between the private lawyer and the public servant. As a lawyer, Hughes was retained by powerful clients because of his proven legal ability. As a judge, he is retained by the American people. In both positions he serves his clients well. And it is a testimonial to his capacity to adjust himself to the proper fulfilment of varying tasks and duties that he can,



as judge, shake off most of the property predilections which naturally cling to corporation lawyers. There are judges today who have not that ability.

Comparing his judicial record in the years 1910-1915 with that in the years 1930-1934, I would say they were equally liberal and public-spirited, and that the intervening years of private law practice had clouded but negligibly the humane approach to governmental problems that characterized his dissents, with Justice Holmes, in the labor and social welfare cases of that earlier day. It is true that today there are occasional lapses to the conservative side, that he does not always share the views of Justice Brandeis, Stone and Cardozo, but this is due as much to a reluctance to permit extreme social experiments (in normal times) as it is to any influence of his contact as confidant of large business interests. Moderation and balance, a sense of reconciling conflicting interests, sometimes to the advantage of the Government, sometimes to the advantage of private interests resisting what seems to be the encroachments of government, mark his approach to the particular problems that confront him as a judge.

The two chain-store cases will illustrate this. When Indiana laid a tax on chain-stores, grading the tax according to the number of stores under one management, and hence amounting to a much higher tax than on an individual store selling the same kind of merchandise, Hughes agreed with the liberal judges, in the majority, that the tax was valid, and that the contention of the chains that they were being denied the equal protection of the laws which the Fourteenth Amendment guaranteed them should be overruled. There was clearly a legitimate basis for the distinction in the taxes—the greater power

and more concentrated control of the chains warranted taxing them at a higher rate than the little fellow. The liberal Hughes saw this, even if the four die-hards who dissented did not. But when Florida attempted to tax chain stores by a different method, by a method which seemed less justified in business experience, Hughes lined up with the conservative majority to annul the statute. Brandeis, Stone and Cardozo dissented. The Florida lawmakers had seen fit to levy a tax according to the number of stores under one chain found in different counties. If ten stores were located in one populous county, the rate of tax was so much. If one store were added to the chain in another county, the entire eleven stores were taxed at a higher rate. This seemed to Chief Justice Hughes to be an arbitrary and unreasonable method of classification—there was nothing about a mere county line to justify its use as a measure of the tax, and accordingly he looked upon the taxing act as an unwarranted exercise of State power to drive out chain stores. Thus does he pin faith in practical considerations and business experience to reconcile his views regarding the respective claims of government and private business enterprise.

In illustrating Hughes's sense of balance and moderation in constitutional determination, the decision of the Supreme Court in the celebrated Oklahoma ice case is significant, especially when contrasted with the recent decision in the Minnesota mortgage case. Hughes voted with the majority in the Oklahoma case to annul the statute seeking to control the ice industry by requiring people to get a certificate of public necessity before engaging in the ice business. Brandeis and Stone (Cardozo was not then on the court) voted



to uphold the statute. To Hughes the statute was an unwarranted inroad on the right of any person to pursue a common calling. There was nothing about the ice business which justified calling it a public utility and making it subject to strict regulation. Further, no crisis existed in the State of Oklahoma (the act was passed in 1925) and no crisis in the economic affairs of the majority of the people of the State could be laid to free competition in this industry, never regarded elsewhere as public in the sense that railroads and grain elevators were so regarded. In short, this particular social experiment was an extreme one, and whatever evils it attempted to remedy were inconsequential and of scant general importance. The rights of private property thus were held to prevail. But in the Minnesota mortgage case, the evils sought to be remedied by the statute were pressing and important, and the very existence of the social and economic structure depended upon the statute's being upheld. There the objecting property interests were forced to yield for the public good. To survive constitutional objections, the legislative experiment must seem to Justice Hughes to meet a real human need.

**B**UT Hughes's occasional exhibitions of conservatism do not detract from the fact that he is fundamentally liberal and that the Supreme Court, in the four years of his leadership, has been far more democratic than it was in the previous régime of Chief Justice Taft. Indeed, Chief Justice Hughes led the court, in 1932, in doing the almost unprecedented thing of overruling one of the mistaken judgments of its immediate predecessors. The Taft court had been so dominated by concerns of property that it protected copyright

holders from having to pay any State tax on royalties. The idea was that as copyrights were issued by the Federal Government, they became a Federal instrumentality immune from State taxation—a notion as far removed from reality as it is possible to get. Copyrights are granted so that a person can pursue his own private business in the creative arts for his own profit; the Federal Government has nothing to do with the matter after the copyright (or patent) is granted. Obviously there was no reason why the beneficiary should escape taxation, and the Hughes court so decided. Realism and practicality took the place of constitutional mysticism.

The dawn of the new day came early in 1930, with Chief Justice Hughes's decision in the railway clerks' case. There the railway employees had sought an injunction restraining the railway company from interfering with their right to form their own labor union, guaranteed them by the Railway Labor Act of 1926. The company had insisted upon the formation of a company union, dominated by men of the employers' choosing and wholly subservient to the company's will. Hughes's decision allowing the injunction and upholding the contention of Donald Richberg, now high in the councils of President Roosevelt's Administration, was a sweeping triumph for labor, and indicated the Chief Justice's sympathy with congressional legislation favoring collective bargaining, so important a feature of the NRA. The railway clerks decision reflected Hughes's earlier feeling for labor interests when, fifteen years before, he dissented from the reactionary holding of the *Coppage* case that no State could pass a law outlawing the "yellow dog" contract. The Norris-LaGuardia Act of 1932, in which



Congress forbade such unconscionable arrangements despite Supreme Court approval of them, will undoubtedly be sanctioned by a Chief Justice who sees the social need of equality of bargaining between capital and labor.

Throughout his present incumbency the Chief Justice has been zealous to keep constitutional law in line with modern needs. The hitherto unregulated business of motor trucks and buses, giving them an unfair advantage in transportation over railroads, has been regulated by various States in recent years, and the regulations have been uniformly sustained by the Hughes court, despite the cry of the proprietors that they are being deprived of their property rights under the Fourteenth Amendment. Order has been brought out of the confusion in the oil business, with the court's hearty approval. When overproduction of petroleum in Oklahoma caused enormous waste and demoralized the entire industry, the legislature passed measures prorating the production and cutting down the amount that could come from the wells. Such a limitation on the rights of property-owners was sustained by the court as a worthy welfare measure to meet a particular emergency. And efforts to relieve the depressed state of the coal industry in the Appalachian territory, through the setting up, by producers, of a sales agency to stabilize the prices, found the court cooperating, despite the complaint of the Government that the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was being violated. Chief Justice Hughes led the court in construing the Sherman Act broadly and liberally to permit the coöperation of coal producers to save the industry from doom. His opinion, handed down on March 13, 1933, completely exonerated the com-

peting operators from the charge of unlawful monopoly:

When industry is grievously hurt, when producing concerns fail, when unemployment mounts and communities dependent upon profitable production are prostrated, the wells of commerce go dry. So far as actual purposes are concerned, the conclusion of the court below was amply supported that defendants were engaged in a fair and open endeavor to aid the industry in a measurable recovery from its plight.

A coöperative enterprise, otherwise free from objection, which carries with it no monopolistic menace, is not to be condemned as an undue restraint merely because it may effect a change in market conditions, where the change would be in mitigation of recognized evils and would not impair, but rather foster, fair competitive opportunities.

Here is a further indication of Hughes's willingness to aid measures taken to restore, in part at least, that prosperity which used to be America's glory—whether the measures are voluntary, as in the case of these 137 bituminous coal producers, or compelled by the Government, as, in the last analysis, is the case of the NRA.

A JUDGE anxious to promote the economic interests of the people, by approval of governmental measures to further the common welfare, is bound to be a judge zealous to protect the political rights of the underdog against the oppressive measures of a too intolerant government. There is a close connection between economics and politics in constitutional interpretation. The democratic judge in both cases will safeguard the rights of the masses. Politically, he will emphasize the Bill of Rights; economically, he will emphasize the rights of governmental bodies to restrict predatory interests on behalf of humble people. Chief Justice Hughes has an extremely high regard for the



Bill of Rights in its political aspects. Indeed, this judge, so long regarded as cold, austere, remote from the people, lampooned during his ill-fated Presidential campaign of 1916 as Charles the Baptist, with birds nesting in his whiskers, has displayed a greater fondness for the Bill of Rights than any Chief Justice this country has ever had.

When five conservative judges decided to penalize Professor Clyde Macintosh for his religious scruples, by denying him American citizenship because he was a pacifist and refused to take the oath to bear arms, Hughes dissented vigorously and castigated his super-patriotic colleagues for their narrow conception of a citizen's duties:

When we consider the history of the struggle for religious liberty, the large number of citizens of our country, from the very beginning, who have been unwilling to sacrifice their religious convictions, and in particular, those who have been conscientiously opposed to war and who would not yield what they sincerely believed to be their allegiance to the will of God, I find it impossible to conclude that such persons are to be deemed disqualified for public office in this country because of the requirement of the oath which must be taken before they enter upon their duties.

As freedom of religious belief should not be curbed by government, neither should the great guarantee of free speech and press. Chief Justice Hughes was more successful in the Minnesota "gag" law case, where he led a bare majority in overthrowing the statute which empowered a single judge to suppress a newspaper if, in his opinion, it contained scandalous and defamatory matter. Such a censorship of the press, declared Justice Hughes, was hostile to the tradition of our political institutions, and must not be tolerated. The right of free speech, of exposing corruption and

skullduggery in the body politic was a far greater right than the right to be free from derogatory criticism. So, too, the oppressive measures of government to curb the expression of political faith in opposition to the established capitalistic system must fall before the right that every person has to speak his mind or ally himself with political groups of his own choosing. The State of California made it a criminal offense to display a red flag in a public place, and under that statute, a Communist girl, Yetta Stromberg, was convicted and sentenced. Chief Justice Hughes wrote the opinion of the court annulling the statute as violative of a person's right to political liberty, guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment.

The maintenance of the opportunity for free political discussion to the end that government may be responsive to the will of the people and that changes may be obtained by lawful means, an opportunity essential to the security of the Republic, is a fundamental principle of our constitutional system.

This liberal holding is consistent with Hughes's attitude when, in private life after the World War, he deplored the drastic red-chasing campaigns of Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer, and announced grave doubts whether the Constitution could survive another war, waged so largely at its expense. Feeling as he does about the rights of political underdogs, it is not surprising that Justice Hughes should have joined Justice Cardozo in deciding that the State of Texas had no right to empower the executive committee of the Democratic party to fix the qualifications of voters at the party primaries, when such a measure resulted in the disqualifying of all Negroes from the polls. Under the Fourteenth Amendment and in line with its historical purpose, Negroes



were entitled to the exercise of all political rights that the whites could use—even in Southern States. Similarly, Hughes wrote the opinion of the court reversing a judgment of conviction for murder, because the Negro defendant had not been permitted to ask the jurors trying the case if they had any race prejudice. A futile gesture, perhaps, even in the District of Columbia where the trial took place, but the Negro had his legal right to be tried by a fair and impartial jury.

THE American people are fortunate in having as Chief Justice a man who combines vision with the practical talents of a constitutional arbiter in a hectic and depressed modern world. His tasks become increasingly complex and important, but his record shows that he will meet them in a high and enlightened way. The Constitution will be treated reverently but flexibly, to permit government to function in aid of the paramount public interest. The institutions of democracy, as they have developed in our history, will be preserved against the clamor of moneyed interests who exalt the profit motive over the people's welfare. Politically, as the cases show, the people will not be hampered

by those in power who see danger to their selfish interests. And economically, the same is true. The people's representatives, when they act in support of the common needs, as they acted in Minnesota to avoid chaos by lightening the burdens of mortgage debtors, as they acted in the national Congress to bring relief and recovery through the medium of the NRA, will be applauded by a statesmanlike Supreme Court, under the leadership of an able and progressive judge. As this is written, there is pending an important case involving the constitutionality of the New York law of 1933 setting up a Milk Control Board to regulate the price of milk and to alleviate the deplorable conditions in the dairy industry. There can be little doubt that this emergency measure will be upheld by Chief Justice Hughes, as it was upheld by the liberal New York Court of Appeals. And this decision will become another link in the chain that binds modern constitutional law with our economic and social survival. The Supreme Court will have done its share to preserve the existence of the American nation, and it will have done so because of the far-seeing leadership of its present chief—providentially the right man at the right time.





# The Overrated Engineer

BY PAUL H. NORGREN

*This class of professional men is far from ready yet—as the Stuart Chases would have it—to take over the reins of our government*

A FEW weeks ago the technical society to which I belong held an open meeting, inviting the general public to attend. The occasion was a popular lecture, presented through the courtesy of a well-known manufacturing concern and purporting to be a “demonstration of recent developments in the field of electronics” made by its research engineers. The advance notices called it “The House of Magic.” Lured by this title a large crowd turned out; at eight o’clock every seat in the hall was taken.

The stage was filled with a motley assortment of electrical apparatus: boxes with queer protuberances, cabinets studded with dials, bulbs of various sizes and shapes—all interconnected by innumerable wires. With this paraphernalia the lecturer (succinctly described by the chairman as an “expert”) performed many strange and wonder-inspiring stunts, to the delighted astonishment of all present. The discourse with which he accompanied his actions fairly bristled with technical terms, so that few of the spectators were able to follow him; but this seemed, if anything, to add to their pleased wonderment. He popped a handful of corn

without the aid of heat, and they applauded heartily. He showed how sound could be transmitted on a beam of light, and every ear was strained to catch the scarcely audible notes. When he held a plain glass tube near a high-frequency coil, and by drawing his hand over it caused it to glow a brilliant red, they fairly gasped with amazement. Thurston in his heyday never held an audience more enthralled.

Although such performances are not especially common, this one struck me as typical of the way in which the doings of engineers are presented to the world nowadays. In the daily news, in the Sunday supplements, in the popular magazines one reads constantly of new “triumphs” of technological ingenuity, ranging from tiny “grain-of-wheat” lamps for internal surgery to huge power projects and eighty-story office buildings. And always the emphasis is on the marvelous, the incomprehensible aspects of these achievements, and on the surpassing mental attributes of those who father them.

As a result of all this favorable publicity, the technical man has attained a unique place in the popular esteem. To the modern Aladdin, he is a kind of



scientific jinnee—one who transforms barren deserts into fertile farmlands, or accomplishes by merely pushing a button what formerly took many hours of painful toil; or who conjures from thin air such priceless boons as the radio, the talking picture and the automatic air-conditioner to lighten the tedium and discomfort of daily life. At a time when a life of pleasurable ease is accounted by the great mass of people the highest goal of human striving, it is scarcely to wonder that the engineer, who *creates* ease and pleasure, should be regarded with peculiar respect.

Nor is this sentiment confined to mere passive approval. We choose engineers to represent us in the halls of government, as legislators, city managers, governors, even Presidents, on the apparent assumption that because they can perform miracles with coils and glass tubes, with concrete and structural steel, they can do the same with human society. We send our sons to technical schools for similar reasons. We fondly picture them as future Hoovers, Steinmetzes or Diesels, but we pay little heed either to their aptitude or their liking for the work. In consequence, engineering colleges throughout the country are crowded to the doors, largely with misfits; and each June more than 10,000 new graduates issue forth to swell the ranks of an already overcrowded profession.

It is, to repeat, less than surprising that the mass-man, responding to the stimulus of ballyhoo, should come to have such a high opinion of engineers. But to the more critical mind the question obtrudes itself: do they really deserve it? Is a recital of their successes—their contributions to human comfort and convenience, their great feats of construction—all there is to be said

about them? What of their methods? Their motives? Their influence on their fellow men? Any estimate of their real worth to society must surely take into account not only what technical men succeed in doing, but how they go about it; what inspires them to make the effort; and, most important of all, what effect their accomplishments have on the well-being of the race. In short, it must consider what they *are*.

TO SPEAK of engineering as “applied science,” as is commonly done, is to express a half-truth more misleading than informative. Physical science and technology do, to be sure, deal primarily with the same subject-matter, namely, the phenomena of inanimate nature. But that is not to say that the average engineer merits the name scientist. Quite the contrary. The scientist is a true originator, the engineer merely an adapter. The scientist, like the early pioneer, pushes his way out into an uncharted wilderness, teeming with unknown dangers and obstacles which he fearlessly confronts and overcomes. When the engineer, a rather pusillanimous second-line frontiersman, comes on the scene he finds the hardest part of the task already done and the scientist long since departed for newer, remoter lands. He has only to fell the trees and plough the land in preparation for the dull, workaday population which is to occupy it, and of which he is essentially a part. To refer to this uninspiring work as science is like calling a typesetter a creative writer, or a stone-mason an architect.

This, however, is not the only respect in which the engineer falls short of the requirements which the scientist sets for himself. If it were, it would be to his advantage in carrying out his own pro-



fessed aims. By being spared the onerous task of probing into Nature's undiscovered secrets, he would be left free to apply those already known to the service of man. But there is another, more serious point of difference which definitely places engineering outside the pale of science, and which constitutes a grave indictment of the profession as it exists today.

The scientist not only explores the unknown, but he does it according to a logical method which has proved the greatest result-producer of all time. By intelligently observing natural phenomena and systematically correlating the results of his observations he is able to derive concise general rules and mathematical formulæ which express the universal truths he seeks. His method is purely inductive. The engineer, on the other hand, rarely adheres even superficially to the precepts of scientific method. Most often he fails to use any method at all, but proceeds in a haphazard, empirical manner, trying first one thing, then another, until, as often by luck as not, he finds some kind of solution to his problem. It must be apparent that this procedure is not merely erratic and uncertain, but wastefully time-consuming as well.

One can not deny, of course, that many useful inventions and discoveries are achieved through the methods of science. But these are usually only incidental to arduous and painstaking scientific research for its own sake, such as when a Lord Kelvin develops the trans-oceanic telegraph, or a Pierre and Marie Curie extract radium from pitchblende. Neither can it be gainsaid that some of the greatest findings of science have been happy accidents—Faraday and the induction principle, for instance, or Roentgen and the X-rays.

But the Faradays and the Roentgens, by following a logical procedure and by building their apparatus to be sensitive to general rather than specific phenomena, were working in such close proximity to these hidden truths of Nature that, in the last analysis, chance had but little to do with their discoveries. They *happened* on the lode, but it was scientific method that guided them to the region, nay to the very stratum, where gold abounded.

How different were the methods pursued by their contemporaries, the Nineteenth Century engineers, or, as they were then called, inventors. James Watt spent more than a decade tinkering before he could produce a steam engine which was, after all, merely an improvement over Newcomen's. Edison had to sample 6,000 different substances to find a suitable filament for his carbon lamp. And it took the radio engineers—Marconi, Fleming, DeForest, Armstrong and a whole host of others—twenty-eight years to develop wireless telephony, the foundations of which Heinrich Hertz had laid in a single well-planned and beautifully executed experiment!

**E**VEN this serious shortcoming, indicative as it is of disorderly mental processes, hardly permits of condemning the engineer out of hand. Regardless of how he has done it, his work still stands as a monument to his diligence, his perseverance and his contribution to industrial progress. But when it comes to a question of *why* he has done it—well, that is something else again. Here, in truth, science has cause to point the finger of accusation at the technological trade. For while most scientists maintain toward their work an attitude of disinterestedness, of objec-



tivity, of selfless devotion to purpose, the majority of engineers are prompted primarily by self-interest. They "do things"—yes; but ever with an eye to the main chance. Compare the number of engineers and inventors who have amassed fortunes—Stephenson, McCormick, Roebling, Edison, Bell, Henry Ford and the rest—with the scientists who have attained even moderate affluence and you will see what I mean.

But what of it? you ask. Haven't they the right to expect, don't they deserve all they can get for their inventions? The reply must be: they would, if that was all there was to it. Such, however, is by no means the case. Whenever a new technical product is launched on the societal sea it sets up a train of vibrations which travels far beyond the purview of its designer, and persists long after his name is forgotten. And therein lies what is perhaps the gravest of the charges which have been lodged against the engineers. In their inordinate eagerness to bring their "developments" to completion and hand them over to an expectant world for what they will fetch in money and prestige, they fail to foresee, or foreseeing, take no heed of the economic, social and moral consequences of so doing.

The results, direct or indirect, of this neglect are manifested in technological unemployment; in the horrors of modern warfare; in crime waves and social delinquency. The prophets of high production may themselves believe the soothing words with which they assure the idle millions that their sufferings are only temporary—that in the end their god will reward them with everlasting luxury and leisure; but they can not deny that since the introduction of automatic machinery idleness has stead-

ily increased. The present-day devisers of lethal engines may sincerely hope, with their predecessor, Hudson Maxim, that their ingenious contrivances for bigger and better killing "will make everybody see how terrible war really is"; but in the light of the recent four-year festival of carnage and subsequent world history, this must be accounted the sheerest self-delusion. W. K. Dickson, co-inventor of the motion picture, modestly described his creation as "the crown and flower of the Nineteenth Century magic"; but if he could see the Twentieth Century movie, with its glorification of crime and eroticism and consequent deplorable effect on the morals of the young, he might want to modify his praise.

WE SEE, then, that the engineer has failed, in a double sense, to live up to the public trust imposed in him. In the first place, he has violated two of the primary tenets of "pure" science, by pursuing his work without the aid of scientific method, and for ulterior ends. Secondly, and more important, the immediate material benefits accruing to mankind from his discoveries have been more than offset by their deleterious long-range social effects, which he has been unable to apprehend. But why, it is pertinent to ask, do engineers fall short in this respect? Part of the answer is to be found, I believe, in the province of heredity. The young man who naturally gravitates toward engineering as a life's work, though he rates high in mental acuity, rarely has that sensitive, imaginative, many-sided make-up which characterizes most truly public-spirited people. Usually he is of a more matter-of-fact (and therefore less well-rounded) type, possessing those traits



commonly referred to as "mechanically inclined" and "good at figures," but very few others.

But if his natural endowments leave him deficient in the sense of public duty, the training he receives is an even greater drawback in this regard. To one who has experienced it at first hand, it seems hardly an exaggeration to say that the average technical college, instead of imbuing the student with a broad and objective outlook on life or preparing him for a career of usefulness to the community, ignores these functions of education almost entirely.

The curriculum of any reputable American engineering school bears ample testimony to this. The first two years are devoted almost exclusively to mathematics, chemistry and physics. Of these, the latter two are mainly of the text-book variety, and give the student little opportunity to learn either the technique or the social aspects of science. The third year is largely taken up with "applied mechanics" courses and design and laboratory work (chiefly empirical rather than scientific), with perhaps a smattering of economics or commercial law thrown in. In the final year come the more highly specialized technical studies and the thesis (dealing always with a very particular phase of the student's particular line), and again a superficial dose of some "hot air" subject, usually political science. But nowhere in the entire programme is any mention made of history, philosophy, sociology, psychology: those branches of learning adequate attention to which does most to instill a sense of values and of social responsibility.

The same is true of the extra-curricular sources of knowledge: non-technical lectures, cultural reading matter and the like. The ultra-conservative, indi-

vidualistic business-men-trustees who frame the policies show a truly parental solicitude in guiding the susceptible mind of the student out of earshot of the siren voices of heresy which might shake his belief in the two cardinal principles of their faith—the sanctity of self-furtherance and the necessity of keeping the herd in its place.

When the would-be engineer goes out into the world to practise his chosen *métier*, his opportunities for broadening himself are, if anything, even fewer than before. He has little choice, if he wants to work at all, but to enter the employ of one of the 200-odd great industrial and utility corporations which in normal times absorb the greater part of the output of our technological institutions. It is the policy of most of these concerns to train each young graduate to be a specialist in a particular phase of their operations, where he may utilize some of the knowledge gained in one, or at best two or three of the many "practical" courses to which he was exposed while at college. Thus even the more general aspects of his own field are now shut out from his view. Moreover, his ultimate superior is usually the "vice-president in charge of engineering," who is responsible to the directors, and whose sole *raison-d'être* is, consequently, to assure the maximum possible dividend. According to the present standards of American business, this can only be effected by constantly bringing out innovations and improvements in the product to cut in on competitor trade, and labor-saving devices to reduce the cost per unit. Pressure is therefore continually being applied to the technical staff to "show results." It is a matter of common knowledge that the average engineer employed by such firms as the General



Electric, DuPont and Bell Telephone, if he wants to hold his job, must spend three-fourths of his waking hours either at his work or thinking about it. How much time this leaves him to develop his mind by digressions into less circumscribed realms of thought can easily be imagined. It is difficult to see how a class of professional men laboring under such suffocating limitations can produce the "small group of technical experts" which, according to the predictions of Mr. Stuart Chase and others, is destined to lead the "revolution" in our economic system.

WHAT the public's ultimate evaluation of the engineer will be is, of course, open to question. In view, however, of his preoccupation with the things of the moment and disregard of those of the future, it hardly seems possible that he will retain indefinitely the high place he now holds. Just as, in the long view of history, periods of asceticism have invariably followed periods of cavalier indulgence, so, in all likelihood, will the present Age of Things be superseded by a wave of anti-materialism. Indeed, a popular reaction of no small proportions is already visible. In recent months the engineer has suffered a decided setback in prestige relative to his contemporaries in other callings. With professional economists, financial experts and teachers of political and social science elevated to positions of national authority, the American people's attention has been focused on the "liberal" rather than the "practical" branches of higher endeavor. And, incredible though it may seem, their interest appears simultaneously to have been attracted toward problems of government and economics and away, to some extent at least, from the acquisition of

new gadgets and gimcracks. The man in the street has at last become conscious of the existence of something besides the purely obvious, the purely material, the purely utilitarian. While this tendency will, no doubt, in turn give way to a counter-reaction, it is reasonable to believe—is, in fact, essential for every one who has faith in the possibility of human progress to believe—that the deeper, more idealistic sentiment will finally prevail.

I do not mean to imply that a gross materialism is the inseparable concomitant of proficiency in the technical arts, nor that the scaling down of an unduly inflated idea of the engineer's social importance will result in a corresponding scaling down of the demand for the products of his ingenuity. On the contrary, there is reason to suppose that even in a world where convenience and luxury are no longer paramount, technological aids to man's efforts to raise himself above the brutes will still find an important place.

I do hold, however, that the engineering profession, if it is to attain a permanent place in the good graces of posterity, must first radically re-orient its outlook and enlarge its scope. When it can show that its works are accomplished by dint of strenuous intellectual effort and in accordance with the rules of science; when it can learn to regard these works, not for themselves alone but in the light of their lasting worth to man and his ability to assimilate them with benefit, and can govern its output thereby; when it shall have produced men of real stature in the fields of statesmanship and social service as an earnest that it can grow beyond its own narrow sphere—then, and not until then, will we be justified in paying it high homage.





# Behind Iowa Headlines

BY CHESLA C. SHERLOCK

*A country newspaper editor gauges the temper of farm people  
in a representative county of the Corn Belt*

I LIVE and work in Iowa. Doubtless you know that Iowa produces nineteen per cent of the nation's corn.

I live in the heart of Iowa. Marshall County, to be exact. In Marshall County you will find the exact geographical centre of the State. Also, the deepest black soil, the most hogs, cattle, sheep and poultry. I am not boasting. These statistical bricks are germane to my narrative.

I am what is known as a "country newspaper editor," Some of our Marshalltown people, living as they do in an alert, thriving city of 17,500 population, would resent the implication that they lived in a country town. But let the thing stand.

As a local newspaper editor I come in contact with Marshall County people daily. I meet them all—banker, professional man, business man, farmer, politician, educator, club leader and housewife. My office is the crossroads of local comment and opinion.

The housewife drops in to leave her favorite recipe, or to tell me about her church or club meeting, her own party; the farmer comes in, after his trading has been done, to air his views while he waits for the "women folks" to finish their shopping.

Business men, passing the door, stop a moment to chat, to remind me of a meeting at noon, or to ask quotations on some job printing. A member of the city council stops to tell me about the controversy the night before over the wage scale for CWA city projects, and in a little while a labor leader comes in to tell me his side of the argument.

So it goes every hour of the day. An endless procession of Marshall County people passes through my office daily. I am never out of touch with local public opinion; I could not be if I tried. Here the pulse of the community is not only felt at first hand, but often at second and third hand. I not only hear what a man has to say himself about "conditions," but before long I will hear what two or three others think about what he has said or done. We have few secrets here in Marshall County, and fewer people who do not have "the courage of their convictions."

There is not only a charming informality about it, but there is a vigor of expression and a forthright independence of assertion that one could encounter only in the smaller place. People are not afraid to do their own thinking here, and they do not hesitate



to tell you exactly what they think. The last place in the world to encounter intellectual dishonesty of the designing sort is in the smaller place.

One of my callers explained it all to me one day. He owns a ranch in Idaho where he spends his summers.

"Men and beasts *sense* things in the wide open spaces," he said, "that they never notice when they are cooped up in the congested areas. Take the stock on the range—they always come in two or three days before the big storms in the fall. They know when to move to the lower country, even though the weather then may be perfect. The farm animal penned up in an Iowa pasture pays no attention to the weather signs. The same is true of the man penned up in the cities—he doesn't *sense* the significance of things like the fellow all alone in the open spaces will. Take the farmer, for instance. He is alone all day and he does a lot of powerful thinking; in the aggregate, he is a pretty sound thinker, too. Not many of them are to be stampeded."

The significance of this may be seen in the alacrity with which the city man signed up the NRA agreements under the blanket code. It was comparatively easy to get his signature on the dotted line by means of pep meetings, threats and spectres of boycotts. Congress, even, followed the drift and permitted itself to be herded.

Not so the fellow in the smaller places, as illustrated by what a village preacher living in the Southern part of Marshall County told me.

"They came to me to sign the NRA card," he said. "I said, 'Just what is this that I am signing, anyway?'"

"They looked at me blankly a moment, and repeated, 'You sign right here.'"

"'But what is this going to bind me to do, if I sign?'"

"'We don't know exactly, but we do know that if you refuse to sign, we will make it so hot for you that you'll wish you had!'"

"'Oh, so that's the game, eh? Well, you can just start turning on the heat right now!'"

His eyes gleamed, and his massive jaw clicked. "They picked the wrong fellow to try that on!"

FARMER PSYCHOLOGY has never been very well understood by the country at large. To the city man, he has at times appeared to be a stubborn individualist—an independent freelance often upsetting his own apple cart because of his failure, or inability, to play "team ball."

From that standpoint, he has suffered because he failed "to organize" in an organized world. He has seemed to adopt the senseless attitude of a bumpkin in continuing to butt his head against an economic system highly organized and reasonably well disciplined.

But that is not the whole explanation for the "individualism" of the farmer. He has an experience behind him which has not been pleasant, so far as organization goes. In recurring periods of our history he has turned to organization and collective movements which were supposed to lead him to the Promised Land. He has become "a joiner" and he has found that, for some reason, the movements turned out to be devices for farming the farmer.

He has joined political movements almost without number where any and all of the panaceas now proposed were held out as golden bait. They failed to deliver the bacon. And so he is chary.



He is particularly wary of panaceas. He can smell one farther away than a thirsty camel can smell water.

One farmer put it to me this way: "Yes, I joined that organization, but I dropped out."

"Why did you do that?"

"Oh, I wanted to see what it was all about. Just as I thought! Nothing practical, nothing solid for the farmer in it at all—just a lot of wild theories. Principal purpose seems to be to get the farmer's sixteen bucks per year!"

The superficial observer may jump to the conclusion that the farmer is dangerously radical or easily led in times of low farm prices and numerous foreclosures violently toward the Left. History's verdict lends some merit to that thought. He has in three generations embraced Greenbackism, Populist theories, anti-trust and anti-railroadism, inflation and farm holidays. But these, even, have been in the nature of feints and do not reveal the real psychology of the farmer. Any man who has just been dispossessed swings to the Left, for the simple reason that he then has "nothing to lose."

The fact is that the real farmer has never subscribed to the doctrines of the Left with any unanimity or alacrity. He is the homemaker type, the husbandman, who builds with his own hands the tangibles of his own food, clothing and shelter. He knows the value of the property he has created and dedicated to the purpose of sheltering and sustaining his family. He knows what a dollar is worth, and he is suspicious of the theorist who will not work himself, but is always hatching up schemes to edge in under the roof the worker has erected and to take his place before the food the diligent man has produced. To pry him loose from his natural economy—

the same good old theory that the squirrel finds the best—it has been necessary to wrench him out bodily from his old roots, the roots that have anchored him squarely to the soil.

Then again, there are farmers and "farmers"! Not every man dressed up in overalls descending upon legislatures or Congress is a real farmer. Many of them live on farms, many do not. The true farmer is at home attending to his business; he hasn't time to galavant all over the country in caravans making "demonstrations."

Because of this tendency to stand on his own feet and not be stampeded, this tendency to do his own thinking according to his own lights, the bulk of the farmers in the Middle West move slowly in accepting new innovations. Many of those who are taking the corn-loan money are taking it with misgivings, and I know several men who are desperately in need of cash who have refused to take it now because the full ramifications of their obligation have not yet been worked out in Washington. They prefer to bump along "as is" to committing themselves to a contract that binds them to accept additional regulations in the future.

The hog-slaughtering campaign was a strategical error of first importance, so far as farmer psychology is concerned. The offer of real money was dazzling and tempting. Make no mistake about that! Does bread interest the starving man?

But the bureau chiefs who jumped to the conclusion that it would be welcomed with open arms by the farmers forgot their elementary psychology—if they ever knew that applying to the true farmer.

It aroused a storm of indignation—this idea of destroying *food* when the



spectre of starvation was visited upon so many homeless, jobless, friendless. Money may move a man, and may be satisfying to him in most business transactions. It may be reasonably true that most men have their *price*, but the fundamental economy ground into the bones of the farmer through generations of first-hand struggle with the forces of Nature is that nothing be wasted, especially foodstuffs.

That initial miscalculation on the part of the AAA has caused other devices to run a weary gauntlet of close and minute inspection. The average farmer lost his confidence in the very beginning and he is doubly suspicious now. He senses a joker in the deck.

JUST now the corn-loan and corn-hog propositions are the main topics of conversation in the Middle West. I hear them discussed pro and con all day long by all types and shades of opinion.

The other afternoon a retired manufacturer, a man who once made a famous buggy and who lends some money to good farmers, dropped in.

"Just going by," he smiled, "and thought I'd tell you about one instance where the corn-loan proposition has worked out as a godsend.

"John Doe lives up past Conrad, just at the edge of the county line. Know him?"

"No, I haven't met him."

"Well, there's a real fellow, and a good farmer, too! Livestock and dairy-ing. But he has gotten behind a little in recent years and he has been worried stiff. Began to see himself slipping, and no way to weather the storm.

"He has been in the dumps all year. Last year's taxes were unpaid and he had a few bills around—the sort no man

can escape, no matter how much he economizes.

"Then this corn-loan thing came along. Doe had some corn, more than he needed. He found he could spare 3,500 bushels and still see his stock through. A dairyman, you know, can't dump his stock overnight unless he wants to quit cold; it takes years to build up a good herd.

"Doe sealed his corn and took a loan. Yes, sir, got his money yesterday morning. *Say!* You never saw a happier man! He came around and settled a little matter of thirty dollars he owed me. Came to me last because he said I was the best friend he had and he could make me wait, if necessary."

The retired manufacturer chuckled. His eyes were slightly moist.

"He had paid his back taxes, his interest, his store bills, his insurance premiums and my thirty dollars. His corn-loan money did it all, lacking two cents!

"John Doe is a changed man; he's walking on air. It's been a godsend for him."

It wasn't thirty minutes before another man came in. He is a dairy farmer in the southern part of the county, a young fellow about thirty-five. His face was a mile long.

"I'm up against it," he said, by way of introduction. "All these fellows talking corn-loan money, and planning on paying their bills. Maybe getting a little extra for shoes for the kids so they can go to school. . . ."

"Well, why don't you seal your corn?"

"How can I do that? I need every bushel of corn I produce to carry my little herd through. If I seal the corn, I'll have to fold up, get rid of the start I've got. As it is, I usually have to buy



a little corn, and now I'll have to pay forty-five cents a bushel for it. It may be fine for the fellow who has stored a lot of ten-cent corn, but it surely puts me on the spot!"

Another man from the same general part of the county came in just then. We will call him Roe. He is middle-aged, in his prime; the sort of fellow everybody likes and respects. Strong, capable, successful, alert, forward-looking. Ready to listen, but ponders and reaches his own conclusions. On January 1 he took office as the new member of our county board of supervisors.

He told me about a family he knew down in the country near him.

"Eleven years ago," he said, "the son got married and wanted a farm of his own. His father owned 200 acres of land, had it all paid for. The farm the kid wanted joined mine; it was a hundred and twenty. The price was one-fifty an acre. It had no improvements to speak of—only a ramshackle, tumble-down house.

"The father mortgaged his farm for \$6,000 to give the kid a start. They put \$4,000 into a house, a small one at that, for prices were high then. Nearly all of it went into materials. The old man and the kid did most of the carpenter work themselves. They put up a small barn, a little crib and a hen-coop.

"Well,"—grimly—"I guess you can figure out the rest of the story. It was a tough battle. Agriculture has been on a greased pole slipping down, down all during that time.

"I saw the kid last summer and had a long talk with him. He was all washed up then, just living out his year of grace and raising crops on the shares. His share won't feed his family and stock this winter. . . .

"He's not only lost that farm, he's

lost eleven years of work! In addition, his father still owes \$6,000—at least, most of it—that he borrowed."

I thought of that young farmer, of the fight he had made, of the black dawns, the chores with the lantern on cold mornings, the long, hard days in the blistering sun—all gone into the *home* that had been lost.

But that essential story has been repeated so many times all over the Middle West that it has become a commonplace. I looked at Roe, waiting. He sat looking out my window at the passing traffic.

"That kid," he went on, "is beginning to say, 'What do I care if there's a revolution? I got nothing to lose. I can't be any worse off than I am, can I? What did the American System do for me but strip me of everything I earned in eleven years?'

"I can see where that same thing happening all over our country—in the cities, too—has produced the same effect. It's forcing us violently towards socialism."

Roe turned and studied me intently. "Do you know that socialism will never succeed on the farm, of all places? It can't be applied to the farm!"

"Why not, for the sake of argument?"

"Farm work can't be divided evenly into units. I assume that if socialism is to succeed, the work must be divided into equal units so that everybody will put in the same identical amount. If they don't put it in, they can't take it out. And one man will not put in more than the other fellow does, whether on the farm, in the office, shop or factory. Human nature will dictate that!

"That's where socialism will fail on the farm. A farmer finishes his day's work. It usually is late at night, His



young stock is out in the back pasture where they have no access to shelter. He sees a storm coming up and although he's tired and worn out, he takes an hour—two, if necessary—to go back to that pasture and bring the young stock to shelter.

"Does he do that because the stock belongs to him? Yes, partly. There is an incentive in ownership. But there is another incentive too often overlooked. Experience has taught the farmer that an extra hour's work at the proper time will save him a day, a week, or even a year later on. That is the other side of the incentive of ownership—doing the thing at the right time in order to save extra and unnecessary work later—the *discipline* of self to the task. Often the thought of profit may not be present at all.

"But when the Government takes over the farms and attempts to run them by any device of state socialism whatsoever, the farmer will have all these incentives removed. He won't add the necessary hour to a day's unit of work. He is human and he is selfish. His selfishness is multiplied when all sense of reward is removed. He will look at that storm and shrug his shoulders, 'It's none of my concern. I've put in my unit of work today. If the stock is lost the Government will have to worry about that!'

"His conscience may prick him, his *farmer's conscience*, but he'll soon get over that. He'll remember that the Government, under the equal division of labor, can't work him more next week, or next month, or next year than it does right now. The *loss* that may occur, therefore, can not add a double punishment to him later. There is no need whatsoever for his taking that stitch in time."

Roe is a quiet, soft-spoken man. Never once did he lift a hand to gesticulate. He did not raise his voice for emphasis; he talked quietly, as one who had reasoned his own answers.

"That is just where this thing—collectivism—falls down," he went on. "Supervision is the big thing, under our system, under socialism, or under collectivism. Under our system, we get it in two ways: ownership provides *incentive* which spurs us on to do our best, according to our lights; if the lure of profit arising out of the transaction does not sufficiently interest us, then the spectre of harder work arising out of neglect may. The two interact and provide the best discipline we have yet been able to devise in a free world. And discipline breeds *habit* which is a secondary supervising force.

"I don't know—it may be possible that collectivism can provide adequate supervision over the workers in industry and in the cities. People are more docile there, more easily bossed. But collectivism can never provide adequate supervision for the farm worker—not unless a boss stands over every farmer with a bayonet! And when that time comes, all thought of brotherly love and an equal share for all will have vanished. It will be something else again!"

BEFORE Roe had put on his overcoat and huge driving gloves, another dirt farmer came into my office. His hair is gray, and he wears glasses now, for those light hazel eyes have squinted up at the sun for more than sixty years. He is a little stooped and his face is etched with deep lines. He is no stranger to toil, and his hand is hard and calloused.

If I mentioned his name, it would



not be strange to most of my readers. A dozen years ago he was an outstanding spokesman for embattled agriculture. Not all "farm leaders" are rabble-rousers and politicians. This one is, and always has been, a real dirt farmer.

"Have you signed the corn-loan contract?" I asked.

He smiled. "Yes, I am sealing some corn. I need a little money and it will help out."

He laughed. "I haven't changed my views a bit. It's impossible to lift yourself by pulling up on your bootstraps, yet I have actually known fools to try doing it."

"I was in Chicago last week for the Farm Bureau Convention. I asked my friends from all over the country the same questions you have been asking me: 'What do you think? What are you going to do in your own case?'"

"I asked the Southern fellow if he was going to plant corn where he had been growing cotton. They thought not, but they are going to grow enough corn to feed their mules!"

"I asked the Western fellow what he was going to do with the land formerly devoted to wheat. He is going to try to grow corn because the demand for his feeders has suddenly been blocked by the corn loans in the Middle West. These fellows are forced to try to carry through their feeders, or else dump them on the market immediately. They are going to tide themselves over, and the net of it is that you are going to see the boundaries of the Corn Belt extended next year a great deal farther west than ever before!"

"What about the Corn Belt farmer?"

"Take the farmer who signs up for a corn loan. I have talked to plenty of them right here in Marshall County. You can call it dishonest, or what you

will, but it's the low-down on what will happen.

"One type is saying frankly that they do not know whether the corn-hog programme will do what it sets out to do or not, but that they will accept the subsidy offered; they need the cash. They will reduce acreage twenty per cent, but to be safe against famine or prohibitive prices, they'll set the corn planter over so as to get in an extra row every tenth row!"

"The other type says that he won't do that, but he seriously *doubts* whether a twenty per cent reduction in acreage will decrease the yield. He points out that he is equipped to handle 100 acres of corn. He has the machinery, the horses and the boys or hands to handle that much. Well, when he cuts down the acreage to eighty acres, he can't lay off the horses or the boys. They will have twenty per cent more time available than in former years. So they will spend part of it scraping up every shred of manure in the feedlots and putting it on the land, and in giving extra cultivation to the eighty acres planted. In other words, they will produce about as much corn on the eighty acres as they did on the 100 acres. Most of them will produce more, and even though the Government inflicts a twenty per cent additional penalty on them, it will not stop them. A good farmer always wants to 'play safe.'"

He buttoned up his great coat.

"I believe that next year you are going to see the greatest corn production in history! For the reason that the human element has not been reckoned with in these matters."

The next morning one of our largest farm operators came into the office. He is a hard-headed, practical man. I do not know how many farms he owns and



operates; some reports place it at eighteen. He owns a ranch in Idaho, and he has engaged in numerous business enterprises.

"Well, sir!" he boomed, above the roar of the press in the back room. "Been down to Missouri the past week. Yes, sir! Talked to a lot of the boys down there, and—*say!*—not lookin' so good, not lookin' so good!"

"Didn't you get your corn loan?"

He laughed. "I'm not hollerin' myself. I'm just tellin' you what I heard down there. I feel the same way about it, myself."

He reached across the desk, picked up a note-pad and commenced to jot down figures and draw curves as he talked.

"The back of the 'good' farmer is being broken faster than ever before. My father came out to this country among the first. He worked day and night and accumulated 3,000 acres of land. He made some money and loaned it to 'good' farmers.

"My father never would loan a cent to a farmer who wouldn't feed out his grain right on the farm. He said that the livestock farmer and feeder was the only one you could bank on. Time vindicated his theory and we've long since come to recognize that the 'good' farmer is the one who markets his grain on the hoof.

"Now, suppose you take that stretch of road south of Union. I can sit here and call the farmers on that road off by name and tell you the amount of land they farm, and the average amount of corn they buy every year to feed. They feed all they grow and buy up to 5,000 bushels apiece to feed!"

He made good his boast, writing down their names and the number of bushels opposite each one. Only three

farmers, in the stretch of ten miles south of that village of Union, were sellers of corn.

"Those fellows are your 'good' farmers," he continued. "What's happening to them today? What's happening in the good sections down in Missouri, where I was last week? Their backs are being broken suddenly, just like that!" And he snapped my ten-cent ruler to splinters between his hands.

"I have never seen a time in all my life, and I don't know of any in the history of our markets, when you couldn't shade four dollars a hundred for prime beef, but she's breaking four dollars in Chicago right now—and that means about three-fifty out here!

"Then those good farmers are expected to pay forty-five cents a bushel for the corn they have to have to feed. How can they get it for less when the Government is *loaning* that much on it? They have their choice—pay the price, and many local people won't have it to sell because they're sealing it on the farm, or dump their animals and go out of business, taking a sweet loss!

"The Government which has been preaching good husbandry all these years, urging them to get into livestock farming, is now bankrupting them overnight, driving them out of business, and giving a big cash premium to the seller of grain—the soil miner, scorned all these years!"

THAT afternoon an old friend dropped in. He is a frequent visitor. As nearly as I can learn, he has been looked upon as a "radical" for close to forty years. But he finds himself in a queer position today. His country has veered so far to the Left that he is now considered a dyed-in-the-wool "conservative" because he "stands by the



Constitution." He believes that the whole collection of problems would be solved "if the Government was returned to the people."

He has little patience with expedients; he says they are devices of the devil and have been used by that tireless individual to wreck all political organizations and governments from the beginning of time.

"Spending your corn-loan money?" I asked, by way of passing the time of day.

He took off his high-arched, old-fashioned wool cap—it looks like the helmet worn by our soldiers in the Mexican War—and made a gesture as if to heave it in my direction, grinning broadly.

"Not me! No, sir! I never sell my corn or mortgage a bushel of it until next year's crop is safe in sight. My grandfather taught my father that, and he taught it to me. I've been following it for forty-five years, and I'm not suddenly going daffy, I hope."

This grizzled old farmer suddenly startled me by quoting Cicero, in a letter to his friend Atticus, in which the orator said: "Our freedom is gone, and if we are to be worse enslaved, we shall bear it. Our lives and our property are more to us than our liberty. We sigh, and do not even remonstrate!"

"Where did you get that?" I demanded.

"I went to school less than a year, but I've always had the best books that money could buy. I've kept that up for forty-four years, young fellow. I read and study things out for myself, and while my eyes ain't any too good at times, I always read what I read with both of 'em open. . . . Yes, sir, we are right this minute where the Roman Republic was when Cicero wrote that!"

As my old friend left, almost on the run, a young Scandinavian came in. He has a decided Old Country accent, although he was born here of immigrant parents.

"Just wanted to stop by and get acquainted," he grinned. "And, perhaps, to ask you why you don't say something about inflation? I think that is what we need, more money! Put money in the farmer's hands and he will spend it. That would make more business, wouldn't it?"

"Why not let country editors spend it?" I retorted. "They can start the wheels turning faster; they owe more people per capita than any one else I know."

He laughed loudly, flashing a row of gleaming white teeth.

"Maybe so, maybe so. You spend it, then, just so we get it started."

The next man to drop in was a young lawyer who has been very successful in managing thirty farms repossessed by a large insurance company in the East.

"After all," he said, "I have come to the feeling that this whole question is a matter of individuals. Our plan is identical with all of the farms. One man follows it and makes money, always pays his interest and crop-shares on time and has something left over. Another fellow across the road from him will always have a hard-luck story and is always behind. The good men have come through the depression, even in agriculture, in pretty fair shape—better than one would think. So far as I can see, in the case of our farms at least, they have had no advantage whatever over the fellow who is always behind. Certainly they have had no better land, or equipment, or stock. I think it is a question of individuals, largely."

Some are frankly embarking on the



uncharted economic seas. They figure a bird in hand is better than two problematical ones in some future bush. They are taking the cash and dumping their stock.

One man said to me this morning: "I am taking a loan on practically all the corn I have—2,400 bushels. I'm saving out enough to feed the work horses. I tell the missus the chickens and turkeys will have to rustle for themselves.

"I sold my stock; trucked it to Des Moines. You see, I figure this way, that 2,400 bushels of corn brings me \$1,080. If I feed it, it will just about carry through 100 pigs; it takes around twenty-five bushels of corn to put 200 pounds on a hog. Suppose I feed out, if hogs stay where they are—and it looks like the price will not be better by the time they come to market—I would get around \$700 for that corn, out of which charges would have to be deducted. Besides, I have the work of carrying them through—why should I do that and lose money?"

Another man is very bitter. He is a hog feeder on a large scale. He can't see the corn-hog reduction programme at all; thinks his half-witted farm hand could hatch up a better scheme—"at least, it couldn't be worse!"

"Mr. Wallace is buying up hundreds of millions of bushels of corn right now, and some people look on him as a grand fellow to get all that money for the farmer. At last, something is being done for agriculture! But they forget that Mr. Wallace is using the farmers' money to buy that corn with, and he is being pretty liberal with it. Next fall we are going to have two crops of corn on hand to dispose of; in the meantime, he has forced many of us to the wall who had managed to hold together.

Next fall, there will be no market for corn and it is liable to sell where it did in the winter of '32; if it does, the farmer will lose all he made in '33 on his '34 crop, and then some!

"The farmer is promised five dollars a head on his hogs. This is being held back, but there won't be much of that left, for the costs of administration come out of it. The farmer is paying the processing tax, out of his own low prices, which Wallace is using to finance these various schemes!"

MARSHALL COUNTY farmers do not believe in revolution, have not at any time resorted to violence, or actively participated in farm holiday movements. While they are conservative, in the main, they have been progressive and willing to progress toward a better standard of living, a better community in which to live.

They are not radical; they are just a solid, substantial cross-section of the American farmer at his best. They are not adverse to New Deals; they have been perfecting New Deals for three generations right here in Marshall County. But "behind the headlines" they are not showing enthusiasm for the uprooting that is going on.

I mention a few salient facts, in passing, merely that the character of our farmers may be thoroughly understood. Here in Marshall County, the first rural consolidated school was built up, in Liberty Township. That movement generated quite a struggle, but I wish people elsewhere in the country could see the huge, modern buildings perfectly equipped, with playgrounds and parks, that are located in every part of the county. Schools everywhere that amaze the visitor.

The farm bureau movement started



right here in Marshall County; that is, the organized movement. The first county federation in the country was that of Marshall County. It resulted in the first State federation, that of Iowa. And a Marshall County dirt farmer was the first county and State president. He was also the first president of the American Farm Bureau Federation.

Marshall County folks were pioneers in hard roads. One of the very first county paving projects in Iowa spanned Marshall County. Today hard roads traverse the county in all directions.

There were 7,584 "pleasure" automobiles registered in Marshall County during 1933, to say nothing of between 600 and 700 cars temporarily "signed off" the road, which are now coming

back into circulation. There are also over 1,000 trucks in this county, mostly farm trucks. And we have only 7,703 native white families in the county!

They are alert, progressive and ready to go forward at all times, but the temper "behind the headlines" is not to venture too far from the tried and true moorings. They are not ready, even in the slough of the depression, to cast off all that has cost so much in the past and to call it evil. "It is like asking a sinner overcome with remorse to embrace the devil," as one religious old farmer put it one morning. "It is asking us to sign an agreement that all we have been taught, and all we have learned in the past, is wrong! I am not ready to admit that—not yet."





# THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



PEAKS aplenty on the present literary horizon, so many, indeed, that all temptations to be garrulous about anything else except books have been sternly put aside. Not for several seasons has the hardened Landscaper read so many genuinely exciting books, both fiction and non-fiction, and the year promises many more, even before the first half of it is gone.

One hears, too, that some of the enthusiasm has communicated itself to the book buyers, whose disappearance last year caused no end of anxiety in publishing houses. The book business is definitely looking up, and with the continued stimulation that is in prospect, there is no reason why it should not continue the way it is going, which would be a comfort for authors, and for a lot of other pleasant and useful people as well.

A quick backward look reveals these novels as outstanding during the first few weeks of 1934: Sean O'Faolain's *A Nest of Simple Folk* (Viking); Pearl S. Buck's *The Mother* (John Day); Dashiell Hammett's *The Thin Man* (Knopf); Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall's *Men Against the Sea* (Little, Brown); Hugh Talbot's *Gentlemen—The Regiment!* (Harper);

and Anne Parrish's *Sea Level* (Harper).

Most of them have been on the best-seller lists, which is a tribute to public taste, although the O'Faolain novel did not remain long, and Mr. Talbot's very enjoyable picture of life in English military families never won a place at all. It deserved to,

but it had to make its way against the work of well-established authors.

## *Lewis on Hotels*

AT THIS moment, Sinclair Lewis's *Work of Art* (Doubleday, Doran), is apparently the most popular work of fiction, and must be commented upon before we move on to other more interesting matters. This tale of hotels and hotel-keeping in the United States aroused reviewers to serious differences of opinion, with the Landscaper far over on the side of the antis, his reason being that he does not consider *Work of Art* a good novel.

It has been spoken of more than once as a highly readable and entertaining book, full of the Lewis vitality, and perhaps for those who can suspend their critical judgment this is true. But the Landscaper finds it hard to forgive what seems to him bad writing, the thinnest kind of characterization, and a manipulated plot. In other words, he



feels that Mr. Lewis ought to be doing better novels by this time than *Work of Art*.

But the book has wide appeal because it tells the story of a man who fell in love with his job, which was hotel-keeping. Mr. Lewis himself has wanted to run hotels, and very often he edges his principal character, Myron Weagle, completely out of the way to take the floor himself, which is a test of the passion of the telling of the tale, and also another artistic flaw.

The point is, however, that for those who do not expect too much, *Work of Art* will do well enough. It does not measure up to the best novels Mr. Lewis has written, and it is clear evidence to this observer at least that he will never be a first-rate creative writer. He has been called the American Dickens, though, and this in itself is a triumph. . . .

### *A Good Scotch Novel*

OF MORE recent novels, the book the Landscaper has had the most enjoyment from is *Cloud Howe*, by Lewis Grassie Gibbon (Doubleday, Doran), a Scotch novel with the dialect so thick in spots it can hardly be penetrated without the aid of a glossary, but a truly remarkable piece of work despite this handicap. The author is really J. Leslie Mitchell, a young archeologist well known for his work in the field of Maya civilization.

The book is the second part of a trilogy, of which *Sunset Song* was the beginning. It tells the complete and rounded story of the village of Seggett, and also of the struggles of a young married pair, Robert Colquhoun, a minister, and his wife Chris, to find their happiness and at the same time to hit upon something spiritually stable

in a quicksand world. Robert came home from the War that killed Chris's first husband, Ewan, a crock, with gassed lungs and occasional black moods.

He and Chris are very happy together in the beginning, but he loses his hold when his first attempts at militant Christianity are defeated. His retreat into mysticism offends the clear, cool mind of Chris, and they are drifting further and further apart when he is mercifully removed from the scene. This simple sketch can give no idea of the richness of the book, of its emotional depths, and its curious troubling beauty.

### *Political Insight*

SEGGETT, as Scotch as haggis, and yet so much like all small towns, is peopled with well-drawn characters; all its petty, backbiting gossip, its robust humor, its cruelty, its generosity, brought vividly to life, a truly remarkable bit of creation, aside from the merits of the story of Robert and Chris. The story will go on with Chris and Ewan, her "grey granite" son, in Edinburgh, and if Scotland has produced anything better than these books in the Landscaper's lifetime, he hasn't a suspicion of what it might be.

Mr. Gibbon is a poet, with an insight into human character and an understanding of present-day spiritual problems that amounts to genius, and his book deserves reading; it is worth any trouble that may be caused by the dialect. The style is highly individual, with a running rhythm that is very pleasing when one is once accustomed to it. *Cloud Howe* would be a distinguished novel in any season; it has to be something quite unusual to be a Mount Everest this season, and that is the way it appears to the Landscaper.



### *A Joyce Best-Seller*

ONE OF the most interesting events of the current season has been the reception of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, at last available to the general public through the lifting of the long and perfectly silly ban of censorship. Brought out by Random House in an attractive edition at \$3.50, the most discussed work of fiction of our times leaped at once toward the top of the best-seller lists and there it has remained to this day.

Its publishers expect a sale of something like 50,000 copies, and have recently begun to insist that the difficulties of reading the book have been vastly exaggerated. The fact remains that there are scores of hidden meanings that will remain hidden from any except the erudite, or the Irish specialists; a number of intelligent people who have come fresh to the book have told the Landscaper, however, that they were enjoying it and finding it not too difficult.

### *Other Good Novels*

OTHER recent novels that have afforded the Landscaper pleasure include Phyllis Bentley's *A Modern Tragedy* (Macmillan), Mary Roberts Rinehart's *The State vs. Elinor Norton* (Farrar and Rinehart); Rearden Conner's *Shake Hands With the Devil* (Morrow); R. C. Hutchinson's *The Unforgotten Prisoner* (Farrar and Rinehart); and Anthony Powell's *Mr. Zouch: Superman* (Vanguard).

Miss Bentley's book is another story of the West Riding of Yorkshire, a part of the world with which she is perfectly familiar, as all who read *Inheritance* will remember. The new book is the story of what happened to a mill town and its people under the impact of spec-

ulation on the part of some of its leaders and of the world-crisis. Its protagonist is a young man who falls under the spell of a village Insull, and the story is of his rise and fall, and of all the implications of the crash.

The novel ends with its lesson underlined through an epilogue, in which we are told that the world would be a better place to live in if people were only less selfish, a trite moral that somewhat weakens a book of considerable strength and of considerable importance to these times. One suspects that the occasional crudities of Miss Bentley's sentimentality will not injure the sale of her books, but they definitely lower the artistic tone.

The completeness of her understanding of the Yorkshire textile district makes her worth reading, however, no matter what faults she has. She works hard, and the results are satisfactory, but not thrilling. . . . If it is possible to make a comparison between two novels that are very different, although their background is the same, *Inheritance* seems to the Landscaper a better book than *A Modern Tragedy*, although without the immediacy of the new one.

### *A Master-Craftswoman*

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART'S *The State vs. Elinor Norton* is somewhat of a departure for a popular novelist who knows her job about as well as anybody living. It is the story of a woman on trial for her life, and of everything that has happened to make her a murderer, or better, to make her take the life of a man. This is an exceedingly well-managed piece of story telling, from which there is no escaping once the book is begun; the characters on the whole are well and successfully



drawn, and the tale perfectly credible except for a touch or two of exaggerated romance.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Rinehart has forgotten more about how novels should be written than a great many of her more pretentious fellow-authors will ever know, and she has used her knowledge to the full on this book, which the Landscaper enjoyed and which he considers one of the best novels he has read this year.

Rearden Conner's *Shake Hands With the Devil* is a novelized account of the Irish Terror and a book that strikes home for its sheer honesty and simplicity. The father of the author was assassinated by the Irish Republican army, and yet he is dispassionate in his book, only wishing to say that all the bloody cruelty and beastliness of the Black and Tan episode was futile. His principal character is a half-English lad, who becomes involved in the Revolution by accident while he is studying medicine in Dublin.

Forced, then, to take the army oath, from which there is no withdrawal, he helps with ambushes, sees women shot to death, loves a girl who is killed, and is at last blown to bits himself by a time-bomb. The book is crammed with violent death, and is not for the weak of stomach, but it has the ring of sincerity, and often reaches artistic heights, an unforgettable account of man's capabilities for cruelty when there is a "cause" around.

### *Long and Leisurely*

R. C. HUTCHINSON's *The Unforgotten Prisoner* is a very long, perhaps a good deal too long novel, about a boy who is the son of an Englishman and a German governess, and who is brought back to his English family after the

death of his mother through the agency of a kind uncle, narrator of the story.

As an account of the sufferings of individuals through the stupidity of war, the book is worth reading, and it is permeated with the warm humanity that exists in England and in the English character. Its best parts—and how astonishingly good they are!—are its pictures of post-War life in Germany, which have a nightmare quality, and yet which one knows to be perfectly true. Mr. Hutchinson leans very heavily on coincidence, tells his story in a convoluted Conradian fashion, and lays himself under other handicaps, such as long descriptions of cricket matches, and still his novel is one that the Landscaper would not have missed for a great deal.

It moves at a snail's pace, which makes it seem longer than it is—564 pages, to be accurate—but much of the writing is beautiful, and it is filled with credible and attractive people, which is no handicap. It was a Book Society choice in England and has had a very large sale there. It can hardly be overlooked among the current offerings of fiction.

Anthony Powell's *Mr. Zouch: Superman* is a short and bitter satire on the English country novel, written by a young man who always starts his books as if he were going to have a good time spoofing somebody and then turns swiftly and suddenly to tragedy. Or if not to tragedy, at least to death. There is a great deal of clever stuff in this new book, a slight air of insanity about the whole thing that is engaging, and the savage removal of the Superman from the scene at the end. Mr. Powell is not for everybody but he has some striking qualities, and his new book is the best thing he has done to date.



### More Good Fiction

OTHER novels of the times that offer allurements include G. B. Lancaster's *The World Is Yours* (Appleton-Century); Margery Sharp's *The Flowering Thorn* (Putnam); Morley Callaghan's *Such Is My Beloved* (Scribner); Margaret Cheney Dawson's *City Harvest* (Macmillan); and Vicki Baum's *Falling Star* (Doubleday, Doran).

The Lancaster novel—G. B. Lancaster is the pen-name of Edith J. Lytleton—has a Yukon setting, in contrast to its predecessor, *Pageant*, which was about Tasmania. It tells the story of love of Tamsin and Kirk Regard, and of the effect on their lives of a murder. The author knows her material from first-hand experience, and has done a strong story of life among primitive people.

Miss Sharp's book, which inspired Hugh Walpole to say she might take her place among the leading humorists of the English language, is the tale of a Londoner who adopts a child and retires to the country, where she finds love and peace among the quiet ways of nature. Miss Sharp's *Fanfare for Tin Trumpets* will be well remembered; she writes with sparkle and glow, and the new book is very agreeable and entertaining reading.

Morley Callaghan's novel is about a priest and two prostitutes, and what happened to a kind man who tried to help these women outside the pale. It is an honest and appealing study, and the girls and the priest are real and believable.

Mrs. Dawson's *City Harvest* is concerned with the events of New Year's Eve 1932-33, in New York, and the problems that grow out of a frivolous

party; in other words a slice of New York life and its emotional problems, with a challenge to the accepted codes of our present-day society.

Frau Baum's *Falling Star* is the first novel she has written about her adopted country, and tells the tale of an ex-star of the silent pictures who tries desperately to come back in the talkies. The background is a new kind of Hollywood, as it is not, to this author, simply a madhouse, but a huge and well-organized centre of industry, manufacturing romance at high pressure.

### A Non-Fiction Leader

THE best all-around book of non-fiction the Landsaper has read recently is Louis Adamic's *The Native's Return* (Harper, \$2.75), which is the account of a year spent in Yugoslavia. Mr. Adamic, who left his native Carniola at the age of fourteen and who had not been home for nineteen years, went back on a Guggenheim Fellowship to tackle a novel, but he found so much to write about without resorting to fiction that he never got any further than an actual recording of facts and impressions.

It is possible to regard *The Native's Return* as a sort of glorified travel book, and there can be little doubt that it will eventually send hundreds of tourists to the lovely Dalmatian coast and to other parts of the Kingdom of the South Slavs, but it is much more than this. It is filled with charming and significant pictures of the peasant way of life, with curious and amusing stories of such towns as Sarajevo, with a frank account of the politics of the country, and with delightful sketches of the people to be found in the various provinces.

It is the kind of book that will make its appeal to every variety of reader,



filled with human interest and with a keen sense of life; one recommends it heartily, feeling sure that it has something for everybody. At this writing, it is the most widely discussed book of the year and promises to continue its popularity for a long time to come.

### *A Pair of Queens*

SEVERAL of the important books of recent weeks have been biographies. Fewer books in this category are published at present, but the quality seems to be of a higher average, which is a good sign. J. E. Neale's *Queen Elizabeth* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75), is a splendid piece of work, a soundly historical reconstruction of the reign of a great queen, with no resorting to the devices of fiction and the high flavor of scandal to give it appeal. Professor Neale, who is a member of the faculty of the University of London, knows his Elizabethan period, particularly on the political side, and his organization of material is most admirable.

What he has done is to write a readable book on a grand period in which one can believe; he paints Elizabeth in her robes of state, and will not have her human enough to fall in love even with Essex, but she is as fascinating in this costume as in any other. Elizabeth's financial skill, which lay primarily in her seeming penury, and her wooing of her people are two aspects of her reign that Professor Neale treats with impressive skill; also the chapters relating to Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth are extremely good.

Another excellent biography is E. A. Reinhardt's *Josephine, Wife of Napoleon* (Knopf, \$3), a realistic study of the Creole beauty who had destiny on her side from the beginning, and who dominated an Emperor even after she

was cold in the grave. Mr. Reinhardt is not willing to grant Josephine very much in the way of character or intelligence; he says she learned social tricks very well, but never knew the meaning of genuine affection or loyalty.

### *Napoleon Subordinated*

ONE of the hardest tasks Mr. Reinhardt faced was to keep Napoleon from taking the book away from his wife, but he has managed very neatly to keep Josephine in the centre of the stage. He devotes much space to her family background and her early days for the sake of explaining her character; he also does admirably by Beauharnais, the brilliant young man who kept on spouting about liberal principles until his head was cut off for the sake of even more liberal principles.

Of course it is possible to differ with Mr. Reinhardt about Josephine and to believe that he is too brutal to a beautiful woman, but he makes his stand very plausible and he certainly writes entertainingly and informatively of the period. He stresses Josephine's complete ignorance of the importance of the incidents that made up her life with Napoleon; after all she could hardly have played around as she did with Hippolyte Charles if she had been at all impressed with the world-shaking greatness of her new husband and the history-changing importance of the Italian campaign. A very good book, this.

A hero-worshipping biography of Paderewski by Charles Phillips, called *Paderewski: The Story of a Modern Immortal* (Macmillan, \$4), very long and highly detailed, is another of the outstanding new books. The story of the two careers of this remarkable man in music and statesmanship is well and engagingly told, from the time when



Paderewski and a fellow student ran away from the Warsaw Conservatory for a series of concerts through all the struggles and successes, sorrows and joys, of a long career, down to the present. Paderewski's part in the restoration of Poland is given due attention, and indeed it may be said that no phase of his life is neglected.

It is possible that some people may be put off the book by Mr. Phillip's idolatrous attitude, but few men of our times have been more worth holding up as an ideal than Paderewski, and it is a relief to have an artist portrayed as hero instead of a soldier or a financier, more common modern subjects of worship.

### *Other Biographies*

SOME other recent biographies are: *The Life of Hans Christian Andersen*, by Signe Tosvig, who is Mrs. Francis Hackett (Harcourt, Brace, \$3); *Jesus the Unknown*, by Dmitri S. Merejkowski (Scribner, \$2.75), an orthodox, but impassioned and moving study by a mystic; and *The Black Eagle: Bertrand du Guesclin, Sword of France*, by M. Coryn (Funk and Wagnalls, \$2.75), initiating a new series to be called Literary Digest Books; and *The First Billion: The Stillmans and the National City Bank*, by John K. Winkler (Vanguard, \$2.50), which is partly a biography of the elder James Stillman and partly a story of a financial institution, and of how it branched out into the National City Company, with its memories of Mitchell's famous high-pressure operations. Other characters are the younger Stillman, and Fifi. The latter has Mr. Winkler's unrestrained admiration.

Of books of a general nature, one of the worst and at the same time one of the most interesting is Oswald Spen-

gler's *The Hour of Decision* (Knopf, \$2.50), a sort of appendix to the famous German historian's two-volume work, *The Decline of the West*, in which he predicts utter disaster for the white world unless it returns to Prussianism. Herr Spengler is very learned, and can leap about among the crags of history with a facility that would make a mountain goat look like a spavined workhorse by comparison, but when he assumes the rôle of prophet he doesn't look much more imposing than anybody else.

Besides, for all he knows about the Sung dynasty in China as compared with the early rulers of Chaldea, he has some of the goofiest notions of the modern world imaginable. A few are recognizable as having originated with Lothrop Stoddard, and these have been taken over without criticism, which lowers the Spengler rating considerably.

### *Just Rationalization?*

TO THE Landscaper it appears that Spengler has spent years rationalizing an attitude; in other words, he would like to see the world returned to a feudal state, with himself as one of the aristocrats, this goes without saying, and he is willing to take any pains to prove to the world that this would be the best for everybody because he really believes it would be the best for him.

The Stoddard business comes up in connection with his belief that unless the world goes back to Prussianism—blood-and-iron, and all the rest—the colored races, among whom he includes, quaintly enough, the Russians, will inevitably dominate. He accepts without even a question a story that in 1914 there was danger of an invasion of this country from Mexico by a mixed force of Indians, Negroes and Japanese, to



be followed by Negro uprisings in the Southern States and the establishment of a pure Indian nation in Mexico, which is only one of a number of very silly things in a dogmatic and exasperating book.

Maybe, after all, Dr. Spengler is just another one of those people who knows everything and doesn't know anything. . . .

### *Books About Us*

BOOKS of special interest to Americans include John McConaughy's *Who Rules America?*, subtitled *A Century of Invisible Government* (Longmans, Green, \$3), a passionate study of how greed has defeated the high purposes of this nation from the day it was founded, by a newspaperman of long experience who really believed in democracy as a faith by which men live; and *The Idea of National Interest: An Analytical Study in American Foreign Policy*, by Charles A. Beard (Macmillan, \$3.75), a long book on the rise of national interest as a controlling policy in our foreign relations, and of the part that foreign trade must play in our national economy.

Under this heading also belongs M. J. Bonn's *The American Adventure* (John Day, \$2.50), a book about this country written primarily to explain us to the Germans, but offering a very good introduction to some of us at home as well.

*TNT: Those National Taxeaters*, by T. Swann Harding (Long and Smith, \$2.50), an author whose work is well known to readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is a book written from an entirely novel point of view, which is that by and large our government is not only reasonably honest, but also highly efficient. Mr. Harding writes out of a

considerable familiarity with the workings of government bureaus and he thinks the highest compliment that can be paid is to say that their operations are unbusiness-like.

It has been so long since anybody said a good word for democracy, or at least for democracy as we know it, there is something very refreshing about Mr. Harding's book, which is written with heat, and which is rather oratorical in spots, but which is intelligent and challenging. Its greatest timeliness comes, of course, from the fact that we are quite certain to be more and more under the control of central government, and Mr. Harding makes us feel better over the prospects.

### *A Sad, Sad Story*

IF HE lifts us up, Katherine Mayo casts us down again with *Soldiers, What Next?* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50), a study of the pension and bonus systems in this country that ought to be read by every lover of war. Miss Mayo can be pretty silly at times, but she can also collect a lot of imposing figures, and what we have done for our returned soldiers is a very candid warning of what any government such as ours is likely to have to do under the pressure of an active minority. Miss Mayo appeals in her book to the better selves of our returned soldiers; but it is very likely that we'll all have to show that we have better selves before one small group will permit its grabbing activities to be thus handicapped.

We started with such good ideas and intelligent plans to handle these problems of which Miss Mayo speaks, and the mess we've made is sickening. One of the most valuable features of the book is its record of the way other countries have handled their post-War ques-



tions; nobody has made out so badly as we have. Nobody else, in fact, could have afforded to be so inefficient.

More miscellaneous titles still are *Roman Roundabout*, by Amelia Posse-Brazdova (Dutton, \$3), a successor to this author's *Sardinian Sideshow*, and a delightful account of life in wartime Rome, when Czechoslovakia was being born and the city was filled with amusing crackpots of all varieties; *More or Less About Myself*, by Margot Oxford (Dutton, \$4), a sort of supplement to the famous *Autobiography* in which there are a number of good anecdotes and a number of dreary pages of Margot's ideas about religion, literature and herself, also a number of portraits of stuffed shirts, such as Lord Curzon; and *They All Sang*, by Edward B. Marks (Viking, \$3.50), a delightful book about the popular songs of this city from the days of Tony Pastor to the present.

Mr. Marks has been a publisher of these ditties since the days of *Mother Was a Lady*, and even before, and he knows a lot of good stories. Besides his book is filled with illustrations, including a whole page of reproductions of the slides that used to appear in nickel movie houses, and the whole thing is guaranteed to arouse anybody's memories, an irresistible collection, and one of the books the Landscaper has most enjoyed of late.

### *A History of China*

THERE has been a need this long time for a condensed and clarified history of China, and Kenneth Latourette has done the job in *The Chinese: Their History and Culture*, Two Volumes (Macmillan, \$7.50), an excellent piece of work, which, if not exactly inspired in the writing, offers a great deal of information on all subjects.

A detached and objective study of the missionary movement is a valuable feature. Dr. Latourette points out that the most generous estimates do not give China more than three million professing Christians of all denominations, and fixes 1925 as the peak-year of missionary effort. Since that time, anti-foreign movements in China, especially communism with its doctrines of hatred for all religion, and the world-wide depression, have combined to weaken the effort to Christianize a nation of four hundred millions of people.

Dr. Latourette is not certain that the long, long history of the Chinese Empire is a sufficient guarantee that it will be able to adapt itself to the modern world, but he recognizes that if it does, the whole course of history will be affected.

He has done a fine and scholarly book, which should be useful to a great many people.





*Tros Tyriusque mibi nullo discrimine agetur*

# *The North American Review*

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## Apéritif

### *New Job for New Dealers*

AN ENTERPRISING publisher has announced the appearance soon of a novel which will attempt not only to entertain readers but also to instruct them in the intricacies of golf. Just how successful the effort will be no one but the publisher's readers can so far guess, but it does open up a new field of writing, and for that the Unemployed Writers Association will surely give thanks.

Some things along this line have already been done. The detective story craze has informed a great many people in the art of skilful murder. Perhaps devotees of baseball have learned something out of Ring Lardner's sports stories to make their appreciation of the game more intelligent than the umpire-baiting would indicate. E. Phillips Oppenheim has taught us to be properly apprehensive of international intrigue and a vast host of success stories have instructed us in the mythology of business. Still this scheme has a more direct and outspoken utility; there is no shilly-shallying about purposes, and this makes it different.

How else could the idea be em-

ployed. Well, it naturally occurs first to a feeble intelligence that Mr. Roosevelt might turn his literary advisers to working on interpretive novels of the New Deal. It has been suggested that one of the reasons why authors of late have been successful with historical novels is that the present is so inexplicable. The reasoning of that suggestion is not exactly crystal-clear, but it does seem to be true that writers are having a devil of a time interpreting current life and humanly are going to the past to avoid the trouble. But, *Anthony Adverse* to the contrary notwithstanding, at this typewriting there ought to be an enormous market for some such title as *Innocents at Home*, by Rexford Guy Tugwell—dedicated, no doubt, to Dr. William A. Wirt.

Mark Sullivan is doing his best to make things look silly, but after all the medium of a daily newspaper column is not completely effective. What is needed is a new Lewis Carroll to see *Alice Through the Johnson Codes*. Secretary Wallace would not do badly to write another *Boat of Longing*. If no one in the Administration could be found to do the job, doubtless Professor Kemmerer would be willing to try a



new Horatio Alger, Jr., series on how to rise from a bootblack to a corporation president by devaluing the hero's tips.

Of course the hardest thing about these novels would be their plots. There are so many things that Americans need instruction in that that part would be no problem for a long time. But the reader must be entertained, and while the actions of some of our leading statesmen may furnish amusement, their writing is often a different matter. Obviously, the endings must be happy; that is a time-tested rule for popular fiction. But the New Deal rules for happiness seem to be different from those accepted in the past by mass-circulation magazines and publishers of large-sales books. Johnny used to wade through a lot of difficulties, seeking money to marry the Girl, and in the end inherit a million, win it in the stock market or get the prospect of it in the form of a fifty-thousand-a-year job. The Girl was usually surrounded by some other obstacles besides Johnny's comparative poverty, but these mostly proved very feeble indeed when his money appeared.

Well, there is still a diminishing chance that some one might die leaving Johnny a million dollars, but the inheritance tax would cut into it viciously. As for the stock market, the Administration has propounded the odd theory that people ought not to gamble in that way—particularly if they are poor and too young really to know the ins and outs of it. Moreover, the Administration has set Congress to fabricating legislation intended to keep people from gambling on the stock market. In the third place, although the Administration may not have said it in so many words, except in the case of such indus-

tries as are governmentally subsidized, the general feeling is that only a very few people, if any, deserve salaries of fifty thousand a year. Movie magnates, under the benign spell of General Johnson, have done something about cutting down the pay of their star actors and actresses even, which gives you an idea of how far this sort of thing may go. More than likely, under the new dispensation, Johnny in his late twenties will not have any reasonable expectation of making more than three or four thousand a year, and it has always been assumed by mass-circulation magazines that five thousand a year is hardly better than an insult to offer the Girl of your Dreams.

This is a problem. Are we to change the whole psychology of romance simply because J. P. Morgan once made a great deal of money and saw no reason to pay income taxes during the depression? Must all the Girls of our Dreams give up their traditional test of masculinity simply because Samuel Insull manufactured too many tiresome old holding companies? It may be so, but what is the alternative? We could try to work out a New Deal plot, just to see.

This is the year 1936, and the national budget is balanced. Johnny graduated with all honors from Columbia University in 1933 and now, in the sentimental month of June, has at last succeeded in making an appointment with the Postmaster General concerning a job. His heart is thrumming along elatedly over the prospect as he steps aboard the plane for Washington. He knows that there is no danger in the flight because the national Government has long since purged this and other airlines of fraud, collusion and holding companies. In the seat across the aisle from him is a young lady of prepossess-



ing mien, with sparkling black eyes and a piquant nose. Piquant noses would still be *de rigueur*, we hope.

The plane floats gently southward. As Johnny's interest in the piquant nose across the way is kindled, he wishes unpatriotically that the ship would tilt a little or something so that the young lady might drop her book and he could retrieve it. But the Government has done too good a job; the plane refuses to tilt, even a little bit. At length he is driven to the time-honored fabrication of suggesting that they once met somewhere, was it in Tuscaloosa? It wasn't, but the pretext serves and Johnny improves his opportunity to the best advantage. By the time they reach Washington he is ready to taxi her to her destination, and the acquaintance ripens to something akin to adulation—on Johnny's part at least.

Now the obstacles. Clarissa is a modern girl, of course, and believes that women should be economically independent, or ought to work anyhow. Her husband must work, too, naturally,

though, as a believer in the New Deal, she does not insist on more than a very modest salary. Coincidence enters. Clarissa also has an appointment with Mr. Farley and also hopes that a job will eventuate from it. Not to make the reader jumpy with suspense, it turns out that both Clarissa and Johnny are after the same job. What to do, what to do!

Well, they both go through a great deal of waiting in anterooms, a great deal of anxious arguing over the moral principles involved and not a little private conferring with their Representatives in Congress. There is a final breath-taking scene in the Postmaster General's office where the *dénouement* takes place. Just as everything seems most hopeless, a page rushes in and announces that Congress has saved the day for love, by passing a bill making two jobs where only one job grew before. They live happily ever after.

Still, it may work out with the golf novel.

W. A. D.





# The New Deal Breeds a New Sectionalism

BY OLIVER MCKEE, JR.

*A redistribution of wealth may be necessary for the national welfare, but the process is going to cause bitter animosity between various parts of the country*

TEN billions of dollars! For the fiscal year ending June 30, Federal expenditures for recovery and the normal operations of government will reach, if not exceed, this total—the largest peacetime disbursements by far in the history of the United States. To prime the pump of industry and boost national purchasing power, cut in half since the bonanza days of 1929, President Roosevelt has opened wide the Treasury doors, permitting the expenditure of Government funds on a scale unprecedentedly vast. All roads lead to the Treasury vaults in Washington, and cash and cheques, drafts on the nation's future earning power, move forward in impressive volume for distribution in all parts of the country. As Congress talks in billions, the forty-eight States, beneficiaries of Uncle Sam's largess, cheer the New Deal to the echo, for it has spoken to them in the one universal language—money.

Equal under the Constitution and in the law as co-members of the Union, the forty-eight States are equal neither

in population, per capita earnings and income, wealth, nor the habits of thrift and self-reliance. Economic clashes between sections have provided the motivation for most political battles of the past. So today, as the Roosevelt Revolution writes the charter of the new social order, a sharp disparity reveals itself between the benefits which the several States receive from the direct grants of Federal cash, and their respective contributions to the common pool. In the disparity in benefits and the disproportionate costs imposed on certain States, if we read history aright, will be found the basis for the political realignments and the sectional clashes of tomorrow. To give willingly more than it receives is no easier for a State or section than it is for an individual, and human nature being what it is, beneficiaries through their agents in Congress will seek a continuation of the favors, and the contributing sections, by the same token, will demand a reduction, if not the elimination, of these "alien" subsidies. The industrial East, with a few allies beyond the Alleghenies, will be pitted against



the West and the South in the sectional battles that appear inevitable under the New Deal. The defeat of the St. Lawrence Treaty in the Senate—in which the East saw a huge future gain to the wheat belt, and a corresponding loss to the Atlantic seaboard—was a preliminary skirmish in the greater contests of strength between sections that lie ahead, contests in which the lines of division will be sectional, rather than those of party.

Disparity between the States, in contributions to the national Treasury and the benefits received therefrom, antedates the New Deal by many years. The income tax amendment to the Constitution, ratified in 1913, opened the eyes of the politicians representing the “poorer” sections to the capital wealth of such States as New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Illinois. Since 1913 the system of cash grants to the States, the Federal fifty-fifty subsidies for roads, maternity aid, etc., have grown mightily in favor and magnitude. To match the Federal dollar, the States have been encouraged to extravagance, and the reckless piling up of debts. In July, 1932, Representative Robert L. Bacon of New York pointed out that two-thirds of the States, with forty per cent of the population, paid slightly less than seven per cent of the total net tax payments into the Treasury; whereas the other third of the States, representing sixty per cent of the population, paid more than ninety-three per cent of the total tax bill of the Federal Government. One Southern State, Bacon revealed, paid in gross Federal taxes but thirty-seven cents for every Federal subsidy dollar received; and two States, one in the Northwest and one in the Southwest, contributed but fifteen cents for every Treasury dollar. By contrast,

one New England State—a section that has pretty consistently resisted Federal subsidies—paid \$22.08 for every dollar it received for Federal aid projects.

By 1931, Federal subsidies to the States totaled \$219,000,000. In retrospect, this seems like small change, for the Roosevelt Administration is distributing billions to the States. Through the PWA, the CWA, the Federal Relief Administration, the AAA and benefits in many other channels, the Treasury has become the nation's paymaster. The Federal subsidy picture of 1934 is drawn to a far larger scale than that of 1931—its essential features nevertheless are substantially the same. Contributing States are milked to pay the expenses of the non-contributing ones and the benefits of the New Deal disclose a sharply defined sectional pattern. National income has precipitately declined, the ranks of the multimillionaires have been decimated, and the “new poor” are a mighty army, yet five States, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, California and Virginia, pay close to half of the total taxes collected by the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

## II

To come down to cases. Home of Vice-President Garner and Wright Patman, leader of the tin cup bonus brigade, famous for its fighters and its heroes of border romance, Texas has good reason to rejoice over the New Deal. The Agricultural Adjustment Act, the Brain Trust's solution for the perennial farm problem, imposes processing taxes which in the long run will jack up living costs for workers in industrial and urban areas, and gives a cash bonus to farmers who “coöperate” with Uncle Sam by taking acreage out of cultivation and killing hogs. Of the



\$194,311,200 paid in rental and benefit payments up to February 1, Texas received more than \$46,000,000—and the AAA programme is just beginning to hit its stride. On the basis of figures for about two-thirds of the original \$3,300,000,000 PWA appropriation, Texas had received \$75,000,000 in PWA allotments, with more around the corner. Through January 27, CWA allotments for Texas totaled \$19,458,000, and through January 31, relief allotments amounted to \$13,049,874—making receipts from these items alone more than \$153,000,000, and this does not include “normal” Federal subsidies. For the calendar year 1933, Texas paid into the Federal Treasury, in internal revenue collections from all sources, \$48,524,797. For every dollar contributed in direct taxes, the State received more than three dollars from the national Government.

If Texas has done well by the New Deal, she has plenty of company. The following table gives in round figures the amounts paid other States, under AAA, PWA, CWA and Federal Emergency Relief, and also their respective contributions in taxes in 1933:

	<i>Amounts Received</i>	<i>Taxes Paid</i>
Oklahoma . . .	\$48,608,000	\$37,422,917
Kansas . . . . .	44,053,000	14,679,569
Arkansas . . . .	47,793,000	2,161,770
Mississippi . . .	37,838,000	1,552,672
Alabama . . . .	40,837,000	6,870,918
Georgia . . . . .	55,557,000	15,700,635
Louisiana . . . .	58,864,000	13,477,601
South Carolina .	31,836,000	8,732,467
Nebraska . . . .	38,522,000	6,148,244

An even greater disparity is that of Arizona, which contributed in internal revenue taxes in 1933, \$1,078,183, and which has been allocated over \$40,000,000 in public works, with grants close to \$5,000,000 for CWA and FER—a ratio of better than forty to one, be-

tween receipts to and contributions from the national Treasury.

Turning for a moment to the other side of the picture, the contributing side, here is a table of eight States at the head of the list of Federal taxpayers in 1933. Relief payments were made under PWA, CWA and Federal Emergency Relief.

	<i>Amounts Received</i>	<i>Taxes Paid</i>
New York .	\$320,672,000	\$473,708,076
Pennsylvania	149,604,000	154,167,708
Illinois . . . .	120,859,000	136,978,594
California . .	147,486,000	126,380,332
Virginia . . .	92,742,000	111,937,834 (largely tobacco)
Ohio . . . . .	139,048,000	98,185,511
New Jersey .	102,244,000	89,177,441
Massachusetts	86,807,000	71,177,872

The AAA benefits for acreage reduction brought to Illinois a million and a half, and Ohio \$1,400,000, but the other States on the list received less than a million dollars. Massachusetts, for example, received but \$92,377, though the Bay State contributed in processing taxes about \$14,000,000. Public works money, thanks to the political foresight of Mr. Ickes and his lieutenants, has been allocated through the country on a fairly even basis, geographically. But this is borrowed money, paid for by the public debt, soon to reach \$32,000,000,000, and the service charges on this debt, a billion dollars a year or more, will fall heavily on the small group of industrial States that now provide, in internal revenue collections, so large a part of the Federal revenues. This group will not only in the long run foot their own PWA bills, but their taxes will largely finance PWA expenditures in other States.

The sectional differential discloses itself in sharper outline if we take the official figures prepared by Harry Hop-



kins to show the relative contributions of the Federal Government to local relief. Allotments, under the law, are based both on populations and on need. For the first eleven months of 1933, the following States looked to the Federal Government for ninety per cent or more of their relief funds.

Alabama	97.2
Arkansas	99.3
Florida	92.9
Georgia	95.1
Kentucky	94.4
Louisiana	97.8
Mississippi	99.0
New Mexico	92.6
South Carolina	99.7
Tennessee	97.1
Texas	94.2

The general percentage average of the Federal contribution for the country as a whole was 61.5. At the other end of the scale, we note Maine, where the Federal relief percentage was but 14.9; Connecticut 10.5; Massachusetts 18.9; Vermont 18.6; Wyoming 10.4; New Jersey 23.1; New York 43.6; and Pennsylvania 55.9. These figures speak eloquently of the magnitude of the relief problem, and the social disintegration that brought the country to the brink of the abyss last year. They remind us no less pointedly of the fact that "rugged individualism" still persists in some parts of the country, and that there are still some States that are able and willing to carry the bulk of their local relief burdens.

### III

A national emergency transcends State lines, and the strong obviously must help the weak. Precedents have been established, however, which promise future storms aplenty. As the armies of the New Deal have been fighting the depression, a fundamental change has

taken place in the functions of the Federal Government, a change nowhere reflected more strikingly than on Capitol Hill, where the main job of Congress is no longer the making of laws, but the spending of money. There is room for an honest difference of opinion as to the wisdom and necessity of the huge sums voted by Congress during the past year. There can be little question as to the long range significance of the assumption by the Federal Government of its new rôle as distributor of cash. Weakened in pre-depression days by Federal subsidies growing larger year by year, the barriers between the States and the national Treasury have now broken down completely. The CWA placed 4,000,000 Americans on the Federal payroll this winter, and the substitute, which goes into effect this spring, will still maintain at public expense a large army. The PWA, due to spend at least five billions within two years, invites every city and municipality to come and gets its share. The AAA programme will bring increasing sums to the farmers of certain States. The Civilian Conservation Corps, supported at Federal expense and paid better money than regular soldiers, may become a permanent organization, and an indefinite charge on the Treasury. Through these and other channels, Federal money passes directly into the pocket books of millions of individual citizens. Two years ago, a Southern Senator, with prophetic vision, issued a warning on the floor of the Senate as he discussed Federal subsidies:

"The sad part of the story is that the States have consented to their own ravishment. They have, in large measure, surrendered their sovereignty in consideration of gold appropriated out of the Federal Treasury, and in their



eagerness to obtain it they have increased taxes and debts until they are deluged with evils which they at one time thought were blessings. They have tasted the fleshpots of the nation's capital; and year after year they return, and like Oliver Twist, they hold out their porridge bowls and ask for more."

The pork barrel for decades accounted for a good share of the taxpayers' money, and determined its distribution. But pork barrel technique seldom dealt with individuals *en masse* as its beneficiaries. Whether in a tariff bill, or a river and harbor bill, containing several hundred items distributed geographically, the pork barrel made an indirect, not a direct, bid for votes. Distribution by Congress of cash to millions of individual beneficiaries is a far more dangerous thing, potentially, than the old pork barrel system, and the opportunities for debauching the electorate are much greater. Congress will inevitably look upon these armies subsidized by the Government as voters who must be pleased. Only one member in the House voted against the additional \$950,000,000 relief appropriation requested by the President early this year, a bill which carried cash for every district. In the light of this vote, similar measures in the future are not likely to encounter much resistance in Congress.

The cash appeal of the pork barrel, 1934 super model, has revealed itself in the fullest force up to date in the avalanche of votes in the House for the Patman bonus bill, calling for the distribution of \$2,400,000,000 to War veterans to pay off an obligation not due until 1945. Proponents of the bill inserted in the Congressional Record a table showing the exact amounts which each State and county will re-

ceive from full payment of the adjusted service certificates. Its Representative in Congress for the third Congressional district of Wisconsin, Gardner R. Withrow, for example, gleefully told his constituents that bonus cash would come into his district in the following amounts: Crawford County \$299,373; Grant County \$686,286; Iowa County \$357,495; Juneau \$307,989; La Crosse \$971,477; La Fayette \$332,698; Monroe \$512,703; Richland \$348,326; Sauk \$571,415; and Vernon, \$509,100. Only a bare hundred House members refused to join in the scramble to board the bonus band wagon; to the great majority, cash for the district was the main thing, far more important than the national credit or the hazards of more inflation. Like a hard-working business man, wooed to a shady deal by visions of a new dress for the wife and a trip to the seashore for the kiddies, the average Congressman today is ready to acquiesce in a bonus or other bill for distributing Federal cash to his constituents, if not to welcome it as a far more effective builder of political fences than the old-fashioned pork barrel.

Since the demobilization of our War-time armies, we have become tolerably familiar with the technique of the "veterans' racket." Soldier politicians for a decade and a half have held before the American veterans of the World War bright promises of Federal benefits—bonus, pensions, free hospitalization or what not. The soldier politicians have paid little enough attention to the needs of the men really disabled by their War service; the interests of these have been largely subordinated to the superior vote-getting possibilities of the mass of able-bodied veterans and their families. Here on a large scale, the element of direct Federal benefits has



entered the equation, and politicians without number, local and national, have made a bid for the so-called soldiers' vote with the help of taxpayers' money.

Now Federal largess has reached out to a far wider field, and millions of civilians have been placed on the Government payroll, or, as in the PWA, are maintained by Treasury appropriations under the recovery programme. As our experience with the veterans of past wars shows, once the Federal Government undertakes to support any class of its citizens, the political pressure both for a continuation and enlargement of the favors grows apace. Through the direct primary and mass pressure on the individual Congressman, organized minorities have on many occasions demonstrated their effectiveness as Treasury raiders. Strikes of CWA workers for higher pay are significant straws in the wind. Can we too easily assume that Congress will not yield to a demand, politically expressed, to keep on the payroll at least a part of the millions placed thereon? Can we assume that Congress, under pressure of the folks back home, will readily vote to put an end to the current expenditures for direct relief and support—expenditures that this year exceed the regular income of the Government by about \$7,000,000,000 and which carry a stream of Treasury money into every district?

#### IV

Nor is this all. Leveling of the barriers between Washington and the States and cities has wrought a profound change in the psychology of local governments. Bankrupt cities look to the Federal Government for help, even demand it as a right. Federal loans have

been requested for a vast variety of projects. Detroit, for example, asked for \$87,000,000 for a subway without any cost to itself, but Administrator Ickes turned the request down. Other cities have been more successful. Requiring as they so often do the help of State and local politicians in their campaigns for reelection, Senators and Representatives fly in the face of the red light when they refuse to coöperate in local requests for Federal cash. The demand of individuals for Federal money is not the only threat that faces the Treasury, watch-dog of the public credit. The pressure of local governments presents a threat quite as ominous. "On to Washington" is the cry of the hour, as local politicians, harassed under mountains of debt, look to the national Treasury for relief, both easy and painless.

A redistribution of national wealth, its exponents tell us, is one of the objectives of the New Deal. If the policy of direct Federal disbursements continues for a few more years on anything like its present scale, this redistribution will be effected without further legislation. Through taxation and inflation, the wealth of the larger industrial States, and the thrifty States, will be conscripted to cover disproportionate disbursements to the non-contributing sections. Bear this in mind that in most controversial public questions the Senate will be the decisive battlefield. The non-contributing States hold the balance of power here, for New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts have no more votes in the Senate than Mississippi, Arkansas and Alabama, which together paid into the Bureau of Internal Revenue but \$10,000,000 in 1933. Arizona's vote counts for as much as that of New Jersey. If human nature runs true to form, the non-contributing



States, numerically superior, will not willingly surrender the benefits of the new Federal pork barrel—particularly when financed by the savings of other States.

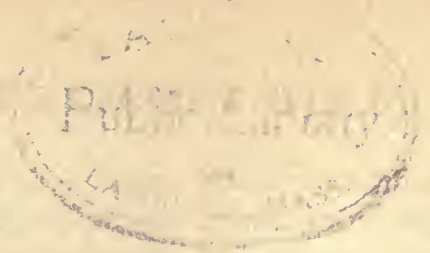
By loosening the national purse strings, as an essential part of his recovery programme, to permit a distribution of billions to voters, President Roosevelt has created a precedent which makes the defense of his budget enormously more difficult. And the budget, most observers agree, is his central problem. In his address to the NRA code authorities, Mr. Roosevelt frankly admitted that the Federal Government could not continue to carry the major burden of relief indefinitely. As noted above in many States the Federal contribution to relief is over ninety per cent. Industry must absorb far more of the unemployment burden than it has up to now, the President warned.

Retrenchment will face political difficulties quite as formidable as those which arise from the inability of business and industry, on the basis of present earnings and profits, to increase their payrolls to take up the unemployment slack. Congress has completed a year of unparalleled peacetime expendi-

tures. It has voted blithely, often with brief debate, unprecedented sums for direct distribution through each of the 435 Congressional districts. Not only has it formed the habit of spending, but the folks back home have come to look on these Federal grants as a permanent part of the new order. The wealthier States, too, have welcomed Federal cash with enthusiasm. As living costs increase, as taxes rise, and as hopes of renewal of dividends on the old scale are postponed, signs of resistance in the wealthier States have begun to manifest themselves, and the Roosevelt expenditures no longer remain unchallenged. A debt of thirty billions will require a billion and a half a year for interest and retirement charges. The more we borrow, the greater the amount of taxes to be collected, largely from taxpayers of eight or ten States. Party loyalty was not strong enough to keep Congressional Democrats in line on the Roosevelt economy programme. As President Roosevelt enters his second year at the White House no greater challenge faces his leadership than that of curbing the Congressional spenders, and protecting Federal dollars against sectional or other plunder-bunds.







# A Pyrrhic Victory in World Trade

BY GEORGE GERHARD

*How are the Japanese enjoying their increased foreign trade?*

FASCISM is not the rule of Japan, though the country offers, on the surface, the spectacle of national unity, coördination and determination in its drive toward a distant and somewhat hazy goal, quite like the Italian or German brand of Fascism. The slow-moving giant of democracy hardly dares raise its head under the sun of Nippon. Discussion and debate are the property of those whose words carry no weight in the shaping of national policies. And the march of progress is headed by the sons of men who took their early training from the drillmasters who were the pride of Prussia.

Under the banner of patriotic obedience and strictest national discipline, Japan has perfected her economic machinery to launch one of the most successful campaigns ever witnessed on the markets of the world. It is peaceful only at times. In the case of Manchuria, where some of the most spectacular export gains have taken place, the sword has cleared the path. The War Minister, General Hayashi, when he confirmed reports that 40,000 men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five years were being recruited to make munitions for Manchuria, put it this way: "We are a warlike people, created by the sword. So long as we keep up our

war industries, our peace industries will prosper."

Well, they have. Japan's conflict with China netted her Manchuria. The Chinese boycott, of course, hurt her exports. According to the official Japanese figures, they dropped from a nine months' total of 96,000,000 yen in 1932 to 79,000,000 yen in the same period of 1933. The decrease showed in diminished exports of cotton yarns, silk, rayon and paper. But the gains in exports to Manchuria more than paid for this loss. Within this period, Japan shipped three times the 1932 value of cotton yarns. The value of cotton tissues jumped from 13,000,000 yen to 32,000,000 yen; of woollen tissues from 2,000,000 to 6,000,000, of silk from less than a million yen to nearly three million, of iron manufactures from less than two million to more than six million.

Under this remarkable stimulus, the foreign trade balance of Manchuria shows some extraordinary changes. In the first four months, exports rose to 171,000,000 yen in 1933, from 127,000,000 in the corresponding period of 1932. But imports jumped from 64,000,000 to 166,000,000 yen. A rapid economic development is going on in Manchuria, because Japan is the power behind this process of rehabilitation and



recovery. And it is by no means limited to exports and imports. During the past fiscal year, 120 Japanese companies with a combined capital of £800,000 were established in the new state. During the present fiscal year, 126 Japanese companies with a total capital of £11,800,000 have so far been formed. This may serve as an example of the rapidly increasing influx of Japanese capital and enterprise into Manchuria.

Another aspect of Japanese colonization is the building of railroads, extending over thousands of miles and involving many millions of yen. They will be under the management of the Japanese-owned South Manchurian Railway. At present, about 5,000 miles of railroads are constructed in Manchuria, which will eventually be increased to 15,000 miles. Regardless of the outcome of negotiations for the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway, now pending with Soviet Russia, Japan is going ahead with building her own trunk line which, when completed, will run from Rashin on the Korean seaboard through Harbin to Manchuli on the Soviet frontier.

## II

The case of Manchuria, quite naturally, has aspects alien to mere foreign trade expansion. There are involved such fundamental policies as relief for the badly overcrowded homeland, new raw material sources for domestic industries, a buffer state against possible Soviet aggression. Nevertheless, Manchuria might well stand for a classical example in foreign trade methods. Without her careful preparations over a long number of years, without the determination which led her armies deep into Chinese territory, and without the willingness of capital and entrepreneurs, of farmers and wage-

earners, Japan could not have conquered Manchuria. And, without the same assets and qualities, she could not have conquered the markets of the world.

As it is, Japan has been doing better in export trade than any other large nation during the past year. Her exports of food products (including beverages and tobacco) rose from 104 to 158 million yen; of semi- and fully manufactured products from 1,187 to 1,570 million yen. Altogether, her exports jumped from 1,366 to 1,832 million yen, an increase of more than thirty-four per cent. This could hardly have been achieved on any single market, or even on any group of markets. The gain is so extraordinary that practically all of the world's markets had to "co-operate," willingly or not so willingly. They did, most of them rather hesitatingly. Where other countries lost heavily in exports, Japan gained ground. Latin America is a case in point. Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Peru and many other countries in the Southern Hemisphere suffered greatly in purchasing power, due to the low range of world prices for the raw materials and foodstuffs which they produce. They were forced to curtail their purchases abroad. No wonder, then, that United States exports to Latin America declined from \$215,000,000 in the first half of 1931 to \$105,000,000 in the first half of 1933; British exports, similarly, dropped from £19,500,000 to £17,900,000, and German exports from RM 247,000,000 to RM 144,000,000. In contrast, Japanese shipments rose within the same period from 7,000,000 yen to more than 19,000,000 yen.

The enormous rise of cotton cloth exports, so important for the Far East, is



well illustrated by the fact that Japan now outranks even Great Britain, which for years has held undisputed first place. In the first eight months of last year, Japan exported 1,392,000,000 square yards, as compared with Britain's 1,386,000,000. And so one could go on filling page after page with Japanese export gains in the four corners of the world. They have been achieved partly with the sword, as in the case of Manchuria. More often, the weapon has been a "peaceful" one of low prices. It was in November of last year that the Japanese Government openly admitted that there was a certain amount of "dumping" in Japanese exports; that excessive competition led to underbidding, even below the cost of production. At the same time, the Government announced that the prices of electric light bulbs, as a first step, had by decree been increased by thirty per cent, so that manufacturers might again derive a profit from their output. Soon afterward, the export prices of bicycles were increased. By now, about sixty different articles have been dealt with in the same summary manner.

This is a somewhat surprising step in view of the obviously damaging effect upon exports. What is the reason for it? Is it found in the fact that more than twenty countries have established some sort of protection against Japanese dumping, whether in the form of extremely high import duties, or in the artificial restriction of import quotas? But then, these measures against Japanese exports are by no means a novelty. The cry of protest against Nippon is heard around the world. Japan has been fighting for economic predominance in the Far East ever since she had the first taste of industrial power. She has been pushing her exports ever since she had

to rely upon large imports, which means since she first went about the industrialization of the country—about thirty years ago. For Japan, like many other countries, is anxious to obtain a favorable balance of foreign trade. She has not succeeded up to the present day, in spite of her gigantic efforts in the world market. And here is the other side of the story.

### III

As was said above, Japan stepped up her 1933 exports more than thirty-four per cent. Let it be added that her imports rose by the very same percentage, namely from 1,427 to 1,912 million yen. What, then, is the effect upon the balance of foreign trade? The answer is nil. Japan's balance is still unfavorable to the extent of eighty million yen. In other words, the economy of the country derives no benefit from foreign trade. It is still paying, if only eighty millions, for the privilege of a very large foreign trade. It is a doubtful privilege, especially if one stops to consider the sacrifices with which this export trade has been built, and without which it could not have been built.

One of these sacrifices consists in the depreciation of the yen. At the end of last year, the external value of the Japanese currency had dwindled to about forty per cent of the monthly average for 1931. This was a very important help for the export trade, but it proved a terrific boomerang for the people at home. The internal value of the yen, in the same period, decreased by only fifteen per cent, measured by wholesale prices, and by only a bit over eight per cent, if measured by retail prices. This means that Japan has to pay for very much needed imports, especially for raw materials required for



armaments, in depreciated currency, with cheap exports; because Japan could build up her foreign trade only on the basis of very low prices, thus overriding foreign protests, foreign tariffs, foreign import quotas and the rest of what one sometimes feels amounts to a Japanese blockade.

The other sacrifice is extremely low wages. Daily wages of Tokyo workers, who had to meet a relatively high cost of living, in 1932 ranged in the

Textile industry . . . .	from \$ .35 to \$1.00
Metal industry . . . .	from 1.54 to 2.62
Chemical industry . . .	from .33 to 1.07
Food industry . . . . .	from .65 to 1.08
Building industry . . .	from .98 to 1.42
Day labor . . . . .	from .43 to 1.28
Fishing . . . . .	.73
Domestic service . . . .	from .39 to .40
Other industries . . . .	from .74 to 1.17

According to the latest official statistics, the average industrial wage rate appears to be reduced even below the extremely low level of 1932. Taking all industries, the average wage amounts to fully five cents per hour, while in the textile industries a man receives four cents per hour, and a woman about two cents.

How it is possible to subsist on such rates seems beyond human imagination to grasp. On the other hand, it is easy to see how, helped by such wages, Japan could underbid all comers on the world market. It is furthermore very obvious that domestic purchasing power is sacrificed on the altar of foreign trade. The people of Japan are in no condition to pay year in and year out for an unfavorable balance of trade. Nor is the Government. Total expenditures of the State rose from 1,550 million yen in the fiscal year of 1931-32 to about 2,300 million yen in the 1934-35 budget, an increase of nearly fifty per

cent. The latter figure, by the way, is officially put somewhat lower, but the official version of the budget is not convincing because the difference between the Government's and our own figure is made up by the extraordinary budget carried in a special account.

The reason for the large increase in State expenditures lies in the cost of armaments which rose, in the period indicated above, from 407 million to 937 million yen, or over 130 per cent. How is this huge outlay covered? The latest budget involves the issue of loans to the extent of 785 million yen to cover the deficit, which amounts to more than three-quarters of all non-armaments expenditure. Heavy deficits have occurred year after year, and the national debt has risen from less than six billion in 1931 to about eight billion yen at the end of last year. In the present year it may run up to nine billion.

#### IV

Looking back for a moment, we have seen that Japan is carrying not only the deficit arising from the unfavorable foreign trade balance, but on top of it the tremendous cost of armaments, the national deficit and the handicap of extremely low wages. And the gravest problem is yet to come. Japan has a population of about 67,000,000; nearly 30,000,000 of them are engaged in farming; rice is the principal crop. There is no doubt that agriculture is the foundation and the backbone of Japan's military strength. Her leaders have continually demanded cheap and abundant rice to feed the army. Fortunately for the military leaders, but very unfortunately for the farmers, there has been a series of rich crops. The price of rice dropped down the abyss of oversupply till lately rice has been sold at about



\$1.50 a bushel, while it is produced at an average cost of \$1.60.

The taxes laid upon the Japanese farmer are very heavy; they amount to more than thirty per cent of his income, whereas the manufacturer, for instance, pays less than half that amount. Furthermore, about two-thirds of the peasants have rented their farms, and are charged a fee which proves in many cases beyond their capacity to pay. Duplicating the experience of many an American farmer, he has gone into debt, averaging about 1,200 yen for each farming family and totaling about six billion yen for the entire farming population, or as much as the national debt in 1931.

This is the plight of that part of the population which must be considered the most important element of the Japanese economy and, strangely enough, the backbone of its prosperity. The Government can not help the farmer, which is easily understood, remembering the expenditures for national defense. The Government can not even raise the price of rice; in fact, it is opposed to all price-raising schemes, anxious to keep wages and the cost of industrial production (cost of living) as low as possible in order to obtain cheap export goods.

Now it is possible to see what this glorious foreign trade expansion programme of Japan has led to. The nation imports many goods which she can not herself produce, and many of which are bitterly needed for the manufacture of arms. For these foreign supplies, which are expensive because of the depreciated yen, Japan is paying with cheap exports on the basis of the low price of rice, a low rate of exchange, low wages, low profits because of excessive domestic competition, in addition to the

foreign trade deficit, the national deficit, the high cost of armaments and last, but by no means least, the desperate condition of the farmer.

We have not yet exhausted our supply of difficulties. There is unemployment which is officially estimated at one million. Private sources put the figure at more than 1,500,000 in industry, and about 400,000 on the farms, bringing the unofficial total up to about twice the Government estimate. There is growing unrest in the country. Strikes, almost unknown and unheard-of after the War, totaled about 2,500 in 1933. Industrial labor is organizing; in the last ten years, the number of unions grew from about thirty-five to about 800. The disputes of tenant-farmers with their landlords are growing rapidly; last year there were about 3,000 of them.

Outside of Nippon's frontiers, a period of acute crisis seems to be ahead. The naval conference is due in 1935, when, instead of the prevailing five-five-three ratios, Japan will demand, to judge from the Cabinet's present attitude, full naval parity with the United States and Great Britain. Another cause for anxiety is the expiration of Japan's notice to leave the League of Nations. Japan holds the strategically important South Sea islands under a League mandate, and it is an open question how far the League—or Japan, for that matter—will go to uphold their respective interests. Then there is the growing animosity against Japanese exports, supported by import restrictions. There is the depreciation of foreign currencies, including the dollar, which makes competition on the world market so much keener. There is the threat of Chinese retaliation at some time in the future at the back door, while the Soviet bear is



angrily growling at the front entrance.

The triumphant advance of Japanese export trade, forced by the sword in Manchuria, and by more peaceful but no less inexorable and even cruel weapons in other countries, stands in dark contrast to a desperate situation at home. What the intelligent part of the non-military population has apprehended for years may come true: that unrest and bitterness, starvation and poverty, caused mainly by the military adventures, may force a show-down even before international complications reach their culminating point. Japan has, for the time being, gained the satisfaction of breaking through the tariff and quota barriers of the markets of the world—at the cost of the deterioration of public finances, a grave depression in agriculture, domestic and foreign complications caused by forced exports, and the clearly discernible growth of revolt

among the starving peasantry and the deeply embittered working class which has not felt the blessing of even an attempt toward social welfare.

The day will come when the military caste will be called upon for an accounting of its deeds. Fascism may be tried as a way out, though it is presently not even hinted. The two great parties, the Seiyukai and the Minseito, still control over ninety per cent of the seats in the present Diet; they represent the all-powerful Mitsui and Mitsubishi interests which follow in the footsteps of the Wall Street monster of 1929, controlling most of the financial and industrial, not to speak of the agricultural, interests of the country.

This much may be said: the sun is not rising any longer over the land of Nippon; it is about to set. Another day may bring a kinder and better fate to the people of Japan.





# A New La Follette Party

BY MARK RHEA BYERS

*The Wisconsin Progressives, out of power and acceptable neither to regular Republicans nor Democrats, seem about to plump for a third party*

SPRINGING from the soil of agricultural discontent in the dairy States, and blossoming with amazing rapidity in an atmosphere created by the political exigencies of the notable La Follette family, a new radical party is shaping itself in the Middle West.

It is a farmer-labor party, but it may come into the political arena next fall under another name, since there is a rudimentary Farmer-Labor party already in being. Or perhaps the new movement will swallow the existing Farmer-Labor party, name and all.

Third parties, seeking to gather votes in areas of American political thought largely ignored by the traditional Democratic and Republican parties, have come and gone throughout American history since the Civil War. Usually they have had little leadership, and that remarkable more for vehemence than for intelligence and political skill. But there is nothing of the Sockless Simpson about the prospective high command of the new radical movement in the near Northwest, and there is nothing amateur, headlong or fanatical about the political machine which is taking it over.

There is plenty of zealotry among the rank and file, in whom indeed the new party was fermenting long before its present leaders saw what was happening and arranged to appropriate it. But the restrained and practised political acumen of the Wisconsin Progressive movement is now taking charge.

The new party movement happens along at the psychological moment when La Follette Republicanism finds itself between two stools. "Young Bob" La Follette must run for reëlection to the Senate this year. Circumstances and, perhaps, his own mis-estimate of conditions in 1932 have combined to leave him without a dependable vehicle in which to make the run. He has scorned the Republican party on whose ticket he had won and held his late famous father's seat, and he has found the Wisconsin Democratic party strangely cold. It had candidates and ideas of its own—very many candidates and very definite ideas—and the name of La Follette, and the ideas of Young Bob and his brother Phil, were not among them.

In the last few months the La Follette organization in Wisconsin has played with the notion of reconciliation and fusion with the "regular" Repub-



lican organization of Wisconsin—and been coldly rejected. It has hinted at a Roosevelt endorsement and a transfer, lock, stock and barrel to the Democratic ranks—and found the Democratic State organization more than chilly.

But during the time in which the La Follette leadership was flirting with both of the old-line parties, a new movement, starting from the grass-roots, was swelling and fermenting among the dairymen who, with economic rather than political inspiration, conducted the three milk strikes of 1933. It was a movement neither Republican, nor Democratic, nor Socialist, although it found leadership in the ranks of all three. It received political encouragement particularly from minor figures of the Progressive Republicans, the Socialist labor leaders of Milwaukee, and the left wing of the Democrats. But the established commanders of all parties watched it from afar off, including the La Follettes. Apparently they didn't know quite what to make of it, and were a little fearful of its gusty vehemence. It was an unbranded maverick, charging back and forth across party lines with unseemly disregard for the powers that be. Now, however, it being fairly plain that there is no welcome on either Republican or Democratic doormats for the La Follettes and their aides, a La Follette lariat is swinging about the head of the maverick, and a La Follette branding iron is in the fire. The farm strike movement is being rounded up in a political corral, while Bob and Phil La Follette seem to be preparing to shout "a plague on both your houses" to the old-line party organizations which have rejected them.

Which may be a serious threat to the old-line party organizations. There are no more convincing campaigners, and

no more accomplished political strategists, than Bob and Phil La Follette. And they head a group of wise and skilful politicians who have met but one major defeat in a generation. Wisconsin, on which the eyes of the country have often been fixed in wonder and amazement at new political experiments, seems about to offer something entirely new in the political arena. Very likely it will prove exciting; quite certainly it will be neither clumsy nor amateurish. Not impossibly it may hold historic importance.

## II

The story starts with the early summer and the start of the Wisconsin primary campaign of 1932. Phil La Follette was Governor of the State, a young and ardent liberal. He had beaten, two years before, the conservative Republican Walter J. Kohler, whose election in 1928 was the first hint that the La Follette grip upon the State had slipped. The election of 1928 came at the height of the Coolidge boom. Hoover went in by a landslide, and Hoover's jubilant supporters carried Wisconsin with the help of a major La Follette error. The Progressives had put up the weakest of candidates in tobacco-chewing Joe Beck, a back-country Congressman and Progressive wheelhorse for a generation. In addition former Governor Fred R. Zimmerman, a Progressive who had made overtures to the conservatives and been read out of the Progressive fold, refused to take his dismissal and ran as a Republican candidate in the primary. The combination of Beck's weakness and Zimmerman's personal following split enough Progressive votes to let Kohler take the Republican nomination. The election was a walk-away. The Democrats, negligible in



Wisconsin politics since the 'Nineties, went down with Smith, and Kohler triumphed with Hoover.

In 1930, however, the bloom had faded from Coolidge prosperity. The depression was beginning to shut down upon Wisconsin, and the Republican leadership was under fire. The time seemed ripe for the reassertion of La Follette control, tossed away by the ill-advised Beck nomination of two years before. Phil La Follette, second son of "Old Bob," was summoned from his instructorship in the University of Wisconsin law school and offered as the Progressive Republican candidate for governor, against Kohler.

The millionaire bath-tub manufacturer, despite a liberal record as governor—it was he who put through the "yellow dog contract" bill which makes it illegal to require an employe to promise not to join a labor union as a condition of employment—suffered from the growing unrest and dissatisfaction with the depression. Phil La Follette made the most of his advantage. He made Kohler, as the representative of Hoover Republicanism, almost personally responsible for the depression in his stump speeches. He promised that if he were elected everybody in Wisconsin who wanted work would have it, at fair wages. Quite evidently calculating on the end of the depression during his two-year term, he risked everything upon promises which could only be fulfilled in the event of a business pick-up—and was nominated and elected. The Democrats, as for thirty-odd years previously, polled only a tiny vote in the primary, and counted not at all in the final election results.

The situation can not be understood until it is realized that for a generation the Democracy had been completely

negligible in Wisconsin. Republican nomination was as sure a guarantee of election as Democratic nomination has been in the Solid South. The Democratic voters had followed the La Follettes into the Progressive Republican camp. The last Democrat to be elected to State office in Wisconsin was Governor George W. Peck, the famous author of *Peck's Bad Boy*, who slipped in for one term in 1890 on an ephemeral religious issue, which for a brief time united Lutheran and Catholic forces on non-political grounds.

Well, Phil La Follette defeated Kohler, and with him defeated also the hopes of recapturing the Wisconsin Republican organization for the regulars. The Progressives in the 1930 campaign made no slightest gesture toward regularity: President Hoover and the party's attitude were condemned as unsparingly as Governor Kohler. The La Follette Progressive Republican movement has never for a minute sought to give the impression that it had any sympathy with the sort of Republicanism for which the national Republican party stands. "The boys" have made that even more emphatic than their father, who always left a way open to rejoin the party if it could be induced to come to his way of thinking, until his desperate bid for the Presidency in 1924, just before his death. In the last two campaigns his sons, however, have cut loose from every vestige of party loyalty, by open support of both Smith and Roosevelt.

### III

It is conjectural how much part this praise of the Democratic candidates played in driving the La Follette Progressive voters into the Democratic ranks. Undoubtedly it had some effect.



More plainly active, however, was the sudden revival of the moribund Wisconsin Democracy which came about in 1932.

It began with a lively fight between the Smith and Roosevelt factions in the State for control of the Chicago convention delegation. The Roosevelt faction won hands down, and a new Democratic organization captained by Charles E. Broughton, militant, wet Sheboygan editor, took charge. Personally popular all over the State with newspapermen of every shade of political opinion, and well-known for his ten-year fight against Prohibition, Broughton brought new life and intelligence into the Democratic leadership, as the State's national committeeman. Rapidly he built up an organization in every county in the State, including many in which it had been for years impossible to get candidates enough even to fill out the Democratic slate for county offices. The feeling of impending Democratic victory was in the air, and more than one local candidate who had been calling himself a "Progressive" for years suddenly blossomed out as an aspirant for Democratic nomination.

Broughton engineered lively contests for the senatorship, the governorship, and every office on the State ticket. He insisted upon complete county tickets, with as many contests as possible to attract attention to the Democratic primaries, and in general created an atmosphere of alertness and vigor which had been absent from the Democratic ranks for years.

In all of this the Progressives aided and abetted Broughton to their own undoing. So certain were they of the La Follette grip upon the Republican electorate that they totally underestimated the success of Broughton's organization

efforts. Phil La Follette was a candidate to succeed himself, with Kohler the regular Republican opposition. Never since the elder La Follette first appeared in politics had Wisconsin defeated a bearer of the magic name—and had not Phil defeated Kohler in the previous election? So the Progressives joined the Democrats in the pre-primary campaign in berating Hoover. As earnestly as Broughton and his Rooseveltian aides, they engaged in the business of manufacturing Democrats among the Wisconsin voters.

The Progressives apparently did not awake to the error in this strategy until the night of the primary. Then, as the votes piled in, they discovered that their hostility to all things Republican had helped to drive Progressives by the thousands into the Democratic primaries. Instead of being a push-over for Phil, as had been confidently assumed, Kohler was getting the lion's share of a greatly reduced Republican vote. The miracle of that primary, in a State for forty years solidly Republican, was the avalanche of Democratic votes. The Progressives were overwhelmed by the regulars who remained in their own party. Phil La Follette was beaten, and so was United States Senator John J. Blaine. So was most of the Progressive State ticket.

That 1932 primary was the precursor of the new Farmer-Labor party which is now being organized in Wisconsin. Kohler was defeated by the Democratic gubernatorial candidate, A. G. Schmedeman, in the elections a month later. Roosevelt swept the State, and control of the Wisconsin Assembly passed to the Democrats. All but one State office went Democratic, and most of the counties. The ruin of the primary was made more complete by the Demo-



cratic landslide of November, but it was the primary which left the La Follettes homeless in a political wilderness. In their urgency to defeat members of their own party with whom they disagreed they had burned down their own house and given the State to the Democrats.

Not for some time after the primary did the Progressives appear to grasp the full significance of what had occurred. They rejoiced with the Democrats in the victory of Roosevelt and the New Deal, and it was confidently assumed in Progressive quarters that their services would entitle them to reward both in Madison and in Washington. Phil La Follette rested from his luckless campaign by a trip to Russia, and his friends let it be known that he was to be the first ambassador to Moscow when Russian recognition was bruited. It is probable that the Wisconsin Progressives do stand rather higher in Washington than with the Democratic administration back home. Senator Blaine, who lost to his regular opponent in the primary, was appointed by President Roosevelt to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and there was apparently something more than a mere rumor back of the report early this year that the White House might endorse "Young Bob" for a senatorial reëlection, as he did Senator Johnson in California.

But Washington is not Wisconsin, and in Wisconsin the Democratic organization does not regard itself as beholden to the La Follettes. The Wisconsin Democrats feel that, having won the first victory in forty years for their party, it is unreasonable to expect them to turn over the proceeds to a group which had consistently exploited them, and which when in power never con-

sidered it necessary to make any friendly gestures to even friendly Democrats. It may be safely stated that if President Roosevelt should bestow his blessing upon Senator La Follette he will crack the Democratic party in Wisconsin wide open. Such an affront to the men who carried the State for him in 1932 is hardly conceivable, unless the President is minded to wreck all existing party lines. Be that as it may, however, the fact is that the Wisconsin Democratic organization did not recognize the Progressive claims to a share in the 1932 victory.

Before many months the Progressives were indignant and outraged at the removal of Progressives entrenched in the innumerable minor jobs of State government. Members of the State boards and commissions, inspectors of every variety in various departments, clerkships and all the other payroll posts went to Democrats, while the Progressives found their counsels ignored and their claim to be the true interpreters of the New Deal flouted by the triumphant Democracy. The legislative session of 1933 saw an angry and bewildered minority of Progressives hopelessly outnumbered in the Assembly, and able to control the Senate only by combination with the hated "regulars."

There was little political nourishment in that, and small prospect for any improvement in the situation from the Progressive standpoint, with the Democrats becoming ever more steadily entrenched in every department of the State administration.

#### IV

It is against this background that there was meanwhile rising the muttering of agrarian discontent, at the head of which the La Follettes and their



lieutenants seem now about to place themselves. It found its beginning in the milk strike and farm holiday movements, which were in their inception without political intention. They were purely the expression of the dissatisfaction of farmers with the condition in which they found themselves at the bottom of the depression. The Farm Holiday movement of Milo Reno, in Iowa, spread quickly to Wisconsin, and alongside of it grew up an even more militant group especially concerned with the dismal situation of the dairy industry—the Wisconsin Coöperative Milk Pool. It was the Milk Pool that conducted the bitter milk strikes in which millions of gallons of milk were destroyed, and battle raged between armed farmers and the State militia.

Organizers of both the Milk Pool and the Farm Holiday Association were not political figures. They were concerned for better farm prices primarily, and at first the politicians of the State were wary of the strike organizations. Until very recently the only men with previous political experience who associated themselves with the agrarian movement were William B. Rubin, a radical Democrat with some affiliations with the Socialist organization in Milwaukee, and Henry Ohl, president of the Wisconsin Federation of Labor and a ranking Milwaukee Socialist. From the beginning Ohl and Rubin sought to bring the angry farmers into closer relationship with the organized workers of the cities, with a clearly political motive to which the farm organizations were not actively responsive.

Late in 1933 some of the leading Progressives, however, began to flirt with the farm strike movement. Senator Herman J. Severson, high in the councils of the La Follette group, be-

came a familiar figure on the platform at Milk Pool meetings, and other lesser lights of the Progressives took an increasingly active interest.

The political implications of the farm strike movement, however, first clearly emerged on March 3, when leaders of the Milk Pool and the Farm Holiday Association were invited to attend a gathering of Progressives called at Madison to consider the political future, and to discuss primarily the question whether to launch a third party or to continue to seek office through the old-line party primaries.

The meeting was held behind closed doors and information as to what went on was confined to circulation of portions of an address by Senator La Follette, and the statement that some sixty per cent of those present were in favor of launching a new party. Senator La Follette was reported to have declared himself willing to run as a third-party candidate provided there was "overwhelming" sentiment therefor among his supporters. In his address, as published, he made the following significant statement:

"It is not important, so far as I have observed, whether a man calls himself a Republican, a Democrat, or a Progressive. The public record teaches the voter how to test the fidelity of his representative.

"I never shall subscribe to the doctrine that an elected representative owes an allegiance to any political party, individual, or special interest, superior to that he owes the people. No man could serve with such a reservation in the seat our leader (Senator La Follette the Elder) held for eighteen years in the United States Senate and not disgrace it."

Definite action on the third party or-



ganization was not taken at the meeting. Lawyers present raised some technical points of difficulty in connection with the Wisconsin election laws, and were instructed to bring a test case before the State supreme court to secure a ruling. Meanwhile action was deferred to another meeting May 15, at which it was indicated that the final decision would be taken.

Wisconsin political observers believe the delay deliberate, to test the public reaction—and also, perhaps, to permit overtures from the old-line parties which might be expected to view the formation of a third party as a threat to themselves. But in view of the fact that overtures from the Progressives to both “regular” organizations have been made and rejected, there is held to be small reason for believing that the Progressives will now be able to turn back.

It is significant that within the week before the Madison meeting one of the leading Progressives, F. M. Wylie, former assistant attorney general in Phil La Follette’s administration, announced himself as a candidate for attorney general, his party to be announced later. It was regarded as an astonishing performance for a candidate not to announce the party whose nomination he invited, but the tenor of the Madison meeting a few days later threw a good deal of light upon his reasons.

## v

Truth to tell, both old parties in Wisconsin appear to be rather relieved than otherwise, at the moment. The Republicans have been asserting for years that the La Follette Progressives have no business in a Republican primary, and the Democrats have been lamenting for the same length of time that the Progressives had stolen their voters, and

scuttled the Democratic ship by this act of piracy. There was, indeed, a good deal of Democratic concern lest the La Follettes should follow their purloined voters into the Democratic ranks, after the Progressive debacle of 1932, and by a process similar to that practised upon the Republicans proceed to take control to the detriment of the existing Democratic leadership.

So for the present, political leaders of both old parties in Wisconsin are wishing the Progressives a fair wind on their new party voyage. Whether they will be so pleased at the turn of events should the new party develop strength by next September depends upon the momentum it works up. The old-timers do not believe that any third party can carry the State, or make much of a dent in existing alignments, in one campaign. But there are plenty of ardent Progressives willing to predict a La Follette victory under the new banner. And if the State can be carried the first time out, they believe they will be able to repeat the performance on a national scale in time for the Presidential elections of 1936.

There is little doubt that Senator La Follette does not greatly relish the prospect of allying himself with a third party. All the signs suggest that he would prefer, if it could be managed, to run with a Roosevelt endorsement either in the Republican or the Democratic primary.

That is a matter of sheer political self-preservation. Seeking reelection on a new party ticket against candidates of the well organized major parties, requires for success that he wean from long-established party habits scores of thousands of voters. And he will probably be up against stiff opposition, for Broughton and Kohler are the logical



senatorial candidates of the Democratic and Republican parties, respectively. Either man alone is an opponent to be respected. "Young Bob's" unquestioned personal popularity and campaign skill would be tested to the utmost to stand the fire from both.

Yet political necessities, not to mention the demands of consistency, seem to require him to face the issue. It is extremely improbable that he can obtain a Roosevelt endorsement in the face of united Democratic opposition, despite the President's personal friendliness. The Democratic State conference which will endorse the primary slate will not conceivably accept him as a party candidate. Of course he can place his name on the Democratic primary ballot by petition, regardless of the party organization—but that would be a rather forlorn hope. The same situation confronts him in the Republican party.

Meanwhile his supporters, anxious for a break with both old parties, are forcing the issue. They see in the farm strike movement a mass vote of considerable proportions, cutting into both old parties, which is at present politically masterless. It can be had for the taking. It is a hard-fighting, zealous group, united by its strike battles, and clamorous for action. And—what else is there? A political general staff without an army wins no battles. The bulk of the old Progressive army has been drawn to the Democratic banner, and there is no chance of recalling them to the old La Follette allegiance this year in any considerable numbers. The momentum of the 1932 Roosevelt landslide is not yet spent in Wisconsin.

It was not without difficulty, indeed, that Senator La Follette secured delay in the Madison meeting, where his sup-

porters' anxiety to cross the Rubicon was evident. The closing words of the meeting were a declaration by the presiding officer, William T. Evjue, editor of the principal La Follette newspaper and a great force in Progressive councils, to the effect that he personally favored the creation of the new party. A speaker at the meeting who ventured to suggest that a new party at this juncture would be "political suicide" for Senator La Follette was booed. The Senator's followers demand that he lead them into the breach. Not to do so would probably be the ruin of his great personal following—political death even surer than the consequences of a stout if unsuccessful campaign at the head of a new party.

## VI

In the nature of its principal component, the new party, if, as and when launched, will probably be aggressively agrarian. It will base itself upon the grievances of the dairy industry, step-child of the New Deal in the eyes of the milk strikers. President Roosevelt is personally strong in Wisconsin, but Secretary Wallace is amazingly unpopular. His unpopularity is based upon the conviction that he is entirely unconcerned about the relief of the dairy industry, while showering favors on the wheat, cotton and corn-hog farmers. Admittedly, relief of the dairy industry is a complex matter. It offers many obstacles not present in dealing with the more localized agricultural specialties. But the milk strikers do not even credit Secretary Wallace with trying. They are convinced that he has utterly failed to grasp their problems, and they doubt that he is sympathetic.

Here will be a cardinal point of policy of the new party, unquestionably. An-



other angle of the opposition to be developed against the Democrats will doubtless be built upon Governor Schmedeman's attitude during the milk strike, especially the second of the three, in which he called out the militia to force open the roads against the strike pickets. Even before the third party loomed over the horizon Progressive speakers and writers were loud in criticism of the Governor's action, and they were joined by the spokesmen of organized labor. Here is another made-to-order issue well calculated to the service of a farmer-labor movement.

Socially the new party may be expected to embrace the La Follette thesis of more equal distribution of wealth by means of punitive income and inheritance taxes, public ownership of utilities, unemployment insurance, etc. It may propound some inflationary or fiat money theories, which find many supporters in the rural regions. In general it may be expected to see the New Deal and raise it, in poker parlance.

Taking a long look ahead, it is possible to predict that the new party, under

La Follette leadership, may push its influence rapidly beyond the boundaries of Wisconsin. There is a vigorous Farmer-Labor party in Minnesota and the Dakotas. It has not only elected Senators and Congressmen, but the present Governor of Minnesota owes it allegiance. And in 1928 it achieved the spectacular victory of electing Senator Shipstead, of Minnesota, in the year of the Hoover prosperity landslide. Decidedly, the Northwest offers a fertile field for such a party, and there are sympathetic elements to afford a nucleus of organization in Iowa and Nebraska, where old Senator Norris, the Nestor of insurgency and Progressivism for a generation, commands a great personal following. If the La Follettes can lead their new party successfully through a State campaign, the possibilities of national development are strong. "Old Bob" polled a million votes when he ran for President in 1924, almost without an organization. And events since then have scarcely weakened the body of radicalism which lies just to the right of out-and-out socialism.





# Science and the Man with a Board on His Shoulder

BY T. SWANN HARDING

*Very often the scientist's heaven clashes with the workaday world, to the discomposure of both, but each manages to go its way again*

SCIENCE is a strange and curious region of human thought and endeavor, remote from gross reality, wherein men may divorce themselves from the law of causality and deal with airy fictions to their utter content. A housewife mixing the batter for a cake, a workman walking with a board over his shoulder, a baby responding to a bottle of milk—these all deal with the observed and make contact with the real. A primitive medicine man curing disease with a charm, a devotee curing it with contact of a sacred picture, a recently saved man converted from all his sins, a person who believes that illness is error and who is cured by that belief—these are all crass materialists, dealing with plain reality and using the law of cause and effect.

Not so the scientist. He is a sort of modern poet, remote and mystical. He does not deal with what ordinary people observe. The very objects he affirms to exist differ greatly from the same objects as seen by ordinary people. Nor does he hesitate for a moment to affirm also the existence of things that can not

be observed, whether phlogiston and the anastomoses of old or the ether and electrons of more modern times. Thereafter he proceeds quite as if that which could not be observed, and which often proved later to be non-existent, had been observed and was real.

It is no shock to state that the social sciences have long done this. Thus economists for a very long time have assumed the reality of something they called "free competition." Such assumptions later got them into a fearful mud-dle from which it took a brain trust to extract them. Free competition is a state of affairs wherein no seller controls enough of the total supply of goods to enable a variation in his supply to affect the price as a whole. It must also be assumed that one industry is unable to maintain higher profits than any other similar industry and that the price of every commodity tends always to equal its marginal cost of production. (Ask the farm strikers about that one.) In addition it has to be assumed, for "free competition" to exist, that all capital is perfectly mobile, and that it can be di-



vided and subdivided into indefinitely small units, each just alike, atoms of a sort. These assumptions are untrue and always have been. But that did not prevent economists from building upon them an entire science of economics and expecting that science to apply to real reality as we know it when we carry boards over our shoulders.

## II

A scientist must have his fictions. Many years before Harvey it was being gradually discovered that the human blood circulated. But if it circulated then how did it get from the veins to the arteries? There was a poser. Since the capillaries were then unknown, the problem seemed insoluble; but a scientist of the day, named Erasistratus, believed that what he called "anastomoses" existed. Through these fictional organs the blood could flow like a tide, in either direction, and they long remained respectable parts of the human anatomy, though they never actually existed any more than did the fantastic animals so faithfully diagrammed in early zoölogy books.

Many years later Galen suggested that there were invisible, tortuous pores in the septum of the heart—they were there but you could not see them—through which the blood passed directly from the arteries to the veins. Only many years after that did Harvey discover that the blood actually flowed from the veins to the arteries directly through proper visible valves in the heart. Thereupon the unobservable, nonexistent anastomoses, invented by anatomy to account for something not otherwise easily explained, were discarded.

So much for early biologists. But what about the stuff the biologists of

today so glibly call "protoplasm"? Does such a substance exist? Has it ever been observed? Truly speaking, it can exist only during life and the biologist always examines it after the animal's death. We do not find protoplasm as such in nature. Actually this complex material does not exist, except in the imagination of the biologist. It is an abstraction, a fiction, something that has never really been observed, but of which the biologist casually assumes the existence for purposes of his own. Of course, if observed facts refuse time after time to check up well with such fictions the scientist will, after making great efforts to retain his abstractions, discard them and try others.

Looking back into the history of chemistry, we find Stahl believing that all substances could be resolved into an inflammable stuff he called "phlogiston"—along with an element of more material nature. The violence with which anything burned depended upon the quantity of phlogiston present. The theory was one of great flexibility and really accounted very well for chemical action as then known. But along came Lavoisier with his balance. Now under the phlogiston theory, a metal should lose weight when it was burned. But the balance showed that it gained weight. What could be done? The theory was amended. It was then assumed that the unobservable phlogiston had a negative weight! Hence the metal increased in weight when it was burned because it lost levity.

Much later the theory had to go altogether by the boards due to the impact of facts. In the same way ethers came and went. At one time scientists had all space filled five or six times over with ethers required by them to account for certain things they observed going



on. But it always proved impossible to observe the ether itself experimentally or to track down any effect of it. It was a pure fiction, yet was for years assumed to be a verifiable reality. Scientists assumed it could be observed but that that had just never been done.

Finally, since repeated efforts failed to detect the slightest effects of the existence of ether, Einstein suggested that scientists dismiss it from their minds and cease believing in it. So they began to say that certain things happened just *as if* an ether existed. For the scientists had to have their fiction. Yet it is true to say that the most widely accepted hypotheses of scientists are not completely verified. Sufficient adverse facts could batter any of them into nothingness. All the scientist can ever truthfully say about any of them is that this and this occur exactly *as if* that and that were true.

### III

Chemists speak of atoms. Do atoms exist? Chemists can only study their properties by observations made on matter in bulk. Atoms, molecules and electrons are all secondary, not primary knowledge. They are not more but less real than the bulk matter people actually observe. H-O-H is no more deeply and truly water than it is a solvent of sugar, a liquid in a wash tub, or a slaker of thirst. Water is all of these things, depending upon who uses it and why certain properties are abstracted from it momentarily.

The washer woman is interested in the real problem of "hard" or "soft" water, and that is all she wants to know about the liquid. The expression H-O-H does not even express the composition of water as a primary fact. We knew the bulk properties of water long

before we explored the fluid and discovered H-O-H. Even the facts that water disappears in the presence of hot iron, or that it appears when an electric spark is passed through the gases hydrogen and oxygen—these are mere properties of water, like its ability to dissolve sugar. The real realness of water is not to be found in any of the scientist's complicated fictions about it.

Water is made of hydrogen and oxygen, two gases we know in a more familiar way by their initials, H and O. H and O combine to form water, H<sub>2</sub>O. We can also break H<sub>2</sub>O down and get back our H and our O. But water, the liquid, is very different indeed from either of these two colorless, odorless gases. Do those gases exist unchanged in water? If so, how? Science assumes that H and O do exist in elemental atomic form in water. But this is subterfuge.

Ordinary people who deal with reality in gross can not imagine these gases, hydrogen and oxygen, existing in the fluid water, at least in anything like the condition we meet them when they are alone and are colorless, odorless gases, quite imperceptible by any ordinary means. If they are true elements as gases and if these are the only elements that enter into combination to form chemical compounds like water, then, of course, the gases must somehow persist right in the water. Yet, while they are involved in that compound liquid, the gases can not be observed or perceived. Where have they gone? When were they real? At what time do they truly exist—as gases or as part of the liquid water?

Let us take a step further. We caught the chemist saying that H-O-H or H<sub>2</sub>O was water. Does he know that by observation? He does not. He is making an



assertion that goes definitely beyond the facts. Because he has not examined all the samples of water there are. Just recently indeed a new form of "heavy" water has been discovered that is not like ordinary water; it kills plants and fishes, for instance. It would be utterly impossible in finite time for any scientist to examine all possible samples of water. Only a very limited number have actually been observed. From these broad conclusions are drawn, but they rest ultimately in pious assumption. The scientist can say with truth that only so far as his experience goes water is  $H_2O$ .

A physicist indeed writes: "Now it is important to realize that this confidence in the consistency of nature is never justified in actual fact. No experiment ever gives precisely the result predicted by the law or laws which purport to describe it, and at times the discrepancy is very considerable. This, however, does not discourage the physicist, who is by nature an optimist. We must remember that though his business is to describe the world of experience, he does it by constructing a world all his own. This is what we may call the physical world. It should be called the physicist's world. It is the world where the physicist's laws never go wrong and never fail in their prognostications. I suppose we may say that it is his idea of heaven."

#### IV

That unreal, fictional world of science is very different from the world we know. It is a world of symbolic laws. It is a world also of theories. It is a world of quaint mathematical formulas. It is a world where strict determinism may be said to rule, but it does not always respect even the law of causality. Thus the kinetic theory of gases we find there would lead a physicist to

say that he could predict the conduct of a gas at large merely by calculating the position and velocity of each of its innumerable molecules at a given moment—something he obviously can not possibly do in reality. So he really falls back on statistics and, by ceasing to fix his attention on the individual molecules and their antics, he ignores the law of causality. His real difficulties occur always when he tries to make the transition from the physical world picture of fictional concepts to the world of ordinary experience and reality.

This explains why Eddington spoke of the scientist as fitting together a puzzle picture which today seems to reveal a piece of blue sky, tomorrow a sea with a boat floating on it, and a week later a parasol floating upside down. Yet the scientist is at all times enthusiastic and delighted. For he "guesses as to how the finished picture will work out," and that is a lot of fun. "He depends largely on these [guesses] in his search for other pieces to fit; but his guesses are modified from time to time by unexpected developments as the fitting proceeds. These revolutions of thought as to the final picture do not cause the scientist to lose faith in his handiwork, for he is aware that the completed portion is growing steadily," even if he has no clear idea what on earth it is going to be.

Therefore scientific observation has vanished into a puzzling haze of mathematical formulas. Years ago—possibly twenty—atoms were still the hard, real, massy particles known to Dalton. But they came to be composed of a hard centre or nucleus, with a flock of electrons circling madly round it like planets round a sun. But Bohr came along and forbade the single electron in the hydrogen atom to revolve in any other than four definite orbits he plotted out



for it. When it jumped from one to another of these orbits he commanded it to emit a quantum spurt of energy. But by 1925 the Bohr atom failed to account for certain fine lines seen in the hydrogen spectrum. The observed fact declared war on the pretty physical fiction and the scientists went back into their laboratories for more fairy tales.

Then they sent Heisenberg out to apply the new fictions to reality if he could. He pointed out that any theory of electron orbits went distinctly beyond the warrant of facts. He even said we could not see atoms. We could only observe what went into and what came out of atoms. We had no way on earth of telling what happened between times or of knowing what the atom really, truly was. All this business of orbits was a tale told by an idiot, a tissue of unconscious but unjustifiable assumptions founded in Newton's archaic dynamics. We must get away from all that. Thereupon Heisenberg cast down a theory of atomic structure expressed in terms of differential equations. He banished mere physical explanations from the room. He said: "Here are nice equations. Look at these, and forget reality."

Then came Schrodinger, intoxicated with de Broglie's theory of wave mechanics. He had a new fiction. According to his theory an electron was a particle and a wave all at the same time. Of course, in the world of experience nobody could conceive how anything could possibly be both a particle and a wave, all at the same time. That did not matter. Keep your eye on the equations and even this could happen. Quit thinking of an electron as an entity localized in space and time. It is a postulate in quantum mechanics. It is a mathematical formula. After all why shouldn't it be, if that is what science wants?

True enough, you can not calculate the position and the velocity of an electron simultaneously. If you try to determine its position it has already moved from where it was. To discover its velocity you must stop it in its mad flight, interrogate it, and you discover it no longer moves. A principle of uncertainty appeared, but it only appeared if you kept thinking about electrons as real things in space and in time. If you thought about them as horrifying mathematical equations, and quite unreal, they became very tractable and could easily be managed—on paper. It was not that Nature was a jade who prevented us from finding out what we wanted to know. It simply meant that if you set yourself impossible problems answers thereto can not be ascertained.

# V

So science erects ever newer fictions, tests them by experiment but, if the world of experience proves too crude and harsh, the scientist takes refuge in mathematics and forgets the world of reality. Sometimes, however, the facts tend to verify the theory. In 1844 Bessel announced that the enormous star Sirius described a very eccentric orbit. He had to do something about it. He could not assert at that distance that the star was drunk so he invented an invisible companion star. Of course he could not observe it but if it did exist it would account for the observed fact. Eighteen years passed.

Then Alvin Clark actually saw this previously invisible companion star of Sirius. It was very small, it seemed. It gave off only  $1/360$  as much light as does the sun. It was just red hot, so he assumed it was a dying star. But in 1914 Adams, with new instruments, discovered that the star was white hot, not



red hot. Then why did it emit so little light? Obviously because it really was very small, indeed about the size of our own earth. Then how could it kick Sirius off its orbit? For it would have to have a mass four-fifths that of our sun to do that, and that meant that a cubic inch of the material composing that star would weigh a ton.

By this time there existed a method for computing the density of even very distant stars. It was based on a part of Einstein's theory and Adams had resort to that. Sure enough the star was 2,000 times as dense as platinum. But how could it be that dense and still be composed of ordinary matter composed of ordinary atoms? Adams guessed it was composed of solid, hard, dense atom cores—"stripped atoms"—nuclei only, all the electrons gone off into space. Meanwhile the electrons had themselves become disembodied ghosts of near wave forms in four dimensional space-time, assumed sources and absorbers of radiation, and to be detected only in their intermittent moments of emitting energy. We had better leave the star before it turns into trigonometry.

Anyway we can measure with great exactitude. We can, can we? A recent scientific conference sought to convert inches into millimeters. It adopted as an accurate standard a conversion factor based on the assumption that one inch equals 25.4 millimeters. Is that exact? The old official ratio was one inch to 25.40005. But certain handbooks and tables gave a rounded value of one to 25.4001. The official British ratio is a thing of grandeur, being one to 25.399978. The last previously determined experimental value was one to 25.399956, so where did the British get that terminal "8"? Indeed the British value is one part in 1,000,000 below,

and the American official value two parts in 1,000,000 above the 25.4. Since 1930, however, British industry has used the ratio one to 25.4. But what is the really correct figure?

Who knows? How could any one find out? Instrumental refinements in measurement leave off somewhere, but mathematics, like Tennyson's celebrated brook, goes on forever. So far as our experimental evidence can inform us, with the aid of the most refined instruments of precision, there are no exact values for any of the "pointer readings" Eddington made so popular. One makes several readings of scales and averages them. But the average of ten or even 100 individual readings may not be the "correct" value for an experience in nature. The most exact measurements of the most refined instruments would lead us to conclude that there were no natural laws and no precise values. So far as we can determine experimentally there are simply values which vibrate around a given point and it is the mathematical average of those values, not the real value *per se*, that we regard as "right," at least so far as science is concerned.

## VI

The scientist deals constantly with provisional constructs of the imagination, with out-and-out fictions, and with partly verified hypotheses. He has in his laboratory certain ideal constructs, beautifully logical and capable of exact mathematical demonstration, but they never fit any reality of experience perfectly, and they can only predict future happenings in the real world by the law of mathematical averages. Very often the prediction is right with overwhelming probability, but it is always possible that it may not be fulfilled.



Consider the mathematician with his notions about perfect circles, absolutely straight lines, mathematical points without area, timeless instants, curved space, potential energy and so forth. Such fanciful inventions are often false to fact as we usually know fact. They are often self-contradictory. Yet they have proven extremely fruitful both in science and in reality. They have justified their existence by helping men to solve practical problems. But just why unreal, untrue, fictional ideas about things that can not be observed should promote our knowledge of truth and reality—even that we do not know.

We can not even insist with logic that our sensations give us knowledge of fact and reality. When we study an electron we observe merely a light or sound which it presumably produces under certain circumstances. When we hear any noise at all coming from a source gradually moving away from us, there always occurs a point at which we can not tell whether we hear the noise or not, whether it be that of a train or a trotting horse traveling away from us. The events of yesterday and the hoofbeats of the horse going down the road seem to have a certitude to our senses that diminishes successively in degree as time lapses or as distance increases.

But in strict logic there can be no middle ground between certainty and uncertainty. What real evidence can we produce when we do not know whether we are seeing or hearing something, or not? This evidence, then, is not inherent in the sense data, in the observed. Where then? It inheres in the beliefs we have about our sense data. We either believe that we do or that we do not hear the sound and that is all. So the scientist either believes he has or has

not observed the sensual evidence of the electron's existence.

The truth, scientific or otherwise, about anything then simply sets that thing in a pattern. The pattern in part consists in what we have previously believed to be true. The meaning of the truth is in part in that context—i.e. in whether the electron is a thing existing in time and space or a mere mathematical expression. We can give no final explanation of anything, but each partial explanation is, as far as it goes, closed and final. Each truth is absolute, within its limitations. What is true in a narrow system does not become false in a wide one but, given certain axioms and certain assumptions, specific conclusions follow inevitably from them. Any truth, scientific or otherwise, is relative. Change its ground and its environment and a different truth emerges.

The mere fact that something can not be observed directly does not remove it from the realm of contemplation and scientific study. Science has always dealt with what it could not observe and has woven fictions about such things. It will continue to do so. Thus arose the distinction between the world known by observation and the universe known only to reason. But science does not merely speculate and then fit facts into its theories. The observed facts themselves modify the theories. Science begins always with certain observed facts. From these it evolves fictions, theories, hypotheses and further propositions. It then returns to the facts to check up. Thereafter fiction and the unobserved come into play, and this curious process has given us a new world and has produced our modern concept of truth.



# Return of the Wilderness

BY JOHN A. PIQUET

*If today's population trends continue, twenty years from now  
great stretches of our country will look virtually as  
they did to the first explorers*

THE howling of wolves has been heard again in the State of New York! Old timers scratched their heads in amazement as they agreed that the last packs were seen in the late 'Seventies. Fifty animals, according to State Conservation Commissioner Lithgow Osborne, are ravaging the Adirondack counties, attacking farm hands and killing deer, sheep and other farm and wild animals. They have been identified as genuine timber wolves.

The return of wolves to the settled East for the first time in sixty years can not be laid to a particularly cold Canadian winter or lack of hunters. In this long period there have been colder winters and plenty of hunters, yet no wolves have been seen. Perhaps the explanation is that this large section of New York State is no longer well settled. It has been losing people for the last twenty years, while some of its counties have shown a steady loss in population since 1890. In tramping over the region for many years, I have seen abandoned farms or lumber camps in practically every mile of my journeys.

People are leaving not only this territory but also hundreds of others throughout the United States. Vast sec-

tions are being slowly depopulated. As man leaves, the trees and the brush and wilderness spring up again, the wild animals and birds increase. The blue heron is seen again in shallow waters near our Eastern cities. The great whooping crane, thought to be extinct for many years, has appeared in increasing numbers along the wide stretches of the Platte River in Nebraska. The rare wild turkey is being shot once more in the industrial State of Pennsylvania. Its numbers have increased rapidly since the importation a few years ago of a handful of birds from the South.

Beavers are multiplying so fast in Pike County in the same State that they are destroying thousands of dollars' worth of trees, and game laws may have to be lifted. The almost extinct bison—the American buffalos which roamed the plains by the millions as late as 1870—seems to be on the way back as American and Canadian parks report growing herds. In Canada a herd of 700 of these animals imported from Montana in 1907 have grown to 23,000 in number. Thousands have had to be given away or slaughtered.

The elk is also rare, but in Yellowstone National Park this great animal



now has increased to 14,000 in number. Predatory species of wild life, such as the great horned owl, hawks, crows, weasels, foxes, skunks, porcupines and raccoons, have more than held their own against the white man and his repeating rifle. Foxes were even discovered last summer in the cliffs adjacent to Union City, New Jersey, just across the river from the city of New York. Even the wild cat is reappearing. Deer and bear are more numerous today in the East than they were fifty years ago. Given a chance by the game laws, they have bred rapidly in the wilds and in large areas abandoned by farmers.

Even the Indians refuse to vanish. There are about 320,000 Indians in the United States today and their numbers have been increasing for several decades. The Grand Council of the dreaded Six Nations still meets in northern New York. In 1926 the St. Regis tribe of this group brought suit in the courts to recover lands in the Mohawk Valley which they claim were unjustly obtained in past times. These lands include the present city of Syracuse and are valued today at more than two billions of dollars. Although the suit was lost, Attorney-General Ottinger warned the public that it was the forerunner of others by the whole Six Nations group to recover their ancestral lands covering a major part of the State of New York. The Seminoles, relocated long ago by the Government from Florida to Oklahoma, are on the rampage. They demand more room for their growing numbers.

Wild animals are returning because the white man is leaving. More than two hundred million acres of timbered or cut-over lands that once heard the ring of the axe and the screech of the sawmill are now silent and de-

serted. Over these silent stretches the forest is growing again and wild life reappearing.

The white man is leaving not only lumbered regions but inhabited ones as well. That is the significant thing. Although the national population has increased almost thirty per cent in the last twenty years, vast sections of this country are losing people. In the first ten years of this period, out of a total of some three thousand counties, no less than 368 lost population. In the second ten years ending in 1930, 1,220 counties lost inhabitants. More than forty per cent of our counties are declining.

Abandoned farms, empty stores, dying towns are covering certain sections of the nation like wildfire. Over them the wilderness and the hoot owl literally reappear in all the profusion of pioneer times. Large sections of the nation are returning to a frontier state as the American people take up their belongings and move toward more favored spots. This time the march of the covered wagon is a grand retreat from a thousand isolated counties, an advance into a hundred sections near important cities and efficient living. The pioneer's grandson is returning to civilization.

The fact is that we have not enough people really to settle our vast domain. A nation has tried to cover a continent and failed. If our forty-eight States were as thickly settled as Europe, we would have six hundred million people. We have only a fifth of that number. Meanwhile our birth rate is falling and we insist on keeping immigrants out. We have attempted to conquer an endless wilderness with a handful of people. We have scattered them so thinly over vast distances that life is hard and poor and dull. Machinery has tripled food production per acre since pioneer



days; hence the majority can now live in cities or near them. The full advantages of city life and culture are still concentrated in a limited number of areas. It is toward these areas that the scattered millions are heading.

They are heading toward the industrial city regions that line our sea coast and the Great Lakes; toward important interior centres such as St. Louis and Pittsburgh; to Detroit and other automotive cities; to Tulsa and oil, and to the climate-blessed city regions in Florida and California. In the last decade three-fourths of the total population increase of the nation occurred in or within thirty miles of our ninety-three cities of over 100,000 population.

The pioneer's descendant was not plunging right back into the city, however. The cities grew, but the suburban territory surrounding them grew twice as fast. These suburban areas include not only residential or factory communities, but also outlying industrial or resort towns. Many of these places are small and surrounded with trees and fields and sunshine. Their inhabitants see on one side the central city with its jobs and markets and cultural life. On the other they look back into an open country of farms and forests and lake or shore, with its opportunities for recreation, motor drives, hunting and summer homes along wild vistas.

Thanks to the spread of good highways and electric power, the modern American can enjoy both the city and the growing wilderness at the same time. He lives in between them in a fresh air suburb or clean, open industrial town. He is getting more out of life in making money or enjoying its spending, because when a sufficient number of people are within reach of each other, as in these city regions,

the individual man or business has access to the greatest possible variety of jobs, markets, goods, amusements and education.

## II

As people recede toward the cities, the wilderness advances after them. Last summer I spent some time in northern Pennsylvania and south central New York. Here fifty years ago was one of the great lumbering regions of the world. Thousands of axes gleamed in the sunshine, hundreds of sawmills buzzed all day long, bark tanneries, furniture factories and thriving towns filled the scene. In these treasure-laden hills that gave John D. Rockefeller his first start was one of the bonanza oil and natural gas sections of the nation. The click of oil derricks was heard all throughout the upper region and long pipe lines were laid over the mountains to distant markets.

So ruthless was the exploitation of these resources, with no thought for the morrow, that by 1905 the trees were down, the game driven out, the best oil deposits exhausted and the region found itself on the downward path. For thirty years its population has been steadily declining and its sons and daughters have left for busier places.

From the highest point of the road I gazed over fifty miles of hills and valleys, saw hardly the smoke of a chimney rising from the splendid expanse. It was hard to realize that I was in the heart of the settled East. Yet that morning I had driven for a hundred miles without seeing anything but scattered farms and a few small towns. The next afternoon I journeyed through seventy miles of once busy hill country and saw only eight houses. The only hamlet I struck was unique in that the



three families there assured me that they saw more airplanes than automobiles. The main air mail route to the West passes directly over the place.

People were scarce but nothing else was. I came across small herds of deer along the road, hawks and crows aplenty, a woodchuck who scurried into the brush and pheasants in the woods almost alongside my car. A resident stated that bear and wildcat, foxes and raccoons were growing in number. The hills seemed to be once more growing up with thickening stands of pine and hardwoods. The lady's-slipper and other uncommon flowers and ferns bloomed under the trees of the steep hillsides. In some of the fertile valleys herds of cows were grazing. Even new deposits of natural gas have been discovered.

In this paradise of resources a greatly reduced population exists on general and dairy farming and a few wood and miscellaneous industries. But the population is still declining. The region is centrally located between New York and Chicago, and Pennsylvania Pullman trains thunder over its hundred and fifty miles of forest and valley and plain, but it remains the victim of the stark fact that we have not enough population in this country to settle all the choice spots that cry to be used.

Meanwhile the wilderness returns rapidly to these hills and valleys over which the Indian once roamed. The region is becoming one of the great hunting and recreational sections of the East. Its vast depths now easily absorb the motorist and the huntsman.

A hundred miles further east I began climbing over those long ranges which are known as the "coal regions." In the three counties that sprawl over these hills is found all the anthracite coal mined in the United States. Descend-

ing steeply into the typical narrow valley with its small coal town, I noticed the long row of stores—most of them empty.

"Why have you such a long main street here when most of the stores are empty?" I asked my host in the local lunchwagon.

"This town," he replied, "has existed because of coal and coal only. If you had come here six years ago you would have seen almost every store busy and happy. Five thousand people milled around this street every Saturday night. From mines for miles around on every side streams of workers and their families came here to spend their weekly pay. Fourteen thousand of them lived right here in town. But even before the depression, long before in fact, the coal business was going down. Oil burners and apartment houses and more efficient burning of coal have cut down its consumption in homes and industry. We have less population now than we had in 1920."

I could not help thinking then of the even more dramatic story of bituminous coal. The War and boom created a sudden demand for additional supplies. Capitalists and their engineers swarmed through the mountains of Kentucky and West Virginia and Pennsylvania and the fields of southern Illinois. A multitude of new mines were opened. Rampant overproduction ensued. The quick prosperity died down within a decade. A hundred towns full of new homes, stores, hotels and movie palaces found themselves in difficulties. Mines have been closed in so many places, many permanently, that the workers are streaming back into the nearby hills from which they came, while even greater numbers of foreign-born workers and their families depend on poor



relief or work small gardens in the outskirts of towns.

Located in the long, lonely stretches of the Appalachians, most of these coal towns—anthracite or bituminous—are after all merely outposts in a wilderness of rock and forest in which the bear and the deer still roam as in Indian days. Once a mine is abandoned or long idle, the outpost is cut off from civilization, people leave, and the wilderness soon closes over the mine-pits and decaying homes.

Indefatigable nature has in fact swallowed up thousands of small towns in the history of our country. Not only lumbering and mining hamlets, but also the sites of once busy grist mills, woolen mills, blast furnaces, woodworking plants and other industrial or farm-trading enterprises are now inhabited only by trees, brush and wild game. The iron furnaces of the now largely extinct Eastern iron and steel industry of pre-Civil War days can be seen today, still standing in all their loneliness in New York and New Jersey and New England. The once prosperous iron section whose furnace flares were seen up and down a hundred mile section in Eastern Pennsylvania has been declining for years. Often I have scrambled through weeds and young trees over more than one of the mine-pits, while nearby the furnaces and foundries are crumbling away.

### III

The returning wilderness finds its greatest friend in the deserted farm. Ever since the Government gave away a Middle Western empire of flat, fertile, easily worked land to Civil War veterans and succeeding generations, their competition, sharpened by the machinery which they could more easily

use, put thousands of Eastern farms out of business. In the last decade alone, land in farms east of the Mississippi River decreased by 34,000,000 acres.

The South accounted for twenty millions of these acres of deserted farms. The wilderness does not have to return to this great section that ranges from the Potomac River for a thousand miles down to the Gulf of Mexico. It has never really left it. Here is an area twice as large as the Northeast between New York and Chicago, but with only half its inhabitants. Man is four times scarcer down South than he is up North. And in these sunny stretches the growing season is longer and Nature more prolific. God can make a Northern tree in thirty years, but down South He takes only fifteen long summers!

A majority of Southern farmers are poor. Only one in twenty, on the average, has electric light, radio or telephone. The ratio is more nearly eight in twenty elsewhere. Several million white and Negro farmers do not own their own land but rent it or farm it on shares. They are usually in debt to local business men who sell them supplies or buy the crop at their own price. These conditions led to a vast exodus in the War and boom era. So many farmers went to the cities of the North and South that county after county shows actual loss in population, and most of them lost in rural numbers. In the South Atlantic States alone in the last decade there was half a million less farm population and a million and a third more in the cities and towns.

The eight hundred mile stretch of Southern Appalachians also showed large losses as mountain farmers and their families trekked down to growing industrial towns in the Carolinas and other States with their furniture, to-



tabacco and cotton goods industries. In these still forested hills, along the coastal plains, over the deserted clearings once staked out by plantation kings, the lush verdure of the South bourgeons rapidly as Southern population concentrates more and more within automobile distance of the string of growing cities and towns.

The Middle West also feels the force of rural decline. The group of States immediately west of the Mississippi grow the bulk of our corn, hogs, wheat, cattle and other staples. This famed "Breadbasket of the World" showed the smallest population increase—only five per cent—of any section in the last census decade. It has been steadily declining from a twenty-eight per cent increase in 1910.

The climate on these treeless plains is a rigorous one. My great-uncle went to Kansas in 1890. His crop was eaten up by locusts. Moving to Oklahoma he was blown out by a cyclone. In North Dakota he was frozen up and in Montana the drought parched his crops. He finally settled in Oregon of salubrious climate. Any or all of these contingencies are liable to happen to farmers in the Breadbasket. In addition, they produce surpluses which must be marketed abroad against the competition of newer lands with cheaper soil and labor. The section also suffers from lack of industrial development which would provide nearby industrial populations to cut distribution costs both ways. Finally the machine methods on these farms have increased the yield per acre 300 per cent.

The result is not only poverty for the many but also outright abandonment of farm lands by foreclosure, flight, unpaid taxes and the migration of the new generations to city jobs and amusements

and of older folks to Mid-Western county seats or such places as California or Florida. The 1930 census showed that 533,000 people born in the purely farm State of Iowa are now living elsewhere. At least twenty million acres in these States are being held idle under the Government crop reduction programme—they represent profitless acres, possibly permanently so. A considerable section in the western part of the region is classed as poor soil and the Government has announced its intention of gradually moving farmers off it to better lands. If the trend of the last thirty years continues, large areas in these States will revert to wilderness. The surplus bison in our national parks may be placed in these areas where their rapid breeding will have plenty of range to feed on. We may therefore see the great plains shake once again beneath the tread of the thundering herd.

The United States Forest Service in its 1933 report announces that plans are under way to increase the present 162,000,000 acres of national forest by 233,000,000 acres. These include some 55,000,000 acres of abandoned farm lands and vast areas of cut-over or timbered regions, all of which are to be reforested—because man has left them. If we add some of the 50,000,000 acres of poor soil that the Government will move farmers from, and some of the unknown total of millions of acres of deserted farms everywhere which are already growing stands of new forest, we find that more than 500,000,000 acres are destined for permanent wilderness! This represents more than one-fourth of our whole land area.

But this is only the official wilderness. When we consider that the small and thickly settled State of New Jersey is



about one-half sparsely settled pine barrens, forested hills and abandoned farms, that Pennsylvania has a two hundred mile stretch of mountain loneliness in its very midst, that north of Boston New England has far more wilderness than farms or towns, we get some idea of how small a dent the white man has made even in the original colonial States. With this condition extended over the rest of the nation, where population per square mile is far less, it is obvious that the wilderness never has left much of our land area.

## IV

With large sections of the United States returning to wilderness because people are going to big cities or near them, a new problem arises. It is true that our metropolitan regions combine many advantages in their wider choice of jobs or methods of making money, their myriad ways of enjoying the latest amusements, education, shopping and culture. But we have not learned how to handle these masses of people crowding together in city regions. Even in prosperous times the working classes particularly can not afford to live in the sunshine suburbs—they are jammed in bad housing or in apartment house districts unsatisfactory for the raising of children. When unemployment comes, the industrial worker or white-collar employe finds the situation desperate indeed. He has no other source of income but his job, and he must pay city prices for everything that he needs.

City life has another handicap. We are beginning to find out that the businesses that distribute or handle wealth, rather than those that directly produce it on farm and factory, are overcrowded. There are too many small storekeepers, too many real estate firms, too many

lawyers and doctors, too many lunch-rooms, gasoline stations, and what not. The building boom encouraged too many people to become contractors or building trades employes. We had too many banks until the depression cleared them out. In the case of funeral directors, authorities advise me that half of the two thousand such firms in New York City could handle all the funerals, and at lower prices to customers, higher wages to help and better or steadier profits to owners. The moral is that the best results for all concerned are obtained by a reasonable number of strong firms rather than a vast assemblage of firms few of which get enough business to operate satisfactorily. Not only the depression, but stricter examination by banks and suppliers of materials and equipment in extending credit are weeding out many of these surplus firms. Meanwhile large numbers of employes and individual owners are no longer needed and are looking for jobs. While many of these will be reëmployed upon recovery of business, the fact remains that many will not be needed again in crowded lines of business. This is true not only because the businesses are crowded, but also because since 1923 the rate of increase of our national population has been falling rapidly. Experts forecast a stationary population of from 160,000,000 to 190,000,000 within sixty years' time. For these various reasons, millions of city and suburban people must look either for brand-new occupations such as television or air-conditioning, which are limited, or realize that they must get back to the source of all wealth—the land.

Dayton, Ohio, found itself last year with 50,000 people dependent upon relief, or one-fourth of its 200,000 population. Previously a considerable number



of the unemployed had drifted back to farms within one or two hundred miles from which they had come in boom days. But the majority had no farms to go back to. Therefore Dayton people have started a planned farm colony on a tract of 160 acres, where thirty-five families coöperate to build individual homes themselves, and receive loans to finance building materials, garden tools, livestock and other necessities. These loans were made first by a fund raised by Dayton people of means, and later through a Government loan extended to the colony by the Subsistence Farms Division. The individuals of the colony earn as much as they can in the nearby city—for the tract is located conveniently close to Dayton—and when they can't earn at city work they have three acres each on which a family may raise considerable food, while being able to use the grazing commons of the colony for their livestock. In addition, there is a community workshop where bread, shoes, weaving and other primary necessities may be had at low cost. This plan in essence represents the method now being undertaken by the Government to establish part city occupation, part farming operation colonies in various city regions where unemployment is most acute. One has been located near New York City to attract unemployed garment workers, and another in West Virginia for surplus coal miners, and others will handle city labor generally—both manual and brain workers.

This sort of back-to-the-land movement is merely doing in a systematic and superior manner what several hundred thousand city workers have been doing individually for many years. Go along the country roads within ten miles of the industrial city of Paterson, New Jersey, and you will find many people

who have bought old or deserted farms, or are living in villages where rent is cheap and land plenty. These people work in Paterson, in stores, silk mills, garages. When work is scarce, they simply stay home where their cost of living is low. Most of them have a good-sized garden. Many have a cow, or chickens, pigs or goats. There are fruit trees, and more than one vineyard. A considerable number burn wood, obtained without cash outlay from the nearby forest. They have one foot in the soil and one foot in the nearby city. The only difference between this sort of existence and the Dayton or Government subsistence farm projects is that the first is a meagre, individualistic life while the latter are planned, adequately financed colonies where there is only slightly less individual liberty and a great deal more of economic results and sociability.

We must note that both these classes of people are not diving off into old-style farming. They are remaining within convenient touch of the city's great opportunities for full or part-time work and cultural pursuits—and particularly within reach of city conveniences—electric power and light, telephone, good roads, the daily newspaper. Neither do they have to worry about selling farm produce to distant markets through endless miles of middlemen and uncertain prices. They produce largely for their own consumption, and market the few extra eggs, pigs, apples, grapes, flowers, etc., direct to the ultimate users in the nearby city.

A third class of back-to-the-landers are some three millions of city folk who have returned to their relatives or parents on regular farms. In 1930 near Rochester I met a number of these returning to the old homestead. In 1931 I met other groups leaving Allentown,



Pennsylvania, for nearby farms. Government surveys of farm folk in cities show that the majority come from within fifty miles' distance. From this fact and my conversations with the above groups I have drawn the conclusion that the majority of those returning to the land are those who came from farms not far from city regions. In other words, we have no facts to show that any considerable number are going to isolated rural sections or to distinctively farming regions with few cities. Most of our three million have returned to farms or farm relatives within convenient reach of cities.

A fourth movement is the substantial increase in purchase of farms or rural land for summer or recreational purposes. The farm real estate agencies report extensive sales of this sort—and most of these are within one hundred miles of the larger cities and within thirty miles of smaller centres.

Every indication we have, then, shows that our back-to-the-land movement is finding locations within convenient reach of important cities. That is logical, for when land can be obtained at a reasonable price near markets and conveniences, why go farther out, or why stay in isolated sections? The Government, in fact, has set out gradually to move struggling farmers off 50,000,000 acres of farms of poor soil or isolated location and get them to better areas. These areas are stated to be on the western border of the great plains, along the edges of the Great Lakes in Michigan and Minnesota and other States, in the Southern Appalachians, and in a great many parts of the marshy

coastal plain of the Southeastern States.

We do not have to predict the return of the wilderness, for, as we have indicated in the South and West, it has never really left those vast sections where man is still much scarcer than forests or plains. In the North and East we see large and small wildernesses within an hour or two by motor of great cities. The settlers who once invaded them to establish rough clearings have been succeeded by descendants who long since deserted them to move to the cities or to farms more convenient to the main routes of travel.

If we draw a circle of one hundred miles' radius around each of our ninety-three large cities of 100,000 population or more, we can get a pretty accurate idea of where most of the people and farms will be in another twenty years. The vast areas outside of those circles will resemble the wilderness very largely as LaSalle and Lewis and Clarke first found it when they plumbed the great interior. Connecting highways between metropolitan regions and the speedy airplane will enable our people to dive into the great forests and untenanted plains for recreation and hunting and blowing off steam. The wilderness will also serve as a reservoir for natural resources.

Perhaps the next generation, living within a few hours of these great and fascinating wilds filled with game and roaming bison and elk, will recover something of that closeness to nature and open-air way of living which bred self-reliance in our ancestors and faith in the Creator of so wonderful a continent.





# Solid for Handsome Dave

BY J. T. SALTER

*A Negro politician in Philadelphia demonstrates the humble workings of democracy*

“**B**UT, Miss Mertzy, why d’you suppose I gave you the necklace?” This most natural question is found under a brilliant Peter Arno cartoon that appeared in the *New Yorker*. An irate though lovely lady, wearing a necklace of precious jewels, is about to smash a vase on an amazed society man who has just attempted to embrace her—the fair recipient of his earlier gift. He could not foresee a human nature so flexible that it would take a gentleman’s diamond, but refuse his caress. If I were a Peter Arno I would do another cartoon suggested by recent talks with life-long politicians in Philadelphia. Many of these career men in politics are not only worried at the sight of 180,000 voters registering Democratic in a city that has not elected a Democratic mayor since 1880, when Samuel G. King was chosen, but they are surprised and personally grieved to discover constituents to whom they had given tangible aid and comfort in the past enrolled under the Democratic banner now. And although this feeling of disappointment is general throughout the ranks of the organization, it is found in its purest form among the leaders of the Afro-Americans.

Take the case of Handsome Dave

Nelson. If Dave were not so big and substantial he might be a dandy. He is forty-five and looks younger. He is more than six feet tall and his carriage is good. There is a perceptible curve in front but no paunch. His clothes are tailored and he favors a dark brown suit with a herringbone stripe, with a fresh carnation in his lapel. (This carnation, like the big diamond on his left hand, is a badge of identity and is part of the man, just as Senator Salus’s unlighted cigarette or Charlie Chaplin’s mustache belong to these men.) His black pointed Oxfords never need a polish—an Italian bootblack in City Hall gives them a shine every morning—or noon, rather—when Dave appears there. His features are regular; his skin is ebony and his hair is black. His face is large and full; his even white teeth glisten when he smiles, and he smiles easily and often. Dave is an Elk, and while the bases of the strength of many politicians—particularly colored ones—are their lodge affiliations and their churches, it is not thus with Mr. Nelson. He is a Methodist, but in no sense a pillar of the church—not even a flying buttress. He says, “I don’t go to church often, but neither do my people.”

One day when I saw him he had a



puzzled, questioning look on his face. "A fellow came to me two years ago. He had consumption; he wanted to go to a hospital at Hamburg, Pennsylvania, but he couldn't get in. There was a waiting list. He tried for six months and then when he was pretty weak he came to me. I worked through Joe Blake (his assemblyman) and got him right in. He was there a full year and came back stronger than I am. He said, 'Mr. Nelson, I'll never forget you.' Last week he registered Democratic. There are four in the family too. I saw him when he registered Democratic—he looked the other way. Hell, the only thing he could do for me was to register right; the only reason I did the favor was to get his vote."

However, all of Dave's people are not consumptive; a winning majority have either gratitude or vision. Even the sleepy constituents heard the story of the number writer who, when asked how he was going to vote in 1932, told Dave he was voting for Roosevelt. Dave didn't argue, but a week later the writer was arrested for selling numbers (gambling slips). He called Dave on the telephone and begged for help. Dave calmly told him to get Roosevelt to speak to the Magistrate in the case. "I help only Republicans." And this may explain why more than 700 of Dave's constituents registered Republican and less than 100 Democratic, even in 1933. The great majority of the people in this division are colored, but Dave serves them all—both black and white. "I always say 'Hello' to my neighbors and friends." (All of the people living in his division are neighbors, and he probably has as many friends in City Hall as any division leader in Philadelphia.) He makes friends easily and when he is seen once,

he is never forgotten. He is an Emperor Jones in ward politics. His friends are part of the dividends that life pays him, and he works hard to maintain his prestige. He is so accommodating and so sure to produce results in a magistrate's court or a police station that sometimes voters from other divisions that feel skeptical of the ability of their own leader come to him. This activity on his part in behalf of individuals in distress that live outside of his own precincts has won him the title of "the National Committeeman." His colleagues protest against this extra-division activity, for they feel that it might undermine their own leadership. Dave says that all he is trying to do is to help the voter. To make this help certain he has a bell the size of a saucer rigged up beside his bed on the second floor. "When I go to bed I go to sleep and I could never hear the little bell downstairs. I got one now that wakes me up."

Saturday nights and Sundays are the busiest for Dave; every week-end fifteen or sixteen people come to get him to intercede for them—to say the one word to the politicians' tribune of justice, the magistrate. "I often get up at two or three in the morning to help get some one out of jail. In fact, I have to get up at this hour so regularly on Saturday nights that I never go to bed until three."

## II

Politics is Dave's first concern, and dancing is his second love. He is a champion waltzer. He has won many prizes for the skill with which he and his lady waltz. He also used to give dances and dancing lessons. Now he is a mere devotee, but still ardent. He is not married; and when he goes to a



dance, a problem is sure to arise. "I take my girl. The lady at the door says, 'There is a telephone call for you, Mr. Nelson.' The calls come so often that my girl gets sore." But although these interruptions are annoying, they are not serious, for Dave has a way with women.

Mr. Nelson's parents were born in South Carolina. He was born in the xyz ward and lived there until he was twenty. Since then he has been living in his present ward. He is an only child; his father is dead and he lives with his mother. They live in a small frame two-story house on a corner. The outward appearance of the house is not markedly different from that of many of the others that line the narrow mean street that it faces—a street alive with colored people on a summer day—people squatting on their steps, or leaning out of an open window talking to some one in the street, or just gazing. The houses are forlorn-looking, but the men, women and children are not. As they lounge and sprawl and play about, they look contented and happy. Mr. Nelson gets countless greetings as he swings down the small street of his domain. (The great majority of these constituents are colored, but there are eighty Jewish people in the division.) "All of them are for me!" says Dave, but, as an afterthought, "Woman suffrage makes politics different. In the past a man beat his wife and I would get him out. It made no difference about who was right. Now you got to keep the friendship of both. You must use your head to know who to help." It may be the record he has made or it may be his buoyant spirit, but even in these 1934 days when the NRA is knocking over leaders of more independent areas, Dave confidently expresses the conviction,

"I'll never be beaten—not by human man or this inhuman NRA."

Nor do I speak lightly of Dave's claim. His ward is one of the first twenty; their tradition for voting regular is a great one. They are the party's finest. The late leader of the tenth ward, Sunny Jim McNichol once spoke for leaders and followers alike when he said, "A political party is like a great big family where leaders look after the wants of every member of the party like a father does his family. The members of a reform party never come around to do anything after election time."

Voting in this ward is more than a mere political act; it is hedged about with many of the social amenities. The ward is divided into divisions—there are two leaders or committeemen elected by the party voters in each division every two years. In a recent primary one of the division leaders distributed among his voters—both colored and white—a load of fish. Later in the day when these voters, many of them thirsty, came to the polls, they were provided with a drink. The vote that day was nearly unanimous. Regardless of race or creed, the voters in a slum ward think kindly of the politician who is thoughtful about the little things in life. It was the same in the old days; and yet, according to one division leader "emeritus," it was different, too. In a long conversation at the historic ward club he told me, "In the old days we would go to saloons and get delegates. No vote-buying—just a matter of treating. Today you have a class of people around here that are nothing. Vote-buying goes back to the Vare-Earle (1911) fight. Of course there are hangers-on that have always wanted money—but today it is almost a fixed



thing that people want money. There are some very nice people in this ward to whom money would be an insult, but the majority must be paid." Later he added, "This ward has changed a lot. You know, people that lived here long ago thought it was wrong to take money for their vote. They thought it was bribery." "What do they think it is now?" I asked. "They think it is their duty to take money," was his laconic reply.

Dave, however, says that he frowns on vote-buying, and he is trying to get his people away from this practice, though fighting against the customs of a neighborhood is uphill work. Dave's own position on this subject of vote-buying with cash might be best described by quoting a recent conversation with his old friend, Tom Gibson. Tom said, "I once took my coat and vest off to pay a fine, but I don't like to pay them for votes. But you can't catch flies with vinegar. I say to them, 'If you ask me for two dollars or whatever you get for your vote, all right, I'll pay you. But then you are paid up, and then you can't come around during the year for help.'" Mr. Gibson emphasized this point. He preferred to serve the voter, but if the voter demanded cash, he could have cash. However, he couldn't have both.

"Suppose the man is paid for his vote and then in three months or so, he gets locked up and sends for you?" I asked. "Well," answered Tom, "I get him out of the station house. Then a year later, election comes around again, and he is very hard up and must be paid. So I give him the cash at the next election too. But," and here he opened his eyes wide and looked at me before proceeding, "then he gets locked up again and sends for me. *This time I use*

*my judgment.* I tell them they can't have both."

## III

One day I met Dave as he was walking, in his rather lordly fashion, in the south corridor of the first floor of City Hall. He stopped to chat, but a car was circling City Hall waiting for him. One of his people was being held in a police station because his home had been raided, and liquor had been found; he had been arrested, and now Dave was going to obtain his release with a "copy of the charge," signed by a magistrate. He asked me to go along with him; we stopped long enough at the south entrance to buy a new carnation and discard the old one. A young colored boy, the son of the victim, was driving the car—an old Ford for which Dave apologized at great length.

At the station house Dave cheerfully spoke to the officers; the prisoner was turned over to him. All four of us drove around the corner to the shack-like structure in which the man lived. The prisoner and his political leader went inside of the house for the final arrangements. While I was alone in the car three small colored children—all under six years of age—amused themselves by climbing into the front seat and sounding the horn.

When Dave appeared we walked to his own home, just three doors away. The house in which he lives is nondescript outwardly, but pleasing inside. There are four over-stuffed chairs in the front room, which is long and narrow. There is also a sofa, and there are three huge photographs in ornate frames hanging on the walls—two are likenesses of ancestors, and one of Paul Robeson.

Dave's mother, a surprisingly young-



looking woman, was sitting in a chair by the window as we entered. She is a fluent talker, and spoke with gusto about the number of people in distress who called to see her son. "They come after we have gone to bed, too, and I got to wake Dave." (Presumably before the advent of the great bell.) She walked to a room in the rear. After she had gone, Dave, comfortably seated in a morris chair and smoking a fine cigar, smiled broadly and said, "You ought to see Maizie Bilkins! She is a terror, but she is a friend of mine. She used to be a school teacher in New York. She sure can write wonderful when she is sober. I wish that I could write a hand like hers. Now she gets drunk for days at a time. When she gets arrested for raising Cain, I speak to the magistrate. She comes here a lot—she is either singing or crying or shouting. She's got an awful tongue. She tells it to them, no matter who! Maizie don't live any place—she just hangs around; she tells me what people say about me. If any opposition starts, I know it right soon. She is the best party worker I got—some people tell you one thing to your face, but they have a different story when you aren't there."

Dave has been in politics—(which, in his case, is a combination of low finance, Salvation Army work and station house fixing)—for twenty-four years. He has always been popular, and after being in the ward less than a year, he "took a hand" in the game of kings and gangsters. He was asked to help out in a primary, and has been helping out ever since. (His friends helped him then, and they are the core of his strength now.) He sold newspapers while he was finishing grammar school. Next he operated an elevator, and then, for six years, he was an office boy for a State

senator. After that he worked for the Pennsylvania Railroad. But for the last ten years he has been on the public payroll; his official work is not arduous—keeping ledgers in order—and his hours are not long. His official salary is \$2,000, and he sometimes receives silver or gold from appreciative persons whom he has helped. The merit system that his job is under is a grueling one; it is the organization's own. His examinations come in the form of a direct primary and election, twice a year. So long as he passes these—carries his division—his job is safe, budget-pruners, delinquent taxes and the depression notwithstanding. But to pass these political tests he must nurse his constituency along nearly every day in the year. (When he is at the shore in the summer, he frequently comes home; and a young lieutenant takes care of his political work in the interims.)

On this day, at his home he told me that he had helped four people within the last twenty-four hours. (1) He had secured the liberation of the man referred to above. (2) Two men and a woman, one a voter in the division, had been arrested for fighting on the street. (3) One of Dave's constituents had not received the life insurance carried by a brother who had recently died. (4) One far-sighted colored voter, seeing that a primary was only four days away and that his coal bin was empty, wanted Dave to assure him that he would have coal in time. Dave didn't do anything definite about this, and laughed when he explained the man's request. These last twenty-four hours had brought less than the usual number of requests. The day before he had served ten individuals. In answer to another question, Dave emphatically said that eighty per cent of his political work consisted of station-



house cases. He sighed for the early days "when we could get jobs for everybody. We had a job in every house or so, and nobody was against us. Today the people fret around more." I well remember the answer that Dave's political mentor, Tom Gibson, gave to this question about service to voters when I asked him what other things he did for them. "There ain't nothing else. I don't know anything more you can do for a person than to feed them, buy them clothes, pay their rent, and bury them when they die. No sir, there ain't nothing else."

The subject changed; he commented on the difference between the problem confronting him and the leader of a West Philadelphia division. "Many of the people out there are home owners; here few own their homes, and my people are always on the move—here today and gone tomorrow! Then, my people do not have much education along this line. Some of them think that they are voting when they go to register. They say, 'Vote again! I just voted!' when they've only registered." Dave repeated a remark he had made good-naturedly to some leaders of independent districts who are holding nice jobs at City Hall. "Gee, you fellows get away with murder! You don't have to get anybody out of jail, or get jobs, or give away quarters!" (To vote in Philadelphia, one must be a property owner or pay twenty-five cents for a poll tax. In certain wards, including Dave's, this poll tax is paid by the committeemen. He would not permit a mere quarter to stand between him and a vote. Paying for poll taxes is one of the customs of the neighborhood.) But when I reminded him that he could carry his division in his vest pocket because his constituents had compelling wants, and

he satisfied them, he agreed. A ward committeeman is the prototype of his people, and Dave is a tower of strength in his own community where the people have desires and ambitions similar to his own, even though he would find himself altogether an outsider and of no importance in many districts of Germantown or West Philadelphia.

#### IV

Dave was active in politics for sixteen years before he was elected to his ward committee. Finally, however, the Negroes increased in such degree that he felt—and mentioned the idea to some of his friends—that they ought to have representation on the ward committee. He had many white friends too. One of them was the son of one of the two men on the committee. The father was old, about ready to retire. The son said, "I will help you if you promise to help me two years from now." The son worked for him and Dave won by four votes. (However, one of Dave's colored politician friends from a neighboring ward took a hand. He got Dave a watcher's certificate and Dave kept his eye on the ballot box until the votes were counted. Now there are a number of colored committeemen in this ward, but Dave was the first to break the ice.) At the next election, both the son of the former committeeman and Dave campaigned for office and both were elected. Since that time his ticket has never been defeated in the division.

Whenever vice—gambling, women, liquor—is strongly entrenched in a ward, election money is plentiful. A few years ago \$1,200 was spent in the division to beat Dave and his ward leader. Dave told his friends to take the money—which they did—and "stay with us." The opposition received sev-



enty-two votes and Dave won with 330.

One of his workers in this contest was Dr. Trunker, "a fake doctor, goodest bull-shooter in the world. He got \$250 to help the other side. He went around to every house in the neighborhood with a leader of the opposition. The leader would say why he was against me—the old colored doctor would agree to it, and then he would say to the people in the house as he was following the leader out, 'Don't pay any attention to that stuff'—and then to his employer—'Come on, let's go next door.' Every night he would put a note under my door telling me who was against me.

"Then there was a colored minister. He came to my mother and said, 'Mrs. Nelson, they want me to go against your son. I would rather cut my arm off than go against him. Give me a dollar for my church.'

"I saw him with the opposition. He whispered, 'Don't pay any attention to what you hear.'

"Later I called him a 'dirty crook.' The leader Judson heard me. He said to the minister, 'That don't sound so good. You are a man of God. Why don't you have him locked up for slander?'

"I said, 'Ask him about the time I got him out of jail.'

"'Did he get you out for stealing?'

"'No, not exactly that,' the minister said. 'Six years ago I was in the park. A man near me said that he was robbed, and said I was doing it, but I was innocent as a lamb. But I was locked up, and Dave got me out.'

"'Oh hell!' Judson said, 'You can't sue him for slander then!'

Once in the midst of this long conversation at Dave's home, he laughed more loudly than usual, though whenever he

tells about his experiences in politics, he laughs. "There used to be a Democratic leader in the division. He was the honestest fellow I know. You couldn't hire him for a million dollars. One day as his son came in to vote with a Democratic sample ballot that his father had given him, I quickly put a Republican ballot in its place. But the son discovered the trick before he went into the polling booth. He said, 'Father, I got a Republican ballot.' His father shouted at me, 'You dirty thief—you black scoundrel!' He was very mad but I only laughed. He was a good white fellow—I spent a couple of days getting somebody to get a mortgage for him, but he always worked against me until he moved."

# V

To many of the people in Dave's neighborhood he is the good shepherd; he is the welfare worker without red tape, condescension, or scientific knowledge; he is a part-time employment agency; he is a fixer, an adjuster; a buffer that stands between the citizen and his government; he is an information bureau about things political; he is a dramatization of the unseen environment—the Constitution, laws and public officials; in a very real sense he is the most vital aspect of democracy that many of his people will ever know.

In his own eyes, he is a leader of men. So far as a controlling number of his constituents are concerned, his word means more than that of the President of the United States or the mayor of Philadelphia. He is the *de facto* leader of the democratic process in his bailiwick. This leadership, however, is one-sided. Dave is dependent on word from the ward boss as to where to lead, just as his voters rely on him in order to




know where to follow. Dave does not argue and exchange views with the ward leader in order to frame a more perfect ticket; and his ward leader in turn is not consulted by Senator Vare when the latter prepares an organization slate.

One may ask, "What of public opinion?" What indeed. The Dave Nelsons hold their division leaderships because they have no opinions on public questions. To think and to hold opinions—as posited by democratic theory—would lead to friction and destroy the oligarchy. Dave has given a lifetime of labor to the building of his leadership; he has the artist's love of his work. Risk all of this for a free expression of opinion? Never. And his people would not think of asking that of him. He is their leader because of the service he gives them. Service is the thing that pricks the attention of the citizen, whether he is black or white, Jew or Gentile, Italian or Puritan; the maxim long ago expressed by Ed Vare, "You take care of your people, and your people will take care of you," still holds. "Service to the voter" is the platform that all powerful committeemen stand on. In this basic connection, the Negroes are the same as any one else. A colored voter without a job, or lodged in a station-house cell, will necessarily have a different want from that felt by the Pennsylvania Railroad or the Mellon interests, but both will vote for the politician that is able to satisfy that want. And these wants are created by economic conditions, not by skin-color, nationality, or religion,

though these secondary factors often determine the personnel of the ward committee. When the colored people outnumbered the whites in Dave's division, he was elected to the ward committee; he was one of them and had served them. If the Jewish or Italian people were predominant in this neighborhood, then a Jew or an Italian would have been selected as the servant of the people. Other factors may and do affect the outcome of single elections, but those leaders that wear the purple ten, twenty, thirty and more years are there because they are typical of their people and because they serve. Race is one compelling factor and service is another.

As for Handsome Dave's part in the formulation of public opinion, it is similar to the action of neutralizers in chemistry, or of insulators in electricity. He is himself a neutralizer; he does not contribute in any positive way to a rational discussion of public questions, or help make a social judgment, even in these bitter days of depression. And in the last election Dave carried his division by more than two to one, although the Republican organization candidates in the city at large suffered an overwhelming defeat—their greatest defeat since the "Revolution of 1905" and probably the most complete repudiation experienced in seventy-three years. Dave maintained the *status quo* in his bailiwick because he effectively served as a black herring or an insulator, and thereby cut off the currents of opinion and discussion that were agitating the public mind in the outer world.





# A Comedy of Capitals

BY IGNATIUS PHAYRE

*A disgruntled and bewildered group of diplomats are searching in vain for the capital city of China; where is it?*

“CHASING the Government” has ceased to be a sport or a legation jest in the stupendous dis-United States which we still call China. Just *where* is sprawling China’s “Washington” to be located today, so that a complete Government may be consulted at any given time?

Nobody can answer this as yet. And millions of foreign money will be involved in the wholesale transfer of diplomatic establishments which is assuredly in prospect. Certain it is, the “capital” will not return to that fantastic town of the North (of gorgeous and tragic memories!), so long as a conquering Japan holds the strategic line of the Great Wall, only a few hours by motor from Peiping’s gloomy gates.

Never, surely, was the human machinery of a mighty state—the world’s richest potential market—so elusive and hard to pin down for a collective interview. After the military collapse in Jehol, China’s Government was found huddling in railroad cars; these stood in the derelict station of a provincial town, well to the south of Peiping. Here also the Army’s Generalissimo had his “G.H.Q.” with ineffective aides wrangling over the campaign. When that eminent soldier vanished

into Kiang-si, the civil authorities hurried after him, and held excited parleys in a pleasure resort of that same Province.

Later, when the French Minister started on a hide-and-seek in Nanking, he was dismayed to find that cheerless place officially empty. Where was the military lord—the astute Chiang Kai-shak? Far off in Nanchang, battling with the (“Red”) People’s Government, whose Rooseveltian “New Dealer” (Eugene Chen), had been hailed by that “forgotten man”—the long-distressed Fukien farmer. In any case China’s foremost militarist would see no foreigner, however august. His hands were now more than full, with ten army divisions on the job, and eight thousand air-bombs just landed from the United States for the Flying Force depot at Hangchow.

And the State Secretary—why was *he* not in Nanking? He had gone far off to Sinkiang; and so weak was the wireless station there, that it could only talk to the coast by a bewildering series of relays. But the Treasurer—surely *he* was to be seen in his bare and dilapidated Nanking Bureau? He was not. To discuss money matters with that man you would have to make for



Shanghai, where all China's money seems to be made.

So that irate French envoy—and many of his colleagues, both great and small—was sorely perplexed when it came to conferring with a Government which claims to rule half Asia, together with human hordes that are like the sea-sands for multitude. The Home Secretary was in Mongolia. His civilian War brother had flown to Peiping, while the Administration's worried Chairman was somewhere in rebel Fukien. All that envoys of the Powers could do was to sit down and wait. And to wait in Nanking is a severe penance at any season.

I was there when a newly accredited Minister arrived and sought to present his credentials. This he could not do, and was greatly annoyed. Had these chaotic people no metropolis at all? And to comb the Eighteen Provinces for one—even in this year of grace—is a task for professional explorers only.

Each of the Peiping legations in turn has had Nationalist pressure brought to bear on it to "follow the flag" down to Nanking. In this it was hoped that the United States would act as bell-wether for the rest of the diplomatic flock, after the new Minister had been appointed. But apart from the huge expense of such a move, all the ministers preferred to wait till the political fog should lift. For representation in China is far more complex than in the European scene.

Still, something had to be done. The Japanese and Italian envoys went to spy out prospects in the singular *enclave* of Shanghai. So also did Cuba, Chile, Poland and Czechoslovakia. On the other hand, the United States and British Ministers, together with the French, German, Dutch, Spanish and

Portuguese, all sat tight in the ancient city of the North.

## II

Some idea of what deserting Peiping for good may entail can be had by glancing at the enormous British Legation here. This dates back to 1861. It was established after the previous year's war had wrung from the Imperial Government a sullen assent to the residence of Foreign Devils in the Sacred City. The decaying palace of a Manchu duke was then leased by Queen Victoria's Foreign Office, and made decently habitable.

After the terrors of the Boxer Rising, that faded mansion passed to the British Crown, to be gradually added to and fortified, till England's Legation became a little township in itself. The grounds took in the site of the ruined Han-lin Academy. Yet the old buildings still looked typically Chinese. Today Britain's Peiping Bureau is the biggest and quaintest of them all. It is dotted with civil and military posts, and protected by its own walls. These in turn have the high ramparts of the Diplomatic Quarter beyond as a defense against any future siege. That same Legation, by the way, represents a pretty sum of the British taxpayer's money.

Next in size I would put the old Russian Embassy; it was raised to that rank when the Moscow Soviet was cultivating China's good will, in the mistaken belief that material force in aid might be forthcoming in any future emergency. But the big house was closed when relations were broken off, as a result of official China's drastic search of it for Communist propaganda.

Today's Soviet Minister is a homeless man. It is thought he *may* build an



Embassy in the southern "city of shacks"; and he is now at least nominally resident in Nanking.

Russia's Counsellor of Embassy remains meanwhile in the North. Part of his time that diplomat spends in Tientsin—where Herbert Hoover passed his lurid honeymoon during the flaming "Bad Time" of long ago. Mr. Hoover it was who directed the trench-diggers. And as an engineer he was able to provide the beleaguered town with water; while his young bride turned her drawing-room into a hospital-ward for the bleeding and shattered defenders. As Deputy Ambassador, the roaming Russian Counsellor still occupies that vast mansion in Peiping. And his Chief's spasmodic visits are made occasions so festive as to recall the glories of Imperial times.

Every sovereign nation is represented in China, with the sole exception of those two helpless republics of the Caribbean, whom Uncle Sam feels bound to look after. And all these foreign envoys are at sea when it comes to dealing with China's "Government." If old Peiping is to be abandoned, where should this Western world of legations reestablish itself—at enormous cost to the homelands, and a stupendous upheaval in staff and archives? Meanwhile the present position grows unbearable. No guidance comes from Nanking itself. And as Peiping is governmentally "dead," ministers of the Powers are still hunting livelier sites for future diplomacy and the fostering of trade.

True there *was* a brief false dawn in the capital. That was during the recent Japanese invasion of North China, when the personal presence of the Powers in Peiping was a stay and a comfort to the scared officials. But that

phase passed, and the Chinese with one accord opted for Nanking as their future seat of government. But Nanking itself presently "moved on," as it were. The town became "unhealthy," owing to bombardment from the river. So the entire Cabinet cleared out to the remote city of Lo-yang in the Province of Shensi. After that they announced yet another "auxiliary capital" at Sian, the provincial centre.

Afar off in Peiping the vexed foreign ministers traced these flittings as best they could, and strove to transact their business through one or other of China's thirty-five new wireless stations. Her Minister of Communications, by the way, is very keen on this "white magic," since Manchuria and Jehol melted away, to be followed by a threat of secession from Inner Mongolia. New Year's Day saw courtly greetings exchanged with the United States and England, as well as with Russia, Germany, France and Holland. But just *where* that yellow Cabinet officer was speaking from was always obscure!

Polyglot Shanghai has long been beckoning to the British Minister. That international mart is in close touch with all the world. It is the heart of all England's Far Eastern trade. It can offer palaces galore to the diplomats. So why linger on in a moribund Peiping? Why consider malarious Nanking at all, where everything is crude, from the climate to food and drinks? If ministers *must* visit China's new and elusive capital, it can be readily reached from Shanghai in eight hours, and two hours by airplane. Besides, members of the Government frequently come to this great Yangtze emporium.

Against all these urgings, both Sir Miles Lampson and his successor set



the risk of being involved in purely consular affairs. Also, there was that queer mental bias known as the "Shanghai mind." This seems to be a sort of myopia, such as Colonel E. M. House and Senator Borah have sensed in Washington, whose "atmosphere" they consider distorting when all-America interests are to be considered.

So Britain's Minister hesitated. His successor still dwells behind the walls and ramparts of the old Diplomatic Quarter in Peiping. For here the British Empire's concern in general, and foreign policy in particular, can be envisaged without all the commercial distractions and wire-pulling of the famous Bund in Shanghai.

But above all other factors loom the cost and labor of shifting the Legation, bag and baggage—especially if this be to Nanking—when China shall at long last have established a stable government over a teeming domain which is larger than all Europe, from the Thames to the Sweet Waters of Asia. Downing Street has already been advised what such a diplomatic removal would mean to the British taxpayer—to say nothing of the Minister's own inconvenience or the building of a new palace.

Apart from that diplomat and his personal staff of *attachés* and counselors, there is the whole Legation hierarchy; the doctor and chaplain; student-interpreters, military language-officers, wireless operators and the Legation guards. At least forty families would have to be transported to Nanking, and living quarters found for them on the English scale. All told, this upheaval has been estimated to cost £500,000!

The sale of present British Legation

properties in Peiping might be set against this; but any offer of property on such a scale would cause a calamitous slump in real estate, so that the once-Imperial city must soon dwindle to a "Deserted Village" beyond any poet's imagining.

So stands this extraordinary dilemma of East and West. For the present the British do give a lead to their colleagues, and rub along in patient discomfort between North and South. The Minister himself oscillates between Peiping—where tons of papers are stored—and Shanghai: here both the Commercial Counsellor and the new Air Attaché are located. Britain's second in command occupies leased premises in Nanking, and carries a forlorn sign-board on his door: "Offices of the British Legation."

Similar make-shifts have been arranged by the other Powers pending less anarchic times. And China's own harassed Government no longer presses them to remove wholesale down to a new diplomatic city in the South. On the contrary, they send periodically to Peiping their zealous Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs. Other high officials go on tour as occasion demands.

All that the Powers' representatives can at present do is to maintain contact with Nanking, and keep up their own national prestige as best they can. This last is an all-important factor in such a land as China, and is largely a matter of diplomatic personality. But one and all of these envoys have the Great Exodus in mind; sooner or later it must be faced. Therefore choice sites are being preëmpted and pegged out in that City of the South with all the eager secrecy of miners who have been lured into a gold rush.



# The Air Mail Affair

BY WILLIAM E. BERCHTOLD

*A critical appraisal of the Administration's recent blunder,  
with suggestions for the formulation of a sound and  
permanent air policy*

**S**URGEONS would hardly recommend decapitation for a patient afflicted with what appeared to be a rash on the neck. But things are done differently in political clinics. The New Deal consequently finds itself faced with the rather serious task of reviving an infant industry which was summarily beheaded because an incompleated political diagnosis indicated that some kind of treatment was needed.

The Black air mail fiasco, incidentally, dealt the Roosevelt Administration the first serious blow to its prestige. The White House is quick to point out that the Postmaster General and *not* the President canceled all air mail contracts and that directions for the army air corps to carry the mails were issued "only after assurances were given" that the job could be done. The General Staff of the army says that it gave no such assurances and was not consulted. The Postmaster General testifies that he did not prepare the letter which he signed presenting to Congress his reasons for canceling the contracts. The Attorney General only advised the President on the point of law giving the Government power to cancel if fraud and collusion could be proved. The age-

old game of buck-passing is usually a sure sign that a bad administrative blunder has been made.

One-third of the Senate members and all of the House of Representatives must seek reëlection in November. Although it is doubtful that the Republicans can whip the Black fiasco into anything like a major campaign issue, the President's adversaries are not likely to let him forget the incident during their fall campaigns.

The row in Congress and the administrative buck-passing have made a political football out of a problem of public policy which should have its basis in economics. The makeshift legislation which has been hastily formulated threatens to stifle development in air transportation for at least three years, if it does not wipe out much of the progress already made. The new bills, written under directions from the executive departments and not on the basis of experience gained by the Congressional committees which consider them, have been labeled as "emergency" legislation. The "emergency," resulting purely from an administrative blunder which could have been avoided, has been used to give consideration to pro-



visions which would not be tolerated in a bill accorded customary deliberation. It is likely that if these provisions are permitted to stand the air mail service will face another investigation a few years hence which will make the so-called Black "scandals" look like a pink tea party.

Return of the old contracts to the operators would not be conducive to a fulfilment of the Administration's apparent desire for a reshuffling of the contracts. It is this ardent desire for a redistribution of the air mail routes, on the basis of a new set of rules, which has made observers apprehensive of the future of the air mail service. It opens the way for political favoritism, stock promotion schemes and other shady acts on a scale which may wreck the efficiency of the air mail service.

## II

The Administration's legislation would give successful bidders for new air mail contracts six months in which to prepare to qualify for carrying the mail under terms of the contract. This might enable an alert promoter, without any experience in air line operation and without knowledge of operating costs, to bid against responsible companies which have spent millions of dollars in developing their routes. If such a bid were successful, the promoter could sell his stock to the public and, during the six months allowed him to prepare for operations, assemble the necessary personnel and equipment. It is more than likely that he would make an offer at junk prices for the fleet of airliners used by the company which failed to get the contracts, safe in the knowledge that the unsuccessful bidder must go out of business without revenue from air mail.

The "emergency" legislation pro-

vides for the awarding of contracts for a period of only three years, six months before the termination of which the Interstate Commerce Commission is to pass on the question of the public convenience and necessity of such routes. It is also authorized to fix fair rates for the carrying of air mail. Unless this provision is modified, it is safe to say that further development and research on new airliners which should provide faster and safer service at lower costs will be held in abeyance for three years.

Rapid obsolescence of equipment in new industries makes long-term contracts imperative. The 200 new high-speed airliners placed on the air lines of the United States during the last year to provide service at from 150 to 180 miles an hour were planned in 1931 and 1932. One company alone, among those whose contracts were canceled, had \$3,500,000 worth of new equipment on order for delivery in the next six months. It is not possible to lay such plans on the basis of contracts running for such a short period as three years. It was this problem which Congress had in mind when Postmaster General Brown was authorized to grant route certificates for ten years. Private companies carrying air mail in Europe have been granted exclusive contracts for from ten to twenty-five years to insure the full benefits of long-term planning. This provision limiting contracts to three years is not consistent with the policies of the Roosevelt Administration in other fields of legislation, where industrial planning has been given primary consideration. It is certain to play havoc in the air transport field, for there is no assurance that succeeding administrations which may choose to use the air mail as a political football will



not call for another reshuffling of routes.

The aviation industry can hardly share President Roosevelt's enthusiasm for the Interstate Commerce Commission as the body which will regulate air transport and fix routes and rates at the end of the three years. Most leaders in the industry agree that the air transportation industry should be placed in the hands of a non-political body whose members are appointed for long terms, but thoughts of the Interstate Commerce Commission leave them cold. It need only be recalled that that Commission's fifteen years of effort, during which millions of dollars were spent to ascertain a "fair" value for the railroads, have been reduced to waste paper by the falling prices of the depression. It is not difficult to understand why a new industry, which has grown steadily during a depression, should not want to become enmeshed in regulations founded on outmoded railroad practice. The more logical suggestion would be the setting up of a new commission to handle air transport, thereby taking it out of political control without fastening the millstone of senile railroad philosophy around its neck.

It is likewise doubtful whether the elaborate provisions of the new legislation providing for the unscrambling of the present corporate structures of the major aviation companies will attain its ends without severely injuring the efficiency of the service. Not only would holders of air mail contracts be forbidden to have associations with holding companies or manufacturers of aircraft and accessories, but any successful bidder on one of the three primary transcontinental routes would be prohibited from bidding on any secondary route. This would mean the operation

of the air mail system by a score or more of unrelated companies which could not possibly have the advantages of expert supervision, research and traffic promotion which a few well organized units could afford. The outcome of this provision is likely to make necessary the payment of subsidies to air lines for the next ten years instead of the period of three to five years which seems the reasonable limit necessary on the basis of the experience of the present large operating units.

The tendency in American corporate structure has been toward a few large well organized companies. The Interstate Commerce Commission has recognized the value of such organization in forcing the consolidation of the railroads into a few major systems, yet the provisions of the "emergency" air mail legislation are in direct antithesis to that recognized trend. While certain evils are made possible through the interrelation of air lines with the aircraft and equipment companies which supply them, the importance of these evils has been emphasized out of all proportion to the facts. The air lines have not been loaded with inefficient equipment by their manufacturing affiliates. If such had been the case, the air transport system of the United States would not hold its position of world leadership. This subject of corporate structures is one which needs deeper study than the hasty consideration of "emergency" legislation can afford it.

The provisions prohibiting the sale or transfer of any air mail contract to another company through a merger or consolidation are likewise apt to prove prejudicial to the public interest in maintaining the best service possible. Such a clause lacks the flexibility needed for administration of an efficient



service, although it probably was included to keep to a minimum the promotion schemes of bidders whose only interest might be to sell their contracts.

Competitive bidding has been stressed as a primary requirement in the New Deal for the air mail. It is an instrument of great value, but it can be used with disastrous results under certain conditions. Its importance has been overestimated in connection with the discussion of air mail contract awards, because the Postmaster General has power to lower rates when he may see fit to do so. Consequently, if the offer of the highest bidder were accepted, it might be lowered to a rate below that of the lowest bid within a year or two after the contract had been written. The new legislation would fix the maximum rate per airplane mile at forty cents, which is two cents higher than the average rate paid in 1933 and about five cents higher than the average rate being paid at the time the contracts were canceled.

Perhaps the most inconsistent feature of the "emergency" legislation is that it retains the old formula for purchasing space in air mail planes and paying for it on a mileage basis, regardless of the amount of mail carried. This method of payment was one of the principal points in the McNary-Watres Act to draw the fire of the Black committee during its investigation. The proposal to place the payment on a basis of two mills per pound mile, which is the amount actually collected by the Government from stamps, would be more consistent. Subsidy payments up to twenty-five cents a mile could be made in addition on routes which are not self-sustaining. This would place the much-discussed "subsidy" on the frank basis originally

suggested by the President for ocean mail, instead of burying it in the contract payments. Representative James M. Mead and Representative Clyde Kelly of the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads made elaborate studies on this subject long before the Black committee heard its first witness, but apparently economics have been overthrown for political expediency.

If the "emergency" legislation does nothing else, it will remove one important objection to the old air mail economics when the rate is reduced from eight cents per ounce to five cents and the absurd charge of thirteen cents for additional ounces is eliminated. No merchant would require a customer to pay eight cents for his first loaf of bread and thirteen cents for any additional loaves he might require, yet that is exactly what the Government has been doing with its air mail rates for years. The new five-cent rate should double the usefulness of the air mail to the public within a year after the rate goes into effect. If postcards could be carried for two cents, as a possible later revision of this section, another important step would be taken in placing the air mail service on a sound economic basis.

The former holders of air mail contracts might justly inquire why they should be required to bid at all for the new contracts which the "emergency" legislation directs shall be offered. Thirty-one of the thirty-four contracts canceled were awarded in 1925 to 1927 under competitive bidding in which there were from three to nine bidders for each contract. The other three contracts were awarded in 1930 by Postmaster General Brown to the lowest responsible bidder. Any one who will take the time to check the facts presented under oath by former Postmas-



ter General Brown and other witnesses of the Black Committee concerning Mr. Farley's charge of fraud and collusion will agree with Representative Clyde Kelly, the "father of the air mail": "I am compelled to say that evidence of fraud and collusion is not given (in Mr. Farley's letter). There is no showing to warrant such a drastic and arbitrary act as the cancelation of all contracts without a hearing. There was no justification for destroying all contracts without regard for the obligations which those contracts involved, not only for the contractors but for the Post Office Department."

The Roosevelt-Farley "emergency" air mail legislation takes care of this point in a way which is, to say the least, unique. No company can bid on the new contracts advertised if "it or its predecessor is asserting or has any claim against the United States because of a prior annulment of any contract by the Postmaster General." In other words, the harassed operator must pay the penalty of waiving any just claim to damages which he may have as a result of the hasty cancelation, in order to have an opportunity to bid against competitors for the very routes which he has pioneered at the expense of millions of dollars and years of effort.

This practically bars the only avenue open to obtain redress of grievances. The lines found that they could not halt the cancelation action through injunction and that their only possible recourse would be through suits for damages in the United States Court of Claims. It is safe to say that by the time it should be possible to test the Government's grounds of fraud and collusion and obtain an opinion, all of the companies would be bankrupt and out of business. The unusual provision in the

"emergency" legislation would make this bankruptcy doubly certain.

### III

The cost of operating the domestic air transport system at the present time is about \$25,000,000 annually. Revenues from passengers and express amount to \$10,000,000. It is obvious, therefore, that the lines must obtain revenue from air mail if they are to continue in operation. This would amount to \$14,000,000 for the current year, which would leave a deficit of about \$1,000,000 for the operators to meet. The best estimates made by the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads place the income to the Government from stamps on air mail at \$9,000,000, which leaves a payment of \$5,000,000 as a "subsidy."

It is this "subsidy" which much of the shouting was about during the Black investigation. It looks like small change at a time when the Government is spending hundreds of millions of dollars in enterprises which are no more than subsidies to agriculture, to railroads, to steamship lines and to industry. It is no wonder then that many who have taken the time to probe into the economics of our air mail policy suspect that there must be a political rat at the bottom of the Black investigation to produce such unsavory odors.

Senator Black had long been a critic of the air mail under Republican administrations, but his criticism was generally appraised as nothing more than the tactics of an avowed adversary of anything not done by the Democrats. While his call for an investigation of the air mail system seemed superfluous just after Representative James M. Mead (also a Democrat and one of the few real students of air mail policy in



Congress) had completed an extraordinarily elaborate study with full recommendations for new legislation, the Senator from Alabama was not to be denied his inning after twelve years of Republican domination of the national Government.

Whether Postmaster General Farley referred to the Senator as a "publicity hound," as former Postmaster General Brown testified under oath and Farley later denied, is a question best suited to press club dinner satire. At any rate the Senator did not have to search widely for persons willing to pour stories of real or fancied intrigue against the public interest into his receptive ear. Even if he had been lacking in the slightest signs of a publicity complex, the stories told him were, no doubt, sufficient to cause any ambitious statesman ugly nightmares which only a Senatorial investigation could dissolve.

Postmaster General Brown, who was also Mr. Hoover's campaign manager, had worked up a wide reputation as an air mail tsar. While the results which he attained furnished the United States with an air transport system second to none, his methods were sometimes arbitrary and autocratic. Autocrats may achieve remarkable results wholly within the public interest but they make a host of enemies. His enemies were not only among the unsuccessful applicants for air mail contracts but among some of the lines now referred to as the "favored contractors." Because air transport is a new industry and the competitive spirit has been equal to that of the railroads in the early days of the Hills and Harrimans, some of the "favored contractors" have not been above sniping at some of the other "favored contractors." By most people who had seen this competitive spirit in

its most heated form the possibilities of collusion would be appraised as a physical impossibility. The industry can charge part of its troubles to the petty jealousies of its representatives in Washington.

Senator Black could not complain about the size of the headlines given his investigation in the press, for he built up a weird story of stock market gambling, missing and destroyed public files, "secret" conferences, and other questionable acts involving officials of some air lines and the Hoover Postmaster General. The ill-advised antics of William P. MacCracken, former Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics, in refusing permission to investigators seeking to examine his files (on point of "attorney's privilege"), and later condoning the withdrawal of some papers from his file, brought the Black investigation to a sensational climax long before it had been completed.

Postmaster General Farley, already the butt of criticism of Democratic Congressmen dissatisfied with his patronage policies, was in danger of attacks from disgruntled party politicians for negligence of his duties in failing to act on the air mail "revelations." Solicitor Karl A. Crowley, formerly Washington lobbyist for one of the unsuccessful air mail contract applicants, examined the Black evidence and reported grounds of fraud and collusion warranting the cancelation of all air mail contracts. The Attorney General confirmed the authority of the Postmaster General to make such a wholesale cancelation if grounds of fraud and collusion could be proved. Postmaster General Farley moved quickly to cancel all contracts after a White House conference.

Postmaster General Brown had not



yet been called, although he made repeated requests to be permitted to appear before the committee to defend the charges made against him. Neither had some of the air line operators holding contracts been called to testify, although officers of certain companies had been singled out for questioning. Testimony which might have been considered necessary in an impartial investigation was far from completed.

Unfortunately, the events which followed cancelation of the contracts were dominated by bitter political partisanship and public hysteria, the latter aroused by the tragic deaths of young army fliers who were ordered to carry the mails without adequate training and equipment.

From the character of debate on the floors of Congress and editorial comment in the press it was difficult, at times, to believe that so prosaic a subject as public policy on the transportation of the mails was at the root of discussion. A woman Representative's demand that the Administration halt the "legalized murder" of young army fliers was met by a member from the opposite side of the House brandishing a newspaper with the announcement that eight persons had just met death in a commercial airliner. The whole affair evolved itself into a kind of game so that any one, without any study of the facts behind the case, might ask: "Whom are you for, Lindbergh or Roosevelt?" and proceed to tell whom he was backing.

The testimony before the Black committee runs into thousands of pages. Printing of the testimony fell so hopelessly behind that not even members of Congress, outside the members of the Black committee, could examine the evidence pertinent to the cancela-

tion at the time of the Postmaster General's action. The members of Congress, along with Will Rogers and the general public, knew only what they read in the newspapers. Interested citizens might subscribe to a transcript of the testimony from a court stenographer in Washington, but such a subscription ran into hundreds of dollars of expense to those sufficiently concerned to obtain the material in this way.

Although the Black investigation made sensational front page headlines (some of the most flagrant charges later being disproved in less conspicuous stories printed inside), there was not a major line of evidence introduced which would contribute substantially to final development of public policy on air mail. The testimony did document elaborately the fact that fortunes had been made during the Golden Era and that salaries and bonuses of some executives were beyond all justification.

It was surely not news that men who were lucky enough to invest in the bull market of 1927 to 1929 made huge fortunes in stock speculation. The implication made by Senator Black was that these fortunes in the speculative bull market were the result of exploitation of the air mail contracts awarded certain companies. Aviation stocks were popular in the speculative market boom out of all proportion to current or future earnings, but this was not common to aviation stocks alone. Few insurance companies or pension funds, upon which widows and orphans might be expected to depend, invested in aviation stock in 1929, but they did invest in railroad and public utility stocks. While the value of common stock in United Aircraft and Transport Corporation, the biggest of the aviation groups, was depreciating \$200,000,000 from its



highest peak in 1929 to its price before the air mail contract cancelation, New York Central (a favorite railroad issue) showed a market value depreciation of more than \$1,000,000,000.

The air lines certainly did not earn huge profits on the air mail contracts. Few of the lines were able to break even or show small profits last year during the best twelve months in their history, while most of the lines have shown heavy losses since their inception. The new high speed equipment, developed at tremendous cost for research, shows the first signs of sufficiently low operating costs to insure profits. Passenger and express revenues have been increasing at a rate which should make all operations profitable, even without the aid of a mail "subsidy," within three to five years.

#### IV

The McNary-Watres Act, which drew the heaviest fire from the Black committee, was not passed with the idea of providing the Government air mail service at the cheapest price possible. It was deliberately designed to build up an air transport system of financially sound and experienced companies which would within a reasonable length of time become self-supporting. The lines were to develop passenger and express business in large, multi-motored, completely equipped airliners, which would in turn cut down the dependence on mail revenues.

The Postmaster General was given authority to cut down the rate of payment as he saw fit each year and that authority was not left unused. The cost of flying the domestic air mail decreased from \$1.09 a mile in 1929 to thirty-eight cents a mile in 1933. The price paid by the United States Government

for air mail has been consistently lower than that paid by any other government in the world. Eighty-eight cents per mile was the average cost paid in 1932 by the governments of Great Britain, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Poland, Sweden and Switzerland. This can be compared with the cost of fifty-four cents paid by the United States. The lower cost on American routes is particularly significant when it is considered that American pilots are paid from \$6,000 to \$11,000 a year, or more than twice as much as European pilots.

The most significant feature of the economics of our air mail system is that it is wholly possible to evolve a sound public policy which will insure the Government a profit on its air mail system within three to five years. This can never be achieved in the transportation of mails by steamship and has been accomplished only by first class mail on the railroads. The deficit on second and third class (railroad) mail alone in the fiscal year 1933 was more than \$120,000,000. The deficit on steamship mail was \$28,488,000. The latter is a subsidy to develop our merchant marine in competition with foreign shipping and the former is considered a "subsidy to literacy," since most of the loss is caused by transportation of newspapers, although the railroads receive the money for carrying the mail.

There is little doubt that the Postmaster General's cancelation order and the President's "emergency" call to the army air corps would have been extraordinarily popular if the Administration had been able to present evidence of fraud and collusion against all operators to support its case. It would have been a truly Rooseveltian stroke! But what might have been a Rooseveltian



success became the Black air mail fiasco. Admirers of the President and all interested in the continued development of a sound air transportation system hope that out of the confused record of *L'Affaire Black* will emerge a public policy on air mail worthy of America's "first flying President."

Such a policy should have as its basis the lifting of the air mail out of politics into the hands of a non-partisan commission appointed by the President, with such commissioners serving for long terms in office. It should be a newly created body outside the Interstate Commerce Commission or any other existing agency, but obtaining a desirable degree of coördination with other transportation media through the Federal Coördinator of Transportation. It should not include within its jurisdiction the military or naval air forces and should be limited solely to civil aviation.

The commission, with assurance from Congress of appropriations for air mail *subsidies* not to exceed \$10,000,000 annually for five years, could proceed to develop a nation-wide air transport system which would be wholly self-supporting at the end of the five-year period. Such *subsidies*, awarded frankly to stimulate technological development of civil air transport and provide a necessary auxiliary for national defense, would be in addition to payments to the commercial contractors for actual mail carried. Payments might most logically be made on the basis of two mills per pound mile, which is equal to the amount collected by the Government from the stamps affixed to the air mail. No subsidy should be given to those companies whose mail volume is sufficient to warrant payments of fifty cents per mile, which should be the maxi-

mum. Subsidy payments might well be limited to twenty-five cents per mile. All contracts or route certificates should run for a period of not less than ten years. The equities of pioneer operators in the routes they have developed should be recognized.

The commission should have full authority to decide on the public convenience and necessity of all routes. It would most logically eliminate such "political routes," extensions and stops which, after a reasonable length of time, give no promise of justifying their existence economically. The money saved from the elimination of such uneconomic routes could be used to develop others which commerce and traffic volume studies show to offer opportunities for greater public service on an economic basis.

The commission should have rigid control over the accounting procedure of subsidized air lines with powers to obtain full periodic reports and necessary audits. No system of payments to contractors on a cost-plus basis should ever be countenanced, because such a system too easily places a penalty on efficiency and rewards the inefficiency which results in high operating costs. The prices paid for equipment and the operating efficiency of such equipment as shown by relative operating costs should be subject to rigid scrutiny of the commission to insure maximum technological development in return for subsidies granted. Salaries might well be limited to a maximum of \$18,000 as long as an air line is receiving a Government subsidy.

It would be valuable to coördinate within the jurisdiction of the commission all agencies of the Government, now scattered in several departments, concerned with civil aeronautics. Policy



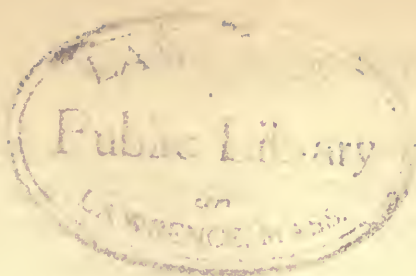
control of the development of airways would be most important to the effective administration of such a commission, as would the regulations for the design and construction of aircraft and of all civil operations. To place either army or navy aviation, or both, within the jurisdiction of the commission would make its task unwieldy and place the major emphasis on the airplane as a weapon of war rather than a medium of commerce. Such a policy would hamstring promising commercial development of a transportation medium to enable the fullest realization of its military possibilities. Europe's present inferior position to the United States in air transport can be ascribed to its emphasis on the airplane as a military weapon. The desirability of some link between military and commercial avia-

tion can not be denied, but that can be obtained through the simple procedure of conferences between the two branches. While the facilities of an interdepartmental committee have been available to achieve this desired relationship between the military and civil aviation authorities of the Government in the past, they have not been utilized as effectively as possible.

Although aviation has been the subject of numerous special investigations by Congress, by boards especially appointed by the President and by committees of Congress holding hearings on proposed legislation, the United States is still without a well defined aviation policy which would permit advance planning with assurance of necessary appropriations. The problem is again squarely up to the White House.







# The Farmer and Free Trade

BY F. B. NICHOLS

*Out of the "America First" mouthings of quack politicians  
has come the debacle of Middle West farming*

A PROLONGED period of indifference throughout the Middle West to the welfare and viewpoints of peoples in other nations has brought an inevitable decline in the foreign markets for farm products. The outlets abroad for American food have almost vanished. Little success is being achieved by the national Administration in reopening them, despite the juggling of potent import quotas for liquors.

Political leaders in the prairie States have a magnificent opportunity these days to observe the shadows from that dismal structure of international isolation which they fabricated. They darken the lives of farmers in all directions. No financial sunshine is in sight over their fertile fields. But the economic effects of a definite national policy are fully apparent.

For the dreams of a self-contained America have almost ripened into reality. Those clever Middle Western opportunists in mass psychology of the tinselled decade have changed the course of history. By refusing to join with enlightened statesmen from other sections of the United States in helpful coöperation with leaders of other countries they diminished the hope for a better under-

standing among the peoples of the world. This ultimately insured a growth of intense nationalism in all lands. The building of gigantic barriers to trade was a logical outgrowth of this obsession.

Most United States Senators and Representatives from the upper Mississippi River Valley have been motivated since 1920 by fantastic theories of commerce which mirror a pinnacle of economic absurdity. Their actions reflect a preposterous ignorance of common business principles. In a time when the actual financial solvency of a majority of their constituents depended on conserving foreign markets for farm products they generally voted for the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill. With an equally remarkable disregard for the interests of farmers who were attempting to maintain a foothold in sales outlets abroad they insisted that the last cent of foreign debts must be paid.

During a period when the smooth flow of American international relations depended largely on the skill of trained personnel in the State Department they engaged in extensive verbal brawls with political and financial leaders of other countries. No distinction was drawn between the technique of expression ac-



ceptable for a stump speech at some remote rural picnic and the diplomacy needed on the sounding board of the United States Congress.

Farmers are paying for these omissions through darkly realistic commercial hardship and bitter toil. The lure of ineffective political leadership in the Prairie States is exacting terrific penalties from agriculture. A new commercial system must be constructed from the economic débris strewn over the countryside. For the nation has reached the end of an agricultural epoch. Its extraordinary foreign policies have cut the strands which linked farmers with a profitable past.

## II

From the days of early settlements along the Atlantic Coast the exports of food were of great consequence in the financial income of America. These sales grew steadily as the western movement of rural people increased the size of the cultivated area. They reached stupendous totals during the World War. This broad demand naturally was accompanied by sharp advances in market quotations. In 1920 the index price figure for all farm commodities reached 205 per cent of average market levels which prevailed from August, 1909, to July, 1914, the pre-War time adopted by the United States Department of Agriculture as the base period for these calculations.

In the meantime the American agricultural plant had been expanded greatly to supply the growing foreign orders. A rapid contraction was impossible. Food production always is reduced far more slowly than manufacturing activity during an era of declining prices. The logical commercial objective for rural people in the Nine-

teen-Twenties was to make every effort possible to maintain their foreign sales outlets.

And they received some support for this project. The services abroad of both the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Commerce were expanded. A brief rise in the business of American steamship companies was of considerable aid to farmers. Some business men in the Middle West grasped the background in the set-up of foreign sales for agricultural commodities quite accurately. C. C. Isely, of Dodge City, Kansas, for instance, expended much time and personal funds in attempting to promote a broad understanding of the then current international situation among the people of the Prairie States.

But his theme was difficult for farmers to comprehend. They had received little or no training in the political and commercial problems of other nations. Until the coming of the World War most individuals in the central farming region gave scarcely a thought to conditions abroad. Their interests were centred on domestic problems. During the great conflict, however, there was a limited expansion in the international viewpoint over the Middle West. But most of it was destroyed, unfortunately, by the returning soldiers, whose opinions and influences reached into practically every home. They had seen Europe at its worst, and most of their conversations reflected little credit on the "foreigners."

This reaction probably was an inevitable trend in human psychology. Some of my clearest memories of World War days in France, as an example of soldier thought, are of mud north of Montfaucon, the time I slept in a barn at Malancourt which contained goats, and of filth in front of a home in Epi-



nonville. Only in rare instances do returning soldiers portray to their people an even reasonably accurate perspective of life in a land through which they have roamed while on active combat service.

A fertile field of discontent with the viewpoints of peoples in other lands existed in the Prairie States during the Nineteen-Twenties. It was cultivated vigorously by politicians of limited mental calibre while searching for votes. Many campaigns for election to the United States Senate or House of Representatives were conducted largely on a misrepresentation of trends in international affairs. An impassioned plea for "America First" commonly was presented with a background of economic piffle. Logic was rare in discussions of foreign problems when "New Era" obsessions were in flower.

The Solons generally avoided a mention of the change in the financial status of the United States from a debtor to a creditor nation. There was little talk of the practical difficulties involved in extensive international transfers of gold. With a blindness over which historians long will marvel rural people allowed themselves to be led by men motivated through a belief that a large volume of farm exports could be maintained by an important creditor nation which had erected stupendous tariff walls.

Some minor misgivings over the wisdom of this astonishing commercial theory occurred to a few thinking farmers soon after the coming of the primary post-War depression in 1920. They observed that the values of raw materials, and especially agricultural products, were declining much faster than the costs of manufactured articles. This naturally brought a constant decrease in the ratio of prices received by

countrymen to the costs of articles they bought. It led to much noisy complaint from nervous politicians on "the decline in the value of the farmer's dollar."

The lack of clarity in this peculiar commercial expression coined by Corn Belt statesmen trained in the ambiguous language commonly used in stump speaking aroused mirth among a few economists—which probably was of little importance, as they did not control many votes. In any event the politicians were trying to say that the rural exchange position—which in 1920 averaged ninety-nine per cent of the quotations that prevailed during the five years ending with July, 1914—was dropping at an alarming rate. It had retreated to ninety-two per cent by 1925. By the time the secondary post-War depression arrived in 1929 it rested at eighty-nine per cent.

Then the avalanche gathered real momentum. The rural exchange position was eighty per cent in 1930, sixty-three per cent in 1931, and in June, 1932, it lodged at forty-eight per cent. Through most of 1932 and early in 1933 the buying power of farmers was about half the pre-War volume. From April to August of 1933, however, their economic position improved. But with the coming of last autumn it again declined.

Part of the decrease in the buying power of countrymen from 1929 up to the present may be ascribed to the effects of world-wide business depression. And economists are in no exact agreement on the proportion of financial hardships suffered by rural people before "the year of the big storm" which may be charged to the debacle in the foreign markets for food. But they all believe it is large. Even individuals who lack a background on the demand



for agricultural products abroad can see that when producers of raw materials lose an extensive and profitable market on which they have always depended, and then fail to find other adequate outlets for their commodities, major difficulties in selling are certain to be encountered.

### III

The rapidly declining income of farmers which accompanied the losses in their foreign markets has produced commercial ripples on uncounted economic shores throughout America. They have been recorded on numberless downward curves of sales charts in elaborate offices distantly removed from the soil. "The American manufacturer has suffered far more," in the opinion of James D. Mooney, president of General Motors Export Company, as expressed in a letter I received from him recently, "as a consequence of the stagnation in the nation's export business, by reason of the *domestic* markets he has lost than through a shrunken demand overseas for his own immediate product. In other words, the manufacturer's stake in the foreign trade situation is one which finds its greatest effect in the instance of the raw material producer who, in normal times, ships a heavy percentage of his materials abroad, and buys, with the proceeds, the product the manufacturer turns out. I feel that this viewpoint is one that the manufacturer has largely overlooked."

If Mr. Mooney is correct in his thought that manufacturers generally have overlooked the commercial importance of a broad exchange of raw materials among the nations they have a splendid opportunity these days to correct the omission. The current state of

their business probably is such as to allow ample time for an extended study of this sector in economics. Such research may throw some light on the standing of balance sheets from their organizations. Perhaps it also will provide inspiration for quiet meditation about the foreign policies of the United States Government through the last decade, and especially on how these plans have been influenced by self-seeking politicians who have little comprehension of the helpful rôle this country should occupy in the society of nations.

Further food for thought may be found in the ultimate implications of policies set in motion by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration as a result of declining prices for farm products. More than a billion dollars in processing taxes already have been levied by Secretary Wallace on the nation's food supplies over the next two years, which will take their toll from every home.

And only a beginning has been made in assessing these charges. This bill will grow and grow and grow. It will affect the operating policies of every industrial leader in America. All commercial budgets must now include extensive contributions for farm relief through payroll increases to cover inevitable higher living costs of employees. The money obtained from assessments on the buyers of food will be distributed among the folks in rural America.

From a selfish viewpoint I have no quarrel with the plan. An ultramicroscopic portion of these exactions already has found its way into my pockets. It has been helpful in meeting the operating expenses of my ranch in eastern Kansas. This new technique of dealing with the "farm problem" probably is



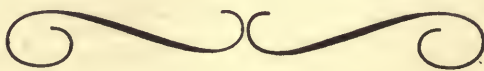
essential if the nation persists in following the trail through the labyrinth of international relations on which it has been traveling. In any case the agricultural policies of the national Administration reflect the dire straits into which the American Government has been forced by its lack of vision in dealing with the problems of foreign trade.

A limited decrease in the sales of agricultural commodities abroad of course was inevitable with some nations during the last decade. The changing world outlook requires constant shifts in the geography of food. France, as an illustration, has been making magnificent efforts since 1925 to increase its production of wheat. Its programme of national defense calls for a larger acreage of this crop. As an American wheat grower I understand and sympathize with that policy. While a soldier in France, and in traveling over that country during more recent years, I have marveled at the limited acreage planted to the great bread crop.

But minor shifts in crop plantings do not greatly influence the food importing requirements of the world. The outstanding trend in this vast international enterprise is the decline in the business of the nation that formerly was the

main exporter. America has lost the magic of its touch in foreign sales of farm products. Its bold entrepreneurs who remain in this field are merely floundering in a maze of import charges, and import and export quotas and restrictions. Some of them have become expert commercial jugglers. A leading national meat packer, for instance, is selling lard in a European country from which the export of money is prohibited. The proceeds from the lard are used for the purchase of olive oil, which is grown in that land. This oil is shipped to a nation in South America, where milder exchange regulations prevail. What is left of the cash finally arrives in Chicago.

The fantastic games of childhood are no more remarkable than much of the current technique used by grown men in their international dealings. In the meantime the world continues on its dreary way through a wilderness of commercial grief and deploredly low living standards. Would it not be better for every one if raw materials flowed over national frontiers with the freedom of pre-War years? Is there anything which prevents this helpful exchange other than the obsessions of mankind?





# A Defense of the Peace Treaty

BY BERNARD LANDE COHEN

*The iniquities of the Versailles Treaty have lately had so many commentators that it seems time to hear another side of the case*

THE Peace Treaty of Versailles has been blamed for a multitude of evils afflicting the world since the close of the Great War, including the universal decay of trade, the fall of the German Republic, the rise of Hitler and the revived rumors of war. A grave misconception lies at the bottom of this view and a careful analysis of the post-War situation would bring out that the Treaty in itself exercised no real influence upon the tide of events in Germany, and what is more, that it is quite unrelated to the world-wide depression. That the Germans had to endure more than the French and English has usually been attributed to the "Carthaginian peace" which sealed their defeat. It is well to remember, however, that their tribulations date back further than the time of the Versailles Treaty, to the War at its very commencement. Therefore, one should distinguish clearly between events and circumstances which owe their origin to the particular terms of the Treaty, and those which followed inevitably from the struggle itself.

To begin with, it is not out of place to recall briefly a few of the events that followed on the heels of the World War. The salient feature of the post-

War period before 1924 was the economic ruin of Germany, featured by the annihilation of her currency, and the reduction of her urban population to the lowest depths of despair. Undeniably, the reparations embroglio contributed to this result, particularly when the French tried to force payment by direct methods. But the question of reparations yields in importance to several other causes, that should be ascribed to the conflict alone, and were by their very nature so deep-seated as to be altogether indifferent to its military outcome. Let it be borne in mind—and this is of the first importance—that from the moment war was declared Germany was immediately cut off from three-quarters of her foreign markets. She was at the time the third largest trading nation in the world; and to an extent only second to that of England the welfare of her people was bound up with her external commerce. Her huge merchant marine carried a large percentage of the world's industrial output to North and South America, the Orient and Africa; while her economic system was closely linked with that of her neighbors to the east and west with whom she was now at war. The havoc



that followed the severing of so many arteries of trade could well be imagined, and such was the fate that befell a highly industrialized nation despite the fact that its armies were then gaining victories on the battlefield. Panic ran through the whole of German industry, masses of working men were at once thrown out of employment, wages were drastically reduced. There was, for the time being, some compensating effect in the unlimited demand for munitions and other commodities of war, and the country was able thereby to sustain itself through four and a half years on a forced internal economy. Nevertheless, the suffering of the civil population became very acute, and the fact is too often overlooked that the Republic resulted from the social overthrow of the nation no less than from the thwarting of its military ambitions. The revolution, at first, brought no real improvement; and with disbandment of the army, the closing of war industries and the reversion to a peacetime economy, the terrific gap resulting from the loss of foreign markets came to be felt with overpowering intensity. The trade of the world had moved into other channels, and markets which had been lost for years could not at once be regained. To appreciate the uphill fight which then lay before the German people, it is only necessary to compare their trade with England before the War and after. While during the seven months of 1914 preceding the outbreak of hostilities German exports to Britain were £47,000,000, in the full year of 1919 they amounted to only £993,000, a bare two per cent of the pre-War level.

Until the War, their industry had been growing so rapidly that the Germans were unable to acquire any con-

siderable monetary resources within their own country. As a result, they entered the struggle very much hampered financially. Their savings, being far less than those of the enemy populations, provided no great reserve for war purposes, while at the same time foreign credits could not be obtained. Nevertheless, despite the weakness of its financial structure, and the all but complete loss of revenue from foreign trade, the War-time expenditure of the Reich attained the monstrous figure of 160 billion gold marks, exceeding by far the combined expenditures of England, France and Italy. Towards the end of the War the burden of the floating debt became intolerable; and as payment could no longer be deferred, the only recourse of the Government was to borrow from the banks on treasury bills; and when they fell due, paper money without gold backing was printed to meet them. Fresh bills were then discounted and so the process went on. But each operation involved an increase in circulation and every increase in the currency meant higher prices. This in turn provoked demands for higher salaries among state employes, and to meet them the Government had to borrow still more and print paper again. A vicious spiral was thus prepared which went winding itself onward, until the quantity of paper money in circulation attained astronomical figures. The purchasing power of the wage-earners reached the vanishing point, bank deposits were dissolved into nothing, holders of title to fixed revenue such as mortgages, bonds and insurance policies were ruined, and the wealth of the country became concentrated in fewer hands. That England and France were saved from a similar fate was due, not to their winning the War and dictating



the terms of peace, but to other reasons quite unrelated to the issue of defeat or victory. First, their foreign trade suffered less; secondly, their financial resources were far greater, both nations having immense reserves of savings and foreign investments available for War loan purposes; thirdly, their expenditures were much more restrained; and finally, the unrifled treasures of America were placed at their disposal. These favorable circumstances provided a series of cushions to absorb a good deal of the shock and obviated the need for extreme inflation.

## II

There was nothing in the Versailles Treaty to stand in the way of German recovery, once reparations were removed from the sphere of politics and settled on a reasonable economic basis. With the institution of the Dawes Plan, and the restoration of her currency through the joint assistance of her former enemies, the Reich embarked upon a career of industrial expansion scarcely surpassed by any other country. Savings increased, wages mounted upward, little or no unemployment was experienced, and foreign trade reached the unprecedented figure of twenty-six billion marks, compared with twenty-one billions in 1913, the year of greatest prosperity before the War.

But again the wheel of fortune turned. The middle of 1928 saw the beginning of a new depression, and as in Egypt of old, the years of fatness which had gone before vanished swiftly into the lean years that have followed. Foreign trade, which attained its highest level in 1929, fell sharply during each succeeding period; and by 1931 it had fallen to fifteen billion marks, a decline of eleven billions in two years.

Still, it was estimated in that year that the export trade accounted for thirty-seven per cent of the total industrial production of the country. It gave employment to twenty-nine per cent of the working population, and provided fifteen per cent of the national income. But in the year following, this life-giving commerce suffered a further contraction, and exports declined by 3,861,000,000 marks from the 1931 figure. By March, 1932, the number of registered unemployed reached 6,129,000, with an estimated total of nearly 8,000,000, in many industries over fifty per cent of the men being laid off. In addition to this, the price of food during these years was maintained artificially at a high level, while unemployment benefits were constantly being reduced.

To say that these events were part of a world-wide condition is only to beg the question, since every condition affecting the whole world must have its centre of diffusion somewhere. It is not without significance that, in point of time, the depression came first to Germany, and there is much to support the theory that its origin is to be found in a series of unfavorable developments within that country. During the few years of Germany's prosperity, her various governments—federal, state and municipal—borrowed and spent on a scale that reached the utmost in extravagance. Between 1925 and 1928, when revenues were mounting, they did not consider it important to balance expenditure with income; and as a result, their compounded deficits and floating debts soon reached alarming proportions. Foreign observers, at the time, criticized the obscurity of the Reich's financial reports, and shook their heads over its unbounded expend-



itures at a time when the greatest economy would have been the part of wisdom. Furthermore, the improvidence of the district and municipal governments became especially notorious, when ordinary loans being no longer procurable, they resorted to short term borrowing in order to finance long term enterprises. The awakening came soon enough. In June, 1930, the German Minister of Labor declared ruefully: "During the past few years we have lived beyond our means in our public administration no less than in private enterprise. Now in the middle of a period of depression the Reich and its districts must deal with 3,000,000,000 marks of short term debts partly by repayment, partly by conversion."

The want of foresight of the republican statesmen is even more remarkable in the light of what is yet to be told. The trade of Germany, like that of the United States, owed much of its development to foreign capital. But unlike the United States, she never achieved financial independence, and on the eve of the Great War was in large measure dependent on short term credits in London and Paris. It was this alone which deterred Germany from declaring war in 1912, and the fateful day on which this interdependence was wilfully disregarded proved the starting point of her undoing. Whatever was left of her cash reserves at the end of the War was washed away in the flood of paper money, saving only the portion that was transferred abroad; the end being that her former reliance upon outside capital changed into a dependence now in all respects complete. The restoration of the mark through an international loan provided her with a new fund, which

was found to be insufficient for her needs, and fresh loans had to be looked for. And so long as they were obtainable German industry pursued a line of unbroken development.

Unfortunately, too much of this borrowed money was spent on costly machinery, or devoted to schemes which were often unwarranted under existing conditions; which resulted in the accumulated cash reserves being incommensurate with the total volume of obligations incurred. Thus it happened, that when the flow of foreign money came to an end, for reasons which can not be entered upon here, there was little to be found in the way of internal resources to be drawn on. To be sure, a considerable store of liquid capital had been gathered together, savings having increased from 1,388,600,000 marks in September, 1925, to 9,090,000,000 at the end of 1928; but when the time came, it was unavailable to industry on account of the overriding requirements of the many governments with large deficits to cover. Moreover, money, instead of entering, began to leave the country; and while the flight of capital may have been artificially checked, such measures could not prevent its destruction through bankruptcy and loss of earnings. The summer of 1931 produced a financial crisis which entailed a reduction of banking capital to the extent of a billion marks, an amount exceeding the combined capital and reserve of the entire banking system of Canada.

The narration of the German debacle would be incomplete without a passing reference to the tariff situation, which in no small degree was of their own creation. For a number of years the feudal aristocracy, represented in the Reichstag by the Nationalist party, had



been clamoring for more protection against agricultural imports. Finally, in the summer of 1929, they got what they were after, and higher duties were imposed on wheat, rye, swine, cattle, vegetables, fruits, eggs, butter, lard and other foodstuffs. The Berlin Counselor of the English Department of Overseas Trade reported: "The measures adopted by the German Government for the protection of agriculture affected Germany's commercial relations with a number of other nations, and inquiries and protests were made by some sixteen countries; there can be no doubt that retaliatory measures will be introduced against German industrial goods." The German tariff of 1929 preceded by a whole year the ill-famed Hawley-Smoot tariff of the United States; and was a turning-point in the economic war of nations, which has circled the globe, disrupted international trade, played havoc with the exchanges, created everywhere a network of barriers to the sale of commodities, and brought untold suffering to millions of the world's inhabitants. The higher duties proved of no real value to the majority of the German farmers, whose incomes continued to shrink year after year, in spite of more and more "protection." The net result was a steady decline in the consumption of food by the German people; and the hunger, which once had been due to a blockade of enemy warships, has come to them again, this time through a blockade of a different kind, a blockade decreed by their own representatives and enforced by their own customs inspectors.

## III

The part played by the War indemnity in the later collapse of the Reich

has often been overstated. It is well to recall that the reparations system was greatly modified under the Dawes Plan, whereby the instalments were fixed on the findings of a committee of experts which had made a study of the Reich's capacity to pay. The trouble which arose later on was due no doubt to the exaggerated estimate of Germany's capacity, but even more perhaps to certain developments which could not have been foreseen at the time. In 1924 the slate had been wiped clean. The German governments—federal, district and municipal—owed nothing with the exception of the Dawes Loan. Industry likewise had been disencumbered of all debt. By 1929, however, the scene had changed; and the obligations of the Republic had risen to a figure well above the pre-War level, while local authorities and industrial corporations had joined in heaving up a mountain range of debt. It is hardly surprising, under these circumstances, that the War indemnity became an intolerable burden, and added to the uncertainty of the times. However, this can not be taken to prove that reparations alone were the cause of the national distress, but this only, that on account of the growing depression Germany became unable to pay them, in the same way as she has since become unable to pay other of her foreign debts.

The real harm of reparations, in its latter phase, came from the fact that they tended to upset the international exchanges and, therefore, were a menace to the entire world. But contrary to what has often been alleged they meant no enslavement of the German people. The tax burden they entailed was comparatively light, considering that at one stage there was almost no public debt; and also, unlike its victorious neighbors,



the country had no heavy armaments to keep up. The transfer problem inherent in reparations was, however, altogether beyond solution, since Germany could never have built up an exportable surplus large enough to cover reparations and the service of her foreign loans at the same time. Certainly, she had to borrow in order to pay, but the amounts that she borrowed were far in excess of what she returned by way of reparations. Had the proceeds of her many loans been husbanded more wisely, and had all her governments lived within their means, it could have been possible for Germany to achieve a large degree of financial independence in spite of the difficulty about reparations. The Versailles Treaty in its modified form is no longer open to criticism on this score, but with much show of reason could it be contended that originally their inclusion was quite unavoidable. If reparations and inter-Allied debts are interlocking questions—and this is the opinion of practically the whole body of economists—then such relationship was no less real in 1919 than in 1932. Since there could then be no question of canceling inter-Allied debts, it might well be asserted that the exaction of some indemnity from Germany was dictated by a necessity not less inexorable than that which ordained their elimination thirteen years later. The title of John Maynard Keynes's classical work *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, in which their futility was first discussed, would perhaps better have revealed the true character of the problem had it been *The Economic Consequences of the War*.

## IV

The evil produced by an unkind fate, no less than by the folly of Ger-

man statesmen, found its way into innumerable homes where the complexity of the economic order was entirely beyond comprehension. As in Rome in the time of Catiline, there were soon a multitude of men with time on their hands to attend meetings; and listen with admiration to the effusions of Hitler, Goebbels and others. That the Versailles Treaty is responsible for the success of Hitlerism is one of the current fallacies of contemporary thought; the Treaty being no more responsible for Hitler in Germany than for Mussolini in Italy, or a dozen other dictatorships throughout the world. That he was moved by violent opposition to the Treaty and succeeded thereby in arousing the people to a frenzy of nationalism is true enough; but one should not mistake the pabulum which a demagogue feeds out to his listeners for the basic social and economic conditions that predispose them in his favor. To infer an orator's success from the subject matter of his harangues is the most unreliable of all methods; for in the words of Macaulay: "Those events which furnish the best themes for pathetic or indignant eloquence are not always those which affect the happiness of the great body of the people." Hitler's antipathies are multitudinous, and are notable for the broad catholicity of their range, but to single out one particular object of his aversion as the corner-stone of his success can lead to no understanding of the tangled nature of his campaign.

The years of depression made Hitler, for then only did he become sufficiently notorious to get his name joined to an "ism." He won the populace to his banner, not because the grievances he conjured up before them bore any true relationship to their distress, he won them because they were cold and hun-



gry and in dread of the future; and men and women in this condition are in no sense able to consider thoughtfully the issues which are placed before them. It ought not to escape one's attention, moreover, that from the time of his first appearance until his final anointment Herr Hitler went through many vicissitudes. His fortunes, like those of the Communists, rose and fell in inverse ratio to those of his country, gaining followers when times were bad and losing them as conditions improved. The results of early elections give ample testimony to the essential truth of this statement. In May, 1924, when the chaotic effects of the inflation were still everywhere apparent, he obtained 1,900,000 votes and thirty-two seats in the Reichstag; while in the second election of the same year, following soon after the restoration of the mark when better times were clearly discernible, his vote was reduced by well over a million, and his representation in the Reichstag fell to fourteen. If at any time the Versailles Treaty was a determining factor in the internal political situation, it would have been manifest early in 1924, when the international position of Germany was at its very worst. Excluded from the League of Nations, her representatives treated with contempt, her sovereignty violated by the French invasion of the Ruhr—all the elements were there to favor the growth of political fanaticism. Notwithstanding all this, the Republic was sustained; and Hitler whose appeal was largely on political issues, was able to gain the ear of only a relatively small number of voters. And, moreover, only a few months later, but coinciding with the improved economic outlook, his followers began to fall away.

What could be more convincing that

even in Germany world politics is of little concern to the majority of the voters, in comparison with the social and economic issues which alone affect their very lives? Further, it is illogical to suppose that the Treaty had forever to remain a burning issue with the German people, and that their opinion of it could under no circumstances be modified. After 1924 the international standing of Germany quickly changed for the better. Her former enemies abandoned all repression, aided her financial recovery, admitted her to the League of Nations with a permanent seat in the Council, and generally restored her to political equality. Far from feeling any humiliation, the Germans had much to be proud of, for during this period their national culture reached its meridian; German authors, actors, musicians and scientists enjoyed the greatest fame, and were honored and acclaimed throughout the civilized world. We have it on the assertion of Prince Hubertus zu Lowenstein writing in *The Nineteenth Century and After* that the war psychosis had definitely subsided by this time, and it was apparently only the die-hard element of the population that continued to nurse thoughts of revenge and to preserve the legend of their country's humiliation.

# v

Liberals who are wont to take up the hue and cry against "the iniquitous Treaty of Versailles" should be reminded that among the Germans its most vociferous opponents have been the very elements with whom they have the least in common—men who have not in general distinguished themselves for moderation and sanity of outlook. The ire of the German reactionaries has been particularly directed against what



is known as "the War guilt lie," and the irony of the situation lies in the fact that these are the very people who make no secret of their belief in military force as the ultimate appeal and as the embodiment of the national spirit. The question as to what nations or individuals were guilty is one which unbiased historians can alone determine, and it can easily be seen that an extorted confession, as to a complex chain of events, could have no historical value whatever. The whole world knows that the War guilt clause was never anything but a meaningless absurdity, though devoid of any injurious effects of a tangible nature. Nevertheless, it was this very clause of the Treaty which nearly prevented the Germans from signing, and the fact remains that it has been taken seriously by a nation whose outlook is so largely colored by idealism. Its exorcism, therefore, would be wise at the present time, if only to quiet the feelings of those patriotic men, whose method to remove the stigma of guilt from their country would be to engage it in another trial of strength.

I shall touch but lightly on the territorial clauses of the Treaty. They are void of any bearing on the social and economic problems of the day. The transfer of territory from one state to another is to be regarded merely as a change in administrative area, sufficient indeed to arouse the patriotic fury of political sects, but quite unrelated to such transcendent realities as unemployment, the flight of capital, the stoppage of foreign loans, unbalanced budgets, tariffs and reprisals, quotas and restrictions, and other interrelated symptoms of economic disease. The justice or injustice of depriving Germany of her colonies would turn, not on the hurting of German feelings, but solely on

whether or not the dusky inhabitants of these regions would be better off under the former masters than under the mandatory régime of the League of Nations.

The dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire has been a theme for pessimism with many thinkers, who are unable to reconcile themselves to the constriction of a free trade area, and the extension of tariff lines. The creation of a tariff does undoubtedly injure the trade of the area affected, but no one need go so far as to hold that it necessarily spells its permanent decay. Its harmfulness would depend on the intensity and degree of elevation of the new barrier, perhaps more than on mere geographical extensiveness. Provided, moreover, that it remains fixed and does not become increasingly irritating, industry can in the course of time readjust itself, and resume its advancement in spite of the handicap. There is reason to believe that this actually took place with the Succession States in the earlier years; and a study of their foreign trade figures from 1920 onward does not bear out the view that the economic fabric of Eastern Europe was permanently impaired by the break-up of the Habsburg Empire. For a number of years down to 1928, the exports of Austria, Hungary, Poland and Czechoslovakia increased progressively, while those of Rumania and Yugoslavia also made gains, but reached their summit earlier—the former in 1927, the latter in 1926. Generally speaking, the economic ebb and flow of these countries has followed the same rhythm as that of Germany, to whom they are as intimately bound as Canada is to the United States. There seems on the whole no warrant for the opinion that the geographical position of the new



states of Eastern Europe is inferior to that of Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian countries and Switzerland.

The Treaty of Versailles, along with its ancillary pacts of St. Germain and Neuilly, carried out the most drastic revision of boundaries since the Middle Ages. Despite the imperfections of the new political system of Europe, it may be confidently asserted that, in general, it represents an improvement over that of pre-War times, and that the map of the world has been rationalized to a greater extent than ever before. Space does not permit a detailed consideration of each territory concerned, and it would be useless to maintain that the principle of self-determination was loyally adhered to in every instance. Nevertheless, it could be shown that the injustices were in part rectified by provisions for minority rights which have proved effective in some measure at least.

The Peace Conference of 1919, having before it the stupendous task of solv-

ing the problems resulting from the greatest of all wars, committed not a few blunders and acts of injustice. The passions which are unloosed by war do not subside with the cessation of hostilities. Years must elapse before the hatred and bitterness which are its harvest can be entirely consumed. Hence it is, that the atmosphere of a peace conference can never be favorable to an equitable adjustment of the problems, even in an age of the greatest enlightenment. How can peace treaties be just when the wars which make them necessary are unjust? No conference following upon an armed conflict can possibly solve the problems of mankind. Nevertheless, the Treaty of Versailles—despite its objectionable features—through the Covenant of the League of Nations which it embodies, at least made an attempt, however premature, of substituting a better method for the settlement of international disputes than acts of war with their inadequate acts of peace.





# Synthetic Brains for Industry

BY H. P. LOSELY

*How shall we plan our new economy?*

AS THE great depression began to reveal that our New Era was only a mirage, Senator La Follette set about collecting impressive testimony in favor of a National Economic Council. The planned economy issue was officially projected into the American arena of practical politics.

Signs and portents had not been lacking. Academic discussion had been picturing the waste of anarchy. Soviet planning disappointed the prophets of disaster. Stuart Chase reminded us that we once had planning by the War Industries Board. Even the conservative New England Council found a consensus that some sort of planning for business could no longer be postponed.

Months before the Blue Eagle was hatched, State Senator Fitzgerald was stumping Connecticut in an anti-sweatshop campaign which led to enactment of minimum wage laws. The Consumers' League in New York focused sentiment behind a drive with similar results in that State. Public opinion has appraised the results of the law of the jungle in industry; we have rediscovered that a practical *modus vivendi* can only be attained by conceding some limitations to freedom. What we are now trying to do is to decide what and how much to surrender.

The proposal of a planned economy still calls down anathema from those who think of it as a despotic institution which will attempt to govern our enterprise with an endless reel of red tape; such a concept engenders the fear that our machinery will be so entangled that it may presently cease to move at all. Nevertheless, it has become clear that well-designed limitations of freedom in one place can bring release from grinding economic shackles in another. So it should be worth while to trace the need for national planning in industry and see whether the requirements might be met without bureaucratic dictatorship.

If I give first rank to industry in *national* planning, that is not to belittle the need for planning in agriculture or in distribution. It is of course possible that industry may develop new requirements of soil production, on a scale to reverse the trend to the town. But the probabilities lie in a continued diminishing of work for wages on field and farm, a notable decline in retailing costs and a return to industrial and construction activities on a vast scale. With shorter hours for the man, the machine will have to carry still more of the load of our civilization. If we are building a new industrial machine to take us for another ride, we should build it without



the political flaws suspected of contributing to the disaster in the old one.

To picture the conditions with which modern industry has to contend, it will be necessary to dissect the industrial process as it is carried on today. Our modern technology has brought about some fundamental changes of proportions in the process, and it is these changed proportions that have rendered controls imperative.

In the days of the hand craftsman, specialized planning was hardly needed. There was a prudent judgment developed by the rounded training of the master of the craft, and that usually sufficed for direction; yet even then, the guilds had their codes and controlled production by restriction of membership. But the characteristic of that economy was a low per capita investment in equipment and a very slow rate of technical progress. A Cellini or a Galileo who questioned the traditions of arts and sciences was a disturber of the peace.

The characteristic of modern industry is a high machine investment per worker, extreme specialization and very rapid technological change. Witness the battle of the metals. We shift from iron castings to steel stampings, specify brass pipe instead of galvanized; copper and aluminum have a perennial battle to carry our high-tension power; accurate die-castings of zinc alloys displace cheaper metals which would have to be machined. There is similar contest everywhere from raw material to elaborately finished product, and one modification by the chemist of a single link may break a long chain. The consumer is no longer afraid of a new product if it has been adequately tested. So the practitioner of the arts can no longer follow tradition, even if he would; he must continually improve on it, or his peace

will be disturbed. It has consequently become vital to resort to intensive use of capital, whether invested in tools or in goods on the way to the consumer. The latter must be made up swiftly before demand is diverted to some other product; even the machinery itself must be used up before either a better machine displaces it, or the product it makes is no longer wanted.

There was once a maker of machine tools who complained to Mr. Ford that his car-makers were abusing the tools he had sold him, running them far above rated speeds for twenty-four hours a day. Said Mr. Ford: "Have you had complaints from us? You expect them to last ten years, but we will get ten ordinary years' work out of them in three and then scrap them; we will have recovered the money put into them and be ready to buy again. I hope you will have a better machine to offer us then, and you will then have no cause to complain."

This rapid tempo has spread all through industry. Disregard of the consequences in our political economy led to many disasters. Treasury regulations were widely interpreted by accountants to allow only ten per cent annual write-off on machinery, so financial statements set down obsolescent assets at valuations unintentionally fictitious. No wonder we had pipe-dreams of inflated paper profits. If the auctioneer instead of the accountant had put in the valuation it might not have needed a depression to demonstrate the worthlessness of machinery mechanically perfect but technically useless in competition. Those who used the Ford strategy and rapidly worked their machines to destruction escaped the trap, but many "conservatives" were caught unawares by the acceleration of technological



change. They now understand D. C. Coyle's statement: "The country can stand as much progress as it can stand bankruptcy."

A sheepish "no-fault-of-their own" alibi does not excuse the lack of prudence of industrialists whose business it was to know conditions, but with industrial anarchy, the work of the wise leader was too often undermined by the ignorant opportunist. Now that the dangers of rapid obsolescence and of excess capacity are being recognized, many trades are drawing up rules to stifle progress. It will be the business of planned economy to nurture progress without bankruptcy.

## II

The true function of industry is to transform purchased materials into more elaborate saleable merchandise, using the least possible human effort. Its work is measured in the manufactures census as "value added in manufacture." It is this process of adding value that we must dissect if we wish to understand the forces at work in our political economy. Ignorance of the process may be fatal.

To achieve the maximum social value added per unit of labor used, there must first be an outlay of creative labor for design and testing of the product, then for designing, making and housing the tools of production; there must also be an outlay for managerial talent. Only when this is done is it possible to hire the rank and file of workers for routine labor.

To achieve maximum economy requires a very nice balancing of these different expenditures. A serious mistake in any direction may be equally fatal to the existence of an enterprise, as we shall see presently. The current narrowing margins of profit have in turn re-

duced the permissible margins of error and added to the fatalities of management. It is not strange that the industrialist, already finding it difficult to steer his course, is concerned lest politicians throw further obstacles in his way. If we are going to make him carry heavier loads, we should alter our political framework to give him a straighter course and a chance to plan his margins.

The achievement of a balanced industrial structure is so vitally essential that mere general warnings do not suffice, we must have measurement. No adequately wide studies have yet been made of this feature, but even a rough-and-ready gauge, like the artist's thumb-nail on his pencil held at arm's length, can give us a sense of proportion. Speaking very generally, and judging by personal observations in many industries over a period of years, it seems to work out that if the dollar spent on conversion is divided about fifty cents for routine labor, thirty-two cents for all capital charges, and eighteen cents for management expenses, then optimum long-term results are obtained. Let us see what happens when these proportions are grossly violated.

Not long ago I found a machine shop where labor made up over eighty per cent of the conversion cost. The president was the nearest living replica of Scrooge; labor *rates* were below par; the old machine tools were "conservatively" written down to one dollar; supervision was a necessary evil, to be kept to a minimum. After some new tools had been put in, the work planned out ahead, and the men adequately instructed and encouraged, the labor factor came nearer sixty per cent and, as proof of the pudding, the conversion cost was reduced by some forty per cent.

On the other hand, I have seen plant



managers get an acute case of "push-button complex," investing in super-automatic equipment which needed hardly any men to work it, so that capital charges ran over sixty-five per cent of conversion cost. Along comes a depression. The machines can not be put on part-time on the books, although they are only used two days a week. The annual write-off has to be made regardless, huge losses appear, dividends stop and the stock-holders have to retrench.

It is suggestive to compare the figures reported in the census with the ratio suggested. No investment figures are given there, but we can extract the ratio of labor cost to conversion cost. In 1914 it was forty-two per cent and since 1921 it has slowly decreased to thirty-six and one-half per cent in 1929. I am inclined to interpret this as corroborative evidence that as a whole, there has been a diversion of industrial effort into producing capital facilities beyond the point of optimum return.

Still one more factor needs brief mention—the rate of return of capital. In an industrial investment, the rate of interest is of secondary importance; the first need is that gross return be sufficient to refund the capital by the time competition forces the discard of the original machinery. (Hence the stock-market's frequent disregard of dividends!) Again speaking in very general terms, it is seldom feasible to operate with less than twenty per cent gross return, even if only five per cent is paid out in dividends. In fact it is becoming necessary to make over equipment completely in five years, and the building can hardly be counted on for ten years without radical structural changes. The answer to technical development should not be a "scientific holiday." We should

welcome continued progress and meet the challenge of change by intensive use of facilities and an orderly renewal programme.

The importance of intensive use of capital will be more clearly appreciated by tracing the consequences of these economy factors to their logical conclusion. For, if efficient production requires thirty-two dollars' expenditure for capital to each fifty dollars for wages, and five years of capital outlay to renew the tools of production, then we have five times thirty-two or \$160 investment for each fifty dollar annual wage, or capital facilities of rather more than three times the annual wage bill. Scattered case studies indicate that these general proportions hold good through a wide range of productive industry. Authoritative estimates for the United States in 1928 indicated an investment in industrial facilities of thirty billions, with an annual payroll of eleven billions. Light manufacturing with much handwork shows a lower investment ratio and brings down the average.

So, as soon as we get into mass production, we are likely to find that a factory with only 200 people, to yield an average wage of \$2,000 a year, will require a million dollar investment. If all our experience goes to prove that we can pay high real wages only with the aid of a large investment in organization, buildings and machinery, it follows that we must provide a high degree of security and continuous employment to the investment. Per worker we may have a \$6,000 investment with a life expectancy of five years; by intensive use we can pay a \$2,000 wage and set aside \$1,200 a year to retire or replace the machinery. But if our political set-up, blind to the urgent need for thrifty use of capital, aids and abets



wasteful competition, we beget industrial anarchy. During the five-year life of the machine, we only realize three full years of use; then the wages of capital and labor will be reversed—we have to take out \$2,000 a year for the machinery to avoid bankruptcy, and can only pay a \$1,200 wage.

That, in a nutshell, is the justification for asking for national planning in industry. Unemployment of the machine, by wasting wealth, reduces liquid resources, causes unemployment of workers and initiates a vicious circle. The forty per cent underemployment of the machine in the illustration is not an exaggeration; even higher estimates of overcapacity have been made.

### III

How is it that such overinvestment occurs? Does the investor deliberately erect excess capacity? There are several causes. Overtaxation in one place and undertaxation in another can both leave a trail of wreckage. The rate of technological change has much to do with it. Where there is little change and puny net profit, there is little temptation to excess. But the market-place has often deceived the manufacturer. There are mad rushes for merchandise, with buyers placing duplicate orders in the hope of getting one delivery on time and paying premium prices to induce overtime running. Worshiping size as we did, the typical plant manager was readily deluded into the belief that doubling the plant every five years was just normal growth, so he yielded to pressure from old customers to enlarge the plant. It adds to his prestige when his cronies in the trade greet him: "Hello, Jim. I see in the *Brass Button Review* that you are adding twenty per cent to capacity. You must be doing well." But when the

rush subsides, he has a headache. He has to fire some men, but he can't fire the machines, except at a loss he daren't take.

Now comes the rub. The new machinery is probably more efficient than the old—that was an additional inducement to buy it. He needs more volume, so how does he quote? Of course on the basis of his lower cost. That starts a vicious circle, in fact a couple of neatly interlaced vicious circles. The strong competitor at once starts "modernizing" to cut costs, erects more capacity and throws routine men out of work. The weak competitor takes advantage of the oversupply of trained help and cuts wages. Displaced executives buy up some old plant at ten cents on the dollar, and with low overhead and low wages take on some specialty work which again subtracts volume from the old concerns. Thus are forged the links in the ancient chain: price-cut, wage-cut, lower consuming power, sales harder to make, price-cut, etc., and the chain is not shortened by a classic trade union policy of guiding wage demands by the barometer of employment. Sidney Webb defended that policy in free-trade England, but in the face of technological advance, it ceases to be defensible.

Instead of doubling size and personnel, it would usually be better to make over the plant every five years and get any greater volume needed by increased efficiency. One case comes to mind—it was in this depression—where a plant manager was about to double size and crew of a small department to meet special demands. Instead, we re-designed the tools, turned out three times as much with the old crew in half the space and dismantled the old tools. But in spite of much educational work, that sort of solution is as much exception as



rule—and the exceptions make the trouble. We are proceeding to suppress the exceptional sweatshop. We will also have to discipline the exuberant expansionist.

## IV

Before proceeding, it may be useful, and may even remove some misconceptions, if we take a look at what planning does for the individual plant. As a stunt, it is possible to take the wool from the sheep and turn it into a suit in twenty-four hours. But practically, our machinery is too complicated for that; we don't reset it oftener than necessary—but what is necessary? We could feed orders into the top end of a mill and let them take their "natural" course. That sort of management made us employ stock-chasers by the thousand in 1917. I remember one plant in the late profitless prosperity which had \$600,000 of goods in the works, much of it just waiting its turn at some machine. A check-up showed that two-thirds of that amount should give enough leeway to each department to avoid idle machines and excessive changes. One planner and three assistants began to interfere with the "natural" sequence of work. For planning, to be effective, must be more than forecasting and become the starting point for manipulative interference by management. Machine runs were pre-arranged, and the work guided through the plant. Sometimes a priority order would be used to get some work to a machine before it would have to be shut down. Sometimes pressure was put on the sales force to bring in some pending business, with a promise and a threat: quick delivery for a promptly placed order, slow delivery if the order were delayed. Of course the planners never got all they wanted, but plant output

was increased by a fifth, inventory cut in half, and deliveries greatly quickened, which all helped to cork up the red ink bottle which had been used for the monthly statement.

Scores of such examples could be cited, but the variations only interest the technician. The outstanding fact is that, with intelligent control of the productive process, not only are wages increased and costs reduced, but it becomes possible to restore consumer discipline and coöperation—and that is very essential to recovery. Without planning, running a plant is rather like playing bagatelle; once the ball is shot, its course depends on interference with fixed obstacles. With planning, we have directed coördination, as in baseball, where players shift their positions even before the ball is hit.

We need not here concern ourselves with all the intricate devices used to bring the work of correlation within the scope of a human brain. But the point must be made that such devices greatly enlarge the practical scope of control. The layman is apt to have a concept of a gigantic chessboard with one player trying to visualize several moves ahead. The chess-player in a tournament would not dream of turning to a reference book, or working out his moves on a spare board. The planner is not handicapped by any such scruples; he is just as anxious to save effort as is the engineer in the works, and he must work swiftly. So he has some electric counting machines to give him an analysis or a work inventory in a hurry, wall charts showing whether jobs are going through the works on time, an index of work ahead of every machine group, reference files and reminders, all of which and more may be modeled in fifty-seven varieties to suit the individual case, and



arranged so that much of the work can be parceled out to subordinates. His mnemonic symbols and panels with colored slides may look as meaningless as anagram soup, but they give him an accurate picture of what goes on, and if it isn't according to plan, he can instantly translate into the local trade language. Of course the general direction of a complicated synthetic brain does require a high I.Q. with special characteristics, but so do other professions. Certain kinds of surgery need rare skill, training and experience, but that does not make us forego hospitals; the surgical staff is organized so that the specialist just does his own skilled work.

Whether in the individual plant or in the integrated merger, the principal difficulty encountered in planning is not the task of bringing the work within the scope of available intelligence. The deterrent to further progress has been the unlimited and unpredictable scope of competitors and the unregulated impact of invention, and to some degree, the cyclical waves of national expansion and contraction which have been accentuated by collective mistakes.

# v

So we come back to our theme. There is growing recognition of the intensifying effect of mechanization on the business cycle. Our figures throw a spotlight on modern industrial employment economics. If we have an investment in the tools of production of three times the annual routine wage bill, and this investment is being turned over at the rate of one complete replacement in, say, six years, then we *should* spend each year one-half as much on making machines and buildings as we pay to those employed in the production process itself. The tendency—which may or

may not be wise—has been to increase the proportion further.

But the investment in tools can be quickened or postponed without changing the rate of making products for the consumer. It has lately been noticed that there is little unemployment in consumption goods industries, but great unemployment in durable goods trades. As a whole, the latter group is the more highly skilled and highly paid of the wage-earning class. So if they are cut off the payroll, the repercussion on national income is very marked; it is further accentuated by cessation of revenue to the capital they use. Still worse, changes in the rate of making durable goods, by their very effect on national income, tend to accumulate momentum in either direction until a reversal is brought about by excesses.

It is imperative that our political economy give as much recognition to this factor as it does to tariffs and taxes; indeed, the fluctuation that troubles the tax-gatherer may disappear if we solve our major trouble. If we want our industrial machine to yield greater returns to all the people all the time, the nature of the correctives needed should now be clear. We must have some planned control of investment in capital facilities, forcing the industrialist to utilize them intensively, and to a degree such that he is compelled to renew them continuously.

Obviously, we can not have an intense use of machinery if we still cling to the custom of allowing a free inflow of competitive capital into an industry. We abandoned that ideal in one field when we made a railroad obtain a certificate of necessity from the I.C.C. before building a new line. We must extend that principle, at least into the staple industries.



It is not necessary that the Federal Government initiate any regulation, or even incur the expense of the control, although it will probably need to supervise it. The impulse to planned control is already manifestly coming from industry itself. Although few of today's executives have experienced the smooth operation of a monopoly, the persistent demand for change of the Sherman Act plainly signaled the revulsion against the wastes of blindfold competition. Yet to abolish competition entirely between members of an industry would seem quite undesirable to the raw material supplier and to the worker who has to market his services—and perhaps to the consumer who does not realize the strenuous inter-industry competition to offer him more for his dollar.

As one method of combining the capital economy of the monopoly and the social advantage of competition, I have advocated the use of a competitive franchise system in any industry with an institute which can plan its requirements with reasonable accuracy. Such an industry could be permitted to restrict erection of capital facilities to not more than twenty per cent over the requirements for public necessity and convenience, and bring about the dismantling of existing obsolete surplus above that margin of safety. But within that limit, competition would be maintained under a system of terminable and transferable licenses, exposed periodically to general bidding.

The effects of so modifying competition would extend in many directions. The procedure required to determine reasonable capacity in an industry would of itself bring revision of trade practices and business methods by focusing attention on their effects—and lacking such factual basis, or afraid to face

it, many trade associations are still adding to legal confusion instead of planning their course. Controlled capacity would give to capital a technical security now lacking, improve credit ratings and by reducing the average age of equipment make it more efficient. The tactics of the professional buyer would change; without excessive offerings, he could no longer make one producer after another sit on a tub while he indulges in circus-master tactics with another. With more real coöperation in distributive channels, sales expenses will drop and the rate of production will be steadier. Finally, by removing the cost of over-competition, the industrial structure can be maintained intact at a lower expense, giving a greater share to labor and management.

There are many well-versed economists who hold that with continued technical advance, we must have continuously falling prices and a continuous stream of new products to obviate disemployment; that reasoning has even been projected to the point of proposing social recapture of technological profits by taxation.

Since I prefer to choose my own entertainment, a Cæsarian assessment for bread and circuses appears to me less promising than increasing the rewards of all workers as fast as the margin of safety permits. That will distribute economic power—the power to vote for what you want with your dollar—over a wide area, and avoid concentration in political hands, exposed to the sinister influences so prevalent on our scene. If the returns from invention and efficiency are so shared with workers, the increased demand for existing products should alone suffice to obviate disemployment; with wages raised in proportion to increased output, technical



impulse to price collapse would be neutralized.

The latter point is doubly important. Not only should prices of consumer goods be guarded against appreciable drop; capital investment should also be protected against competition of new structures erected with smaller money expenditures. The lack of such protection tends to delay capital outlays just at the time they would be socially most desirable. The new machine can make its way by superior performance, without inferior price. Indeed part of its price should be an increased standard of living to those who design, make and use it.

If the view prevails that we want to extract the maximum social benefit out of our inventions—prescribing the short and strenuous life for the machine rather than for the man—then we must logically concede the requisite authority to effectuate the policy; the two-year term of the Recovery Act is too short for capital control. Some power—whether by license or otherwise—might well be given to the code authority or similar body. With labor, consumer and government there represented, it will be more feasible to see that the benefits of new technique are equitably shared to prevent disemployment. There is a definite formula to that end; if it is followed, labor will not be placed in the position of the classic folly of surrendering to the machine. For workers to abstain from sharing in the proceeds of a machine which diminishes the need for labor is suicidal, and therefore just as much against the social interest as common *felo de se*.

## VI

So it is rather probable that national planning may be brought into the

American scene by the independent efforts of a thousand and one trade institutes. They will perforce each have to assemble the basic facts affecting their own trade, but, being each dominated by concerns which have achieved leadership by merit, are most likely to be guided by the most competent counsel available. Of itself, this should provide a solid bulwark against stupid bureaucracy. We may still have to put up with the stuffed shirt, but if the facts are kept straight in the committee hearings, we can survive the after-dinner speeches and the front-page flutter.

Naturally, much of the information required will be drawn from national statistics; much of the planning of one trade will be of vital concern to others. There will be a need for a correlating agency—that is provided for in the industrial planning and research agency of the Recovery Act. But instead of dictating autocratically, it will become a synthetic brain-centre for coördination of innumerable impulses.

Some vast headaches there will be—no doubt about that. The battle for the consumer's dollar may well be fought out in the correlating agency offices. What, for example, will be the course to take when the oil-burner institute proposes expansion and makes out its case? The petroleum institute will scarcely object, but it should be called on the carpet to show what it can deliver for the next few years. But the anthracite institute may protest to heaven, and promise us even better coal-burners. We will probably have to develop an entirely new technique of fighting out the battle for the dollar on paper, in open court, with evidence of social gains and losses—and more truth in advertising as a by-product. It may frequently result in limiting introduction of a new



invention while extensive consumer tests are carried out and greater refinement perfected before foisting it on the general public—with a warning meanwhile to interests adversely affected to lighten cargo before the tide ebbs. Nor would the proposal be without precedent, that where the social gain warrants sudden introduction of a new invention, a tax be levied on it at least partially to indemnify injured parties, whether capital made obsolete or workers who must learn a new trade.

It is futile to predict how we will manage complex details; but the evidence is already at hand that we are drifting into the method of control by trades; the textile industry, well aware of past shortcomings, has taken the lead in using its new opportunities.

But plan we must, if we are to replace the economics of scarcity by production in abundance. Producing more than we

consume, we add to our capital; but producing at cross-purposes, we all lose by the collisions of conflicting capital. Structures and equipment to the tune of thirty billions are hopelessly obsolete; they will presently be demolished; vast amounts must be rebuilt. But instead of sinking capital extensively into short-lived industrial facilities, we must use less and use it more intensively. Then we can divert more of our capital into one of the best uses available—spacious substantial housing, built to last almost untouched for fifteen years—the capital goods *par excellence* when used to raise a new generation better than the old one. If we can marshal our forces, give to each group its traffic rights, our industries will of themselves start a thousand and one reconstruction programmes, beside which our latest Federal budget will pale in the dawn of a New Era no longer a mirage.





# THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



READING Albert Jay Nock's diary of a stormy eighteen months in the history of this country, *A Journal of These Days—June 1932–December 1933* (Morrow, \$2.75), the thought came again to the Landscaper that these are days when people who write about liter-

ature, or at least about books, are, by a curious trend of the times, very nearly forced to have fixed views about politics, economics and other such matters.

What with the development of a whole school of critical writing under the Marxian influence and the swing to communism of so many reviewers and intellectuals, it is a little hard to keep from having to assume a rigid point of view, no matter how distasteful this may be. Up to this time the Landscaper has resisted the pressure, and gone calmly ahead on the theory that it was possible to review books and believe in anarchy, fascism, democracy or monarchism, all at once or one at a time, and to do just as good a job as if one were willing to down the whole Marxian business at a gulp.

It was what Mr. Nock said about his own attitude toward political systems that started this train of thought; this fits the Landscaper's own ideas so exactly that he can see no reason for wait-

ing any longer to take his stand, and having disposed of the business, to keep it out of his mind when he is trying to estimate either the entertainment or the educational value of printed matter between board covers, no matter how far outside the time-spirit this may be.

## *Help From Mr. Penn*

Mr. Nock goes all the way back to William Penn for his words of wisdom and William Penn said that any system of government was good in good hands and any system bad in bad hands. This is the Landscaper's own feeling; he has never been able to persuade himself for a second that any of the alternatives suggested for our present form of government would effect any very material improvement in American conditions, and this goes for communism especially, since it has nothing to offer but a system. It is without a single leader in this country who has done anything to deserve the loyalty or confidence of the people.

This is a pleasantly latitudinarian stand to take, which gives it particular appeal to a naturally skeptical mind that has always suffered from the curse of being able to see both sides of a question and which finds itself more at a loss



about the question of humanity-saving causes the older it grows and the more it studies human history and humankind. Causes, it seems to the Landscaper, are really damnable; they make people hard to live with and take some of the happiness out of being alive that would be there if we could only be left alone long enough to find it.

This is, the Landscaper is well aware, a soft way of looking at things—the manly course is to be sure something or other is more important than anything else and then to make oneself a nuisance trying to inflict whatever it is on the rest of the world. The truth is that individual character, allowed the widest possible range of development, and running even into eccentricity, seems the most important thing on earth to your old-fashioned correspondent, which from the point of view of most of the thinkers of today puts him quite beyond hope. And there suppose we leave him while some others of the new books are examined in addition to Mr. Nock's amusing, bitter and happily despondent journal.

### *Back to the Twelfth Century*

The spring lists continue to offer good novels, some of which would be ruled out under the Marxian thesis as of no importance because they do not bear upon the present crisis and because, too, it would be a little hard to see just what economic determinism has to do with them. High up in this class the Landscaper would put George Cronyn's *The Fool of Venus* (Covici-Friede, \$3), a long, but not too long, story of Provence in the days of the troubadours that is really a biography of Peire Vidal, greatest of the poet-singers, done against a rich, fully detailed and accurate background of the times.

On second thought, the Marxians might find something in this book to write about—they could say, for example, that it showed up the frivolity, the crookedness, the immorality, etc., of the exploiting classes even as far back as the Twelfth Century. It shows up, too, the Crusaders, at least the members of the famous Fourth Crusade which was turned aside at Venice by the Doge Dandolo and used for his political ends rather than for the glory of God and the Cross.

However, all this seems to the Landscaper to matter a great deal less than Mr. Cronyn's feat, the result of years of hard work of research, of bringing vividly to life a grand, romantic period, and of making the joys and sorrows, the triumphs and defeats, of its people move our hearts. It is a magnificent canvas he has painted, and ought to prove irresistible to anybody who loves a story that is at the same time good history. Unlike that other historical romance, *Anthony Adverse*, which continues to sell as well as if it had been published only yesterday, *The Fool of Venus* has no philosophy; Peire Vidal had a love of justice in an age that knew little about justice, but it got him nowhere in particular, except in trouble.

This is a very fine piece of reading matter, which deserves to be ranked among the half-dozen novels of the year that are obligatory if one is to keep up with what is going on in literature. There will be those who think of Mr. Cronyn's novel as "literature of escape," but it has its lesson for these times in giving us a true picture of other times, and more than anything else of showing us what people can stand when they have to, and still find life not the worst gift in the world.



### *Novels About the Nazis*

The novel is the catch-all of literary forms in these times, and as such it serves as the medium for letting the world know what is going on in Hitler's Germany at the same time that it is telling us what went on in Peire Vidal's Europe. Three books of fiction have appeared recently on the subject of Nazism and its effect upon human lives, one of them outstanding because of the name attached, and because its author deserves the high rank he has won for himself among living novelists.

This is Lion Feuchtwanger's *The Oppermanns* (Viking), which like one of the others, is a study of what happens to a family when Hitler's Storm-Troops get busy at their task of uprooting a civilization. Mr. Feuchtwanger has taken a typical German-Jewish family, with its roots deep in the soil and traced out the tragedies of its members after the arrival of the crooked cross. It is topical, and not a great work of art, but a very well-done and valuable book.

The other novel of family life is called simply *German Family* and the author is an English man or woman—the publishers say they have no information about him or her—who writes under the name of L. C. N. Stone (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50). It tells the fortunes of an English family that allies itself not long after the War with a family of German Jews; there are several intermarriages and a lot of firm friendships that come out of the first association of a widow and a young German chemist.

Not much Nazi violence gets into the book, and it is a quiet narrative anyway; its value is in its everydayness, even its commonplaceness, for it makes

the point of the disaster even greater to have it happen to a completely inoffensive lot of people. The death of a pet dog at the hands of the Nazi troopers and their arrest of his small master is a poignant incident, and as moving, if one may say so without being misunderstood, as other accounts of far more brutal occurrences.

### *Atrocities in Hamburg*

The third novel of this collection is Heinz Leipmann's *Murder—Made in Germany* (Harper, \$2.50), which is concerned with Hamburg and what happens there after a fishing vessel puts into port from a three-months' trip, during which Hitler and his followers have come into power. Here is the brutality, and most important of all, here are pictures of the concentration camps where not only Jews, but Communists, and all others who oppose Hitler or who for any reason are not in favor with the Nazis, are taken.

Why Mr. Leipmann chose to put his observations into the form of a novel it is hard to say, but he has made out very well with the story, and its incidents, he swears, are all true. He himself was in a concentration camp before he got out of Germany, and was arrested recently in Holland because of something he said in the present book about von Hindenburg's support of the Nazis. He was at one time a leader in the Communist opposition to Hitler, so that there may be the feeling that his book is prejudiced, but in the main it checks at every point with what others have written of the Brown Shirts and their attempt to make Germany over into a medieval "Nordic" state.

Hitler's own book *Mein Kampf* lays down the principles for all the Brown Shirts' deviltry.



### *Our Own Atrocities*

These three books might be classified among propaganda novels. Two choice specimens of the same family that strike much nearer home are also available, and both ought to please the young proletarians. In fact, one of them was ushered into the world with a fanfare of praise from the Marxist reviewers, and the other plainly only escaped a similar decoration because the publishers didn't think to send out advance copies.

One of these two is Carleton Beals's *Black River* (Lippincott, \$2.50), a story of the Tampico oil fields and the ruthless methods used there by American capitalists, a rough-and-ready chromo of a pioneer development and its effect upon the lives of the simple and pleasant Mexican peasants that would be shocking if its thesis were at all new. The Teapot Dome scandal is brought in, of course, and when one remembers that charming affair it is not very hard to believe everything else Mr. Beals says, even if he did not have an excellent reputation as a reporter.

*Black River* is not a very good novel, and some of the writing in it is very bad, but it has its message just the same. Its principal difficulty is that, despite the possession of some striking talents, Mr. Beals just isn't a novelist.

### *A Textile Strike*

The other is by William Rollins, Jr.—*The Shadow Before* (McBride, \$2.50), which has been called "the outstanding labor novel of the times" and which is the story of a strike in a textile mill, followed through from a reduction in wages to protect dividends to the trial of the strikers for a fight with the police, which the police provoked, and the settlement of the dis-

pute to the advantage of the mill owners, after the strike leaders have been sent to prison for long terms.

Mr. Rollins's novel undoubtedly has value as a social document, largely because it is written out of his own firsthand knowledge of mill conditions and of what happens when workers use the only weapon they have to win a living wage. It is also a very exciting book to read, told in a manner influenced by Joyce and John Dos Passos, with the free use of striking typographical devices to make the story more dramatic.

But the introduction of a flock of neurotics, among them the son of the Jewish owner of the mill in question, puts the book somewhat out of perspective and keeps it from being a true and accurate account of what happens in an American town when a strike comes along. That is, the presence of these people, young Baumann, the repressed wife of the Puritanical mill-manager who becomes a nymphomaniac, and her daughter, who goes to pieces after she has been seduced by Baumann, aided by bootleg liquor, gives the book a somewhat false tone.

This does not mean, however, that Mr. Rollins suffers either from a lack of something to say or an ability to say it. He has both. The book is anything else but agreeable reading, but it is powerful and moving. Its pictures of police brutality, not overdrawn at all, match anything that is happening in Germany, except, of course, that the police who mistreat strikers have the excuse of keeping order and "protecting property," while the Storm-Troopers abuse people whose only sin is belonging to the Jewish race, or perhaps not admiring Hitler's mustache and laughing out loud at the antics of the Brown Shirts.



### *Some New Writers*

It will be seen that there is no lack of variety in the current production of fiction. A number of other good novels remain to be mentioned, some of them small in scope, but important as the beginning of talented careers; among these are Ethel Turner's *One-Way Ticket* (Smith and Haas, \$2), a novel of San Quentin prison that is quite unusual and well done, and Peter Grey's *Pillar of Salt* (Putnam), a tale of modern Greece and a pair of peasant murderers that is handled with mature skill, and told with a fascination that will not let it be laid down once it has been started; and Nola Henderson's *This Much Is Mine* (Smith and Haas), an Oklahoma farm story notable for the portrait of a tom-boy in its earlier pages, and an American novel with a tangy originality that makes the author worth knowing about.

Readers who recall G. B. Lancaster's *Pageant* of last year, a novel of Tasmania, will find her new book, *The World Is Yours* (Appleton-Century), a worthy successor. The background is the Yukon, on the Canadian side, and the long story centres about the love of Tamsin, a lass of Scotch ancestry, and her playmate, Kirk. Tamsin is the eternal mother; Kirk handsome, but weak, especially where women are concerned. An affair with an Indian girl results in his killing another of her admirers, and the murder dogs him through the rest of the tale, with Tamsin standing understandingly by, and winning him at last to a noble gesture. There are a number of interesting characters in the book, very well drawn indeed, and an excellent use of the unusual background, which the author knows at first hand. This is a really fine romantic novel, in

which there is to be found the quite unusual combination of good plot, good writing and good characterization.

### *Stories of the South*

The South's current offerings include two more good novels, one of which is Hamilton Basso's *Cinnamon Seed* (Scribner, \$2.50), a Louisiana story with significance in its study of the plight of a wild young aristocrat who has to find himself in a modern world. The best he can do is to go back to the old plantation after far wanderings and settle down with his sweetheart, which doesn't really solve any of the questions raised. But Mr. Basso knows the country and the people and draws both lovingly and skilfully. Some of his Negro characters are splendid, and some of the writing in the book is very good indeed. The other novel is Frances Renard's *Ridgeways* (Stokes), the story of the rise and fall and rise again of a Kentucky family, an honestly and carefully done book, with authenticity and solidity.

Nothing has been said here yet about one of the current best-sellers, James M. Cain's *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (Knopf), which is a very hard-boiled story of lust and murder, as well done as anything of the kind can be, or nearly so, not a particularly important book, but if you hear the neighbors talking about it, and don't mind blood, read it; it is about our own American morons, God help us. Anne Gordon Keown's *Mr. Thompson in the Attic* (Morrow, \$2) is a perfectly charming English piece of whimsy by an author with the light touch very highly developed; Leane Zugsmith's *The Reckoning* (Smith and Haas), a good novel about a lawyer who loved justice and



wished to succeed and how he resolved the dilemma.

Of the novels published earlier this year, the Landscaper retains his admiration for Sean O'Faolain's *A Nest of Simple Folk* (Viking) and above all the rest, Lewis Grassic Gibbon's *Cloud Howe* (Doubleday, Doran). The first is Irish, the second Scotch, and reading either is a real experience.

### *Plenty of Non-Fiction*

The non-fiction shelves offer the ordinary store of books on topics of the times and a wide variety of subjects, ranging from the thoroughgoing rascality of American capitalists to discussions of what the next war will be like. If the Landscaper were suddenly forced to choose half a dozen books from the lot, his list would run something like this: Lauren Gilfillan's *I Went to Pit College* (Viking); Matthew Josephson's *The Robber Barons* (Harcourt, Brace); *The Memoirs of Vincent Nolte* (Watt); *Empire in the East*, edited by Joseph Barnes (Doubleday, Doran); *Gouverneur Morris*, by Daniel Walther (Funk and Wagnalls) and Robert W. Winston's *Robert E. Lee: A Biography* (Morrow).

Miss Gilfillan's book is, perhaps, the most remarkable of the entire lot, an extraordinary piece of reporting done with more skill than goes into all but a very small percentage of current novels. It is a first-hand account of a visit to a mining town during the progress of a strike; Miss Gilfillan went to the place on a dare from an editor, and once there, determined to see things from the inside. The result is a classic of "life among the lowly," the dirt, degradation and grinding poverty of our industrial serfs.

There is no conscious propaganda

about it, merely a picture of the place and the people, of the coal mines themselves, of the strikers' headquarters and their efforts at relief, of begging expeditions, of the excitement a cake of soap can cause among people who haven't the money to buy this essential commodity—can the poor keep clean?—and at the last, of a degenerate community called Seldom Seen, which is an honestly described ulcer. What Miss Gilfillan saw was not the result of the depression, either. Hers is a remarkable book; if we had any capacity for indignation left it might turn out to be a sort of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the miners. Perhaps the neo-agrarian South will rise in its wrath and demand that the Pennsylvania slaves be set free. . . .

### *Our Great Men*

Matthew Josephson's new book, *The Robber Barons: The Great American Capitalists, 1861-1901* is an invaluable synthesis of the work of such men as Charles A. Beard, Gustavus Myers, Henry George and, for good measure, Karl Marx, a connected story of the way America grew, told in terms of studies of the rapacious crew that arose from the lower and middle classes to power during the tremendous industrial development which followed the Civil War.

Their names are already well known: they run from Jay Cooke, the banker, often spoken of as the Robert Morris of the Civil War—you can find out all about Robert Morris in John McConaughy's *Who Rules America?* (Longmans, Green)—all the way down to such people as Henry Clay Frick. It is a singularly sorry gallery of portraits, a singularly unadmirable lot of people. Even when they were not out-and-out bandits such as Jay Gould,



bandits in every respect except that they never risked anything, they were, like John D. Rockefeller, without human qualities.

Some of them had color, Jim Fiske, for example, but it was merely the color of excessive vulgarity; the Gilded Age might be summed up in one picture of Fiske's Erie offices upstairs over an opera house, decorated in the period, of course. Mr. Josephson tells the whole story from the Civil War scandals themselves and the elder Morgan's famous deal in carbines—wouldn't a pair of crossed carbines make a nice decoration for 23 Wall Street?—down through the Rooseveltian trust-busting, a gesture that kept the people quiet while the big boys could take what they had left.

### *Still With Us*

It is interesting but not inspiring reading, this story of how the natural resources of a continent passed into the hands of a few men who cared for just one thing, how much money they could put into their own pockets.

Nor can we comfort ourselves that all this belongs to the past, for Messrs. Mitchell, Wiggin and Insull are directly in line; one would like to believe that the New Deal offered some solution, but it doesn't, not the slightest. On the contrary, the best we have to hope for now is just what we have had in the past, a cycle of "prosperity," with an orgy of speculation, followed by bankruptcy in due time, and at the end, more money in the hands of fewer people.

Less serious is the next book on the list, *The Memoirs of Vincent Nolte*, which finds its way back into print because of the interest in the sources of Hervey Allen's *Anthony Adverse*. Nolte appears in the Hervey novel, and

his book was freely used by Mr. Allen. It is an extraordinary account of the full life of a man who ranged the earth while engaged in various kinds of business enterprises, and whose book is filled with fascinating footnotes to history. There is a new introduction by Burton Rascoe in the present edition. It is a long, rich book, acquainting us with a bit of a rascal and telling the whole story of the period, especially of its business life, freshly and vividly.

### *Two Good Biographies*

The two biographies I mentioned earlier are both excellent, Judge Winston's *Lee* being the most complete study that has been made of the Southern leader, and particularly of those noble last five years when Lee exhibited a greatness in defeat that has been equalled very few times in the history of the world. Gouverneur Morris has long been one of the Landscaper's favorite characters in American history; he was so much a man of his century, the aristocrat who could preach monarchism and help to polish up the American Constitution at the same time; a witty and wise—sophisticated would be the word now—man who had good friends and bitter enemies, and who was, in more respects than one, very typical of the times in which this nation was born. Mr. Walther has done a good job by him.

Other important books on the non-fiction lists include *Empire in the East*, a symposium edited by Joseph Barnes (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.25) and discussing the whole Eastern situation in great detail. Among the contributors are such authorities as Mr. Barnes himself, Owen Lattimore, Frederick V. Field, Carl L. Alsberg, Tyler Dennett, John G. Orchard, Grover Clark, Pearl



S. Buck and Nathaniel Peffer. The future of China, our relations with Russia, the war plans of Japan, and a number of other questions that will be settled finally in history are discussed competently and without repetition, as the book has been edited into a coherent picture.

An Irishman, Professor Taid O'Connor, has another book in the same field, *The Menace of Japan* (Kinsey, \$3), in which he explains that a new politico-religious cult has grown up in the Island Kingdom within the past few years and that its purpose is to weld the Japanese into a unit for forcible expansion in the East. It is his opinion that Japan wants war and means to have it shortly, unless she goes broke in the meantime. A good deal of the book, filled as it is with criticism of everything Japanese except the women, one of whom the author married, is virtually worthless, but the warning in the final chapters sounds sensible and checks with what everybody knows about the recent past of Japan and about her future plans for her army and navy.

### *Sins of Nazism*

A subject already touched upon in a discussion of three novels is completely covered in a large volume called *Nazism: An Assault on Civilization* (Smith and Haas, \$3), the editors of which were Pierre Van Paassen and James Waterman Wise, and its contributors begin with Senator Robert F. Wagner, who contributes the foreword, and end with Alfred E. Smith, whose terminal essay is a statement that Nazism stands for the things against which he has fought a long lifetime.

In between there are articles by Dorothy Thompson, Miriam Beard, Stanley High, Bernard S. Deutsch, and

a number of others. Miss Thompson's piece is about the abuse of German citizens other than Jews; Miss Beard's discusses the passages in Hitler's *My Battle* which were omitted from the American edition. Since Hitler's whole policy was laid down in this remarkable book, it is important for the world to know just what he said. It would not be possible to exaggerate the idiocy of his ideas as expressed in his own words.

The verdict of the book is that Nazism is a threat to individual liberty in Germany and to the peace of the whole world outside. This is the best and most comprehensive book on the subject to be had, a stern and uncompromising indictment of the Third Reich. Leland Stowe's small book *Nazi Means War* (Whittlesey House) confirms the larger volume on the subject of Hitler's war plans; Mr. Stowe has actually seen the rearming of the Germans that has helped to set in motion one of the most expensive programmes of preparation for another world war that has ever been known.

### *War and Catholicism*

While we are on the subject of war, Hoffman Nickerson's *Can We Limit War?* (Stokes, \$2.50) offers some most interesting speculation about the nature of the next conflict, which Mr. Nickerson sees as inevitable. He dismisses the talk of air raids and poison gases that will involve entire civilian populations and sees the chance that modern warfare may be fought by a few highly trained men with expensive machinery, making it resemble the combats of the knights! Mr. Nickerson is an authority on such matters; he also believes with Hilaire Belloc that a return to the Roman Catholic Church would be a good thing for everybody, and argues



the question with intelligence, although he does not explain how the modern world is to be persuaded to swallow the dogma of Catholicism, without which acceptance its valuable unifying authority could not function. The Landscaper suspects that Mr. Nickerson, like Oswald Spengler in that very bad book of his called *The Hour of Decision*, is thinking romantically of the Middle Ages; times are not what they used to be—and never were.

The history of social revolt in this country is well told in Lillian Symes's and Travers Clement's *Rebel America* (Harper, \$3), the story of a round century of effort to make things better for people, beginning with the Utopian colonies in the 1830's and running on down to the intellectuals' swing to communism in our own period. There is a lesson in the book: native Americans have never been seriously interested in changing the form of government in this country, nor is there the slightest sign they are today. Foreigners' propaganda has usually been handled with almost incredible stupidity, as in the case of the Communists' work among the Negroes today: if every Negro in the United States joined, the Commu-

nists would have gained very little and at the same time won the united hostility of white Americans. In other words, the more they gain in this instance, the more they lose.

### *They Need Help*

So until the Marxist intelligentsia can explain to their foreign friends some of the realities of American life, provided the intelligentsia know enough to explain anything, we are safe from a revolution, although the Founding Fathers thought we would need one occasionally.

That's all, except there are two new books out on Davy Crockett, that old rugged individualist, both supposed to be more or less for older children, but both of which pleased the Landscaper enormously. One is *The Adventures of Davy Crockett by Himself*, with many illustrations by John W. Thomason, Jr. (Scribner, \$2.50), a reprint of the Crockett autobiography; and Constance Rourke's *Davy Crockett* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50).

It seems a shame, somehow, that a country started on its way by men like Davy should wind up in the hands of men like Wiggin, Insull, et al. . . .





*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*

# *The North American Review*

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## Apéritif

### *Modest Proposal*

THE sob sisters are already at work on Mr. Insull. The details of his return to this country were plastered on front pages with all the customary attention to emotional weaknesses of the American people. Two minor results immediately were seen in the press. Mr. Insull made the complaint that no one had uttered a word in his defense, so far as he had been able to learn, so one gentleman wrote a letter to the *Times* describing his high-mindedness and generosity, and a man was knocked down by Chicago police for thrusting his hand through the back of the car carrying the utilities magnate to jail. The police were afraid that he might be a ruined investor, but it afterwards appeared that he was merely trying to shake Mr. Insull's hand and wish him well. Evidently, therefore, it is possible, despite everything that has happened in the last eighteen months, that we may see the usual reversal of public feeling, which results in justice overtempered with mercy.

But this is a little aside from the immediate subject. Mr. Insull was the deciding factor this spring in a rather un-

usual wager between a law student and the advertising man who shares his apartment. These two had set up a pool, contributing some small sum each week, which was to be paid out when either Dillinger or Insull was finally jailed. The law student had chosen Dillinger as the most likely one to be caught first and the advertising man leaned toward Insull—which choices, according to their professions, should prove something or other. At any rate, Mr. Insull landed in the Chicago jail and at the time Dillinger was still at large. Thus the advertising man won the pool.

It happened that about the time we learned of the pool Arthur Krock wrote an article in the *Times* commenting upon the present Administration's liberality toward certain garden varieties of gambling, such as lotteries and betting on the races, whatever its thoughts about stock market plunging. It also happened that, as New Yorkers, we were aware that betting on the ponies had been re-legalized in the State, and that there was considerable talk of a municipal lottery to relieve the city's financial stress. All this knowledge fermented in our little mind and eventually produced an idea concerning the



crime problem which may or may not be of inestimable benefit.

The gist of the idea is that, if we are going to have legal lotteries, it might well be possible to adapt to them a modification of the wager made by the law student and his roommate, and thereby help materially in bringing criminals to justice. Instead of selling lottery tickets with mere numbers upon them, the authorities could combine numbers with the names of unapprehended outlaws in some system which would give ticket-holders an incentive to see that the criminals actually were caught. Perhaps the tickets could be divided into blocks, each of which contained the name of some outstanding public enemy as well as a series of numbers for individual tickets. The first capture of one of these public enemies would confer a premium on the winning ticket-holders of the block bearing his name, and returns would diminish down the list of captures. Before the drawing for winners in each block took place it would be necessary to capture the criminal; thus all ticket-holders in each category would have a desire to help before knowing whether there was any material reward in it or not.

It is a popular complaint of public officials that they receive little or no coöperation from citizens-at-large in law enforcement. It is an equally popular platitude that citizens-at-large are most easily affected in the pocketbook nerve. Consequently, there would seem to be no need for further argument in support of this scheme. Maybe it would not solve the crime problem entirely. As a matter of fact we are more than reasonable in our claims for its effectiveness. What if all the criminals listed were not caught as a result? The municipality would have that much less money to

pay out to ticket-holders. Its credit would improve, its bonds rise in value, and it could that much better afford police protection against the uncaught marauders.

Our own private satisfaction in seeing the scheme adopted, however, would be in a less public-spirited sphere. As consistent movie-goers, we know that racketeers are all confirmed gamblers, so how could they resist municipal lotteries? And if they bought such lottery tickets every now and then two partners in crime would hold tickets with each other's names on them. Then honor among thieves would have the test that it really deserves.



### *Defense Mechanism*

His expression was one of embittered bewilderment. He talked with the air of a man who is certain that there are no answers to his questions. But he talked a great deal, none the less. And the more he talked the more familiar he seemed.

"Look," he said to the imperturbable man sitting with him, "you can't deny it. For every purpose there is a cross purpose. Take this doctor out in California, Cornish his name is. He kills dogs and then revives them. He has one now that's been alive three weeks since he killed it and revived it. His idea is to find a way to beat out electrocution, asphyxiation and drowning. If he's right, all these electric chairs and lethal chambers will have to go by the board; taxpayers will have all that money of theirs wasted. You'd think there weren't enough other ways to waste taxpayers' money without some California doctor trying to beat out electrocution, asphyxiation and drowning. To say nothing of the cats. How is a householder supposed



to have any intelligent control over the cat population, if doctors go around making drowning harmless? Answer me that."

The imperturbable man merely stared into space, and the other continued.

"But the real cross purpose belongs to Smerildo Gonnella. He doesn't try to cheat death, not Smerildo. Twelve years ago he made up his mind that he had only a few days to live, so he gave away all his property, lay down on a practically bare cot in a cottage and waited for the end. He refused to have doctors or medicines or anything except a little food now and then. According to last reports he's still waiting for the end, but he isn't discouraged, not even after twelve years. 'Any day now,' he says. And whatever else you think you've got to admire a man who sticks to his opinions like that. It seems funny, though, that Smerildo and Cornish are working at diametrically opposed purposes like these and Cornish has so much more luck than Smerildo. I'm afraid you'll have to beat her to a pulp for that."

This last sentence brought it all back. Three years before he had appeared out of a spring drizzle and expressed a comprehensive bitterness in much the same manner, except that after summing up the worst paradoxes he remarked with a certain satisfaction: "But I beat her to a pulp." He did it himself then.

The imperturbable man wrote with a pencil in a notebook, and his companion went on.

"A long time ago, when I was an optimist, I tried to start an association for the protection of innocent bystanders. In those days practically all that ever happened to an innocent bystander was to get hit by a frying pan that some

irritated wife threw at her husband, or if the bystander tried to intervene in some such tiff, to be tossed out a window by the pair of them. Still, a lot of things like that did seem to happen and I thought something could be done about it. I wanted to make America bystander-conscious. The idea was to get everybody to realize that the only thing for a bystander to do is duck and run: every time something started to happen, a man or woman in the vicinity was supposed to ask himself or herself, 'Am I a bystander?' and if the answer was yes, make all haste for cover. If the answer was no, it would be all right to stay and see what went on, of course.

"I got quite a few people interested in the idea and decided to hold a meeting for demonstration purposes. More people came than I expected and the old hall I hired was pretty crowded. The audience was in a good humor, taking the whole business somewhat as a joke—a little too much as a joke for my satisfaction right then. I had some ham actors to do the husband and wife tiff and the bystander getting slugged for his peacemaking. The crowd enjoyed it thoroughly and were guffawing and stamping their feet for more. Evidently some one stamped somebody else's foot by mistake. A fight started down near the platform and everybody crowded around to see, pushing and jostling. Then the floor caved in. There were about fourteen broken legs and a lot of assorted other injuries. I had to leave town. That was the first time I got the idea of beating her to a pulp. Nowadays I see that innocent bystanders get shot by gunmen and police, but I suppose it's the merciful thing in the long run: they'll just be mangled in one way or another anyhow."

The imperturbable man pulled a



newspaper out of his pocket and began to read. There was some blaring headline in it about the NRA. The other man saw it and began to breathe faster; his grayish face grew a little red and he clenched his fists.

"I wish that General Johnson was a bystander!" he exploded. "There isn't enough guff and nonsense in the world already without setting up a lot of codes to make business men honest, I suppose. I know what the real idea was, though. The real idea was to softsoap consumers into thinking business men would be afraid to be dishonest under the codes. I must have had a relapse into optimism myself. Do you know what I did? I bought a used car. Think of that! For twenty years I was a cynic and now I go out and buy a used car.

"There was a sign on the window of the place saying these used cars had a thousand-mile guarantee going with them, and moreover, that you could have five days' free trial. It was written there in black and white. So I bought one. They told me that the guarantee had to be signed by the credit manager and would be mailed in a few days. I argued some about this, but I didn't think they'd really try anything as palpable as holding it out on me, with the sign right there in the window. Anyhow if I didn't like the car I was supposed to be able to bring it back within five days and choose another.

"I don't have to go into all that turned out to be wrong with the thing. I couldn't if I had to; not even an expert mechanic could find all its faults. Anyhow, after a few days I took it back and named everything I could think of that was wrong with it. They were sorry but I had got it at such a cheap price that they couldn't afford to do any work on it. The guarantee? Oh, that applied only

to cars that cost twice as much. So, there was nothing to do but turn it in on another used car. That was what I thought and said to the manager, but he had other plans. The five-day free trial wasn't what I thought it was: I could turn my car in all right and get credit, but only on a new car, which cost about a thousand dollars more than I had. That was why you beat her to a pinguid pulp last Thursday."

The imperturbable man went on reading his newspaper, and the other fell into a moody silence. But he was not through yet. In a few moments he began again.

"A friend of mine almost got a job last year watching a man in the suburbs who thought he was a clipping bureau. He used seven different kinds of soap every time he took a bath, too. Otherwise he seemed to be harmless. I've never heard of a Congressman who thought he was a clipping bureau or used seven different kinds of soap to take a bath, but there's one anyhow who apparently isn't harmless. A man named Shoemaker from Minnesota, from the stories in newspapers, seems to spend a good part of his time assaulting taxi drivers or getting into auto accidents. Yesterday, as a sample, he was accused of being a hit-and-run driver in Minneapolis and also was supposed to appear in a Washington court to answer an assault charge brought forward by a taxi driver. He was in Minneapolis conducting a campaign for the Senatorial nomination. Maybe the House brings out his worst impulses, but if Huey Long is any indication the Senate might have an even worse effect on him. You'd better make a note of this—you may have a little work to do later on."

The imperturbable one looked up from his paper and then down at his



watch. "Almost time to go home," he remarked. "Have you made up your mind about the Anglo-Japanese trade war? Or this new talk about settling the War debts?" The other shook his head. "Well, we'd better go then. They can wait."

"They can *not* wait. Something's got to be done. But I don't know what, worse luck, so you'll just have to beat her to a pulp, poor woman.

"There's this child labor amendment, too. William D. Guthrie is going around telling people that ratification will mean 'enormous expansion of political patronage' and spies reaching into every employment and household. He talks about the 'cruel, cruel hardship' of stopping American boys and girls from

working. But the other side claims that the idea is nothing like this at all, that it's just a way to stop exploitation of minors and maybe give a few more jobs to older people. Cross purposes again. For every purpose at least one cross purpose. I don't know how people stand it, I'm sure. Beating her to a pulp is the only thing that's saved me. But these last three years have been so much worse than usual that I couldn't even have done enough of that to keep from cracking without some one to help."

His companion got up and took him by the arm. The poor fellow was babbling about the cross purposes of fascism, communism and Japanese militarism as he walked out of earshot.

W. A. D.





# Standing by England

BY HAMILTON BUTLER

*Whose opinion it is that too many Americans truckle to English policy, whatever the motivation, and that Anglo-American friendship is thereby endangered*

THE reckless, almost hysterical fervor with which American co-operation with Great Britain in world affairs is being preached in both countries today arouses in sincere and thoughtful friends of Anglo-American amity a feeling of profound apprehension. Coöperation is confused with subordination. Would-be architects of our national destiny are erecting on the shifting sands of sentiment a structure of hopes that can endure only if it is founded on the solid rock of mutual respect and reciprocal collaboration. The higher they build upon this wishful thinking the deeper and more bitter is likely to be the disappointment, among Americans and Britons alike, when the edifice crumbles under the impact of selfish and stubborn realities.

A practical and obvious motive, without counterpart in this country, animates the efforts of British leaders to create the impression that "an exceptional relationship" exists between the United States and Great Britain. The United States came out of the late War the richest and *potentially* the most powerful country in the world: Great Britain came out of it poorer in both

purse and prestige. As a means to the recovery of lost ground, Great Britain has added two new canons to its foreign policy. The first of these canons aims to discourage and, if possible, frustrate any reorganization of American affairs, along nationalist lines, which would translate our potential economic and political strength into actual and employable world power. The other seeks, through strained and exaggerated appeals to political origin, consanguinity, community of language and "ideals"—which, together, are supposed to create an identity of interests—to induce the American people blindly to follow British leadership, wherever it may lead them. A single purpose motivates these two closely related endeavors: to enhance the prestige and "voting power" of Great Britain in international councils, while restraining and depreciating the independent influence of the United States.

Continental European observers, whom bitter experience has immunized to British wiles, are not deceived by this drift of policy. A decade or so after the War, André Siegfried, an enlightened Frenchman, wrote that if an Anglo-American union



were admitted—especially if it were proclaimed—it would mean much more. England would benefit from a valuable increase in prestige, for she would pride herself on being a partner on equal terms with America, the richest power in the world. Also, think of the air of moral superiority that such an *entente* could assume in dealing with tiresome people, who do not know their place!

As long as “Anglo-American solidarity” was merely the Macedonian cry of Great Britain to come over and help it, Americans could afford to humor so innocuous and agreeable an acknowledgment that at last they had arrived, as a nation, where it was worth Great Britain’s while to court their friendship. When, however, well organized and strongly financed agencies in this country, assuming to speak for the American people, took up the cry, what had been perfectly harmless before became a definite menace to the interests of this country abroad. The “Amens” with which our own propagandists accepted and proclaimed, as if it were a state of affairs, what was merely their own state of mind, were bound to be misinterpreted in Great Britain, as well as misunderstood in other foreign countries whose friendship and coöperation we should equally cherish.

An example of such misunderstanding was provided by a dispatch from London published by the *New York Times* on April 2, 1933, which related that

when Mr. MacDonald went on his recent diplomatic travels to France, Switzerland and Italy he was greatly surprised to learn that Continental statesmen all assumed the existence of relations between Britain and the United States of a most cordial and unbreakable character. It is one of his fondest ambitions as Prime Minister to have such a European assumption fully justified by the facts.

At that particular time the State Department was working with London for the specific purpose of disarmament. The effect of giving other interested powers the idea that they were confronted by the sort of Anglo-American alignment Mr. MacDonald had in mind can hardly be said to have been favorable to that purpose: for if France, for example, were to become convinced that in a clash with Great Britain she would also have to fight the United States, what would be more inevitable than that she should insist upon taking that fact into account in determining the point beyond which she could not safely reduce her means of defense?

The embarrassment caused by Mr. MacDonald’s prattle and Sir John Simon’s fondness for speaking, at Geneva and elsewhere, as if he represented the United States, was responsible for Ambassador Norman H. Davis’s declaring on October 16, 1933:

We are in Geneva solely for disarmament purposes. While there is a possibility of successfully carrying on disarmament negotiations, we will gladly continue to do our part. We are not, however, interested in the political elements or any purely European aspect of the picture. We again make clear that we are in no way politically aligned with any European power.

A pronouncement so much to the point ought not to be lost on those in this country and in Great Britain who are seeking an enduring basis for amity and concord between the two great English-speaking peoples.

At various times during the World War the United States became the target of unjust and vicious attacks in Great Britain simply because the British people had been deliberately kept by their own Government in ignorance of the true state of Anglo-American relations. A correspondent of the *New*



York *Tribune* reported one of these outbursts early in 1915:

Those in touch with official affairs knew for a long time that a certain amount of friction was growing up over the question of the treatment of neutral shipping, but this was carefully kept from the people at large, and, consequently, the American note came as a great shock to the vast majority of the people, who had been deriving such comfort and feeling of security from the belief that America was with them hand and glove. . . . The feeling of resentment is growing rapidly as discussion continues.

The effects of such resentment are deep and divisive: yet a repetition of these incidents must be expected if Great Britain blunders into another war too big for it to handle and its partisans in the United States, who are now so generous with implied pledges of American coöperation, are unable to deliver the goods—a contingency which the still accumulating consequences of our late adventure in Europe tend to make highly probable.

## II

Anglo-American leadership in world affairs is a fiction of propaganda. There can be no such thing. One country will lead, while the other will follow. Any wedding of the English-speaking peoples, at this time, which makes the United States and Great Britain *one*, will most likely make that *one* Great Britain. What that implies is worth looking into.

Any one who has read widely and with an open mind in the voluminous literature of Anglo-American "unity" can not have failed to note the paucity of reference in it to the multiplicity of commitments that Great Britain has inherited, all over the world, and to which submission to British hegemony would make the United States indi-

rectly a party. We are asked, as it were, to close our eyes and then give Great Britain a blank cheque upon our wealth and our young manhood.

The air in Europe is full of knives again. At any time, another war may break out on the Continent from which Great Britain would find it inexpedient to abstain: for commercial and financial ties, as well as ancient policy and recent conventions, compel the Government in London to take note of whatever happens in its contentious neighborhood. As a member of the League of Nations, Great Britain is a coguarantor of "the territorial integrity and existing political independence" of all the other far-flung members of that organization. As a signatory of Locarno it has assumed additional responsibility with respect to those frontiers on the Continent in the preservation of which it regards itself as even more immediately and vitally interested. Agitation in England for canceling both these commitments was met by Stanley Baldwin, actual leader of the Government, as recently as October 6, 1933, with the declaration: "What Britain has signed she will adhere to."

Apart entirely from these formally recognized obligations, Great Britain has long been impelled by geographical propinquity to mix in Continental affairs. Sir Austen Chamberlain only stressed the obvious when he asserted last year that Great Britain's choice "is not between isolation and participation but between helping to shape events or becoming their passive victim." Great Britain fears a united Europe: from the time of Henry VII down, a guiding principle of its European policy has been balance of power, which is merely the English way of saying *divide et impera*. The France of Napoleon I,



which it destroyed with the aid of Prussia, and the Germany of William II, which it checked with the aid of France, and half the world besides, alike testify to the remorseless operation of this policy. "Whatever nation," Sir Frank Fox once wrote, "appears to aim at a supreme position in Europe must be confronted by Great Britain."

The dynamic situation in Europe today is the fruit of this centuries-old British superstition. Germany, which had demonstrated its ability to keep order on the Continent, was pulled down, and France, which is equipped neither by temperament nor by numbers for the rôle, was set up in its place. At the bottom of France's insistence upon going about armed to the teeth is a vivid realization of its inadequacy for the task allotted to it. As soon as Germany gave in, the Allies dispersed. Alone, alongside a disarmed but still powerful and virile neighbor, all the "security" that France feels she can depend on is represented by her military establishment, a ring of minor, satellite states on the Continent—and a scrap of paper, signed at Versailles, which few statesmen but her own can longer contemplate without a blush. The end is not yet.

All this might have been avoided if British statesmanship had been less inflexible. When it emerged from the era of splendid isolation, which closed with the last century, Great Britain had the choice of aligning with Germany or with France and Russia. Joseph Chamberlain was only one of several British leaders of the day who believed that "the most natural alliance is between ourselves and the German Empire." Cecil Rhodes was so carried away by the idea of a great Anglo-Teutonic family of nations that he opened his will and

added a codicil, admitting German students, as he had already admitted American students, to his Oxford scholarships. The Admiralty and the City wrecked the hopes of those far-seeing men. Jealousy of German commercial success and fear of the German navy were the rocks upon which the proposed alliance went to pieces. Great Britain's choice of France for its Continental partner was due far less to Edward VII's affection for the French people, acquired during his young and crapulous years in Paris, than to those two Medean laws of British policy: that Britannia rules the waves and that she must fight any nation that aspires to a dominant position across the Channel.

Any one who thinks that American counsel carries weight in Downing Street may profitably reflect upon the fact that, when he tried to get Great Britain to take the hand of friendship that Germany held out to it, Theodore Roosevelt, as he himself admitted in 1905, was reminded that Great Britain was "able to attend to her own affairs" and "does not desire better relations with Germany." A decade later Great Britain was less certain of its ability in that direction. The world would have been safer for democracy today if its repulsion to Germany had been less adamant.

### III

As little emphasized by the propagandists as the commitments we are invited to share with Great Britain are the consequences of our already having "stood by England" for thirty-five years. The advantages that have accrued therefrom to the United States, or to the world in general, are neither so numerous nor so profound as to furnish an incontrovertible argument for



further coöperation with Great Britain, where our own interests are not adequately recognized and safeguarded.

We stood by Great Britain in 1898, when we retained the Philippines, which London feared Germany might otherwise acquire from Spain. Although Colonel Roosevelt, Senator Lodge, Senator Beveridge and a few other young bloods in this country, who had come under the spell of Cecil Rhodes's achievements and Rudyard Kipling's imperialistic doggerel, wanted to ring the globe with such outposts of American trade, Americans generally knew little and cared less about the islands. God did not send to William McKinley in a dream and tell him to keep the Philippines until long after a "strictly confidential" exchange of cables between the State Department and the American Embassy in London had elicited from Ambassador Hay the warning that "the British Government prefer to have us retain" them. The value of the service we then rendered Great Britain is attested by the present anxiety of Winston Churchill, Sir Frederick Whyte and other British elucidators of world problems for the American public, that we may eventually accord the Filipinos the independence they are clamoring for and we have long promised them.

We stood by Great Britain in 1899, when, at its instigation, we put over the Open Door in China. The retention of the Philippines and the assumption of the politico-economic protectorate over China implied by the Open Door doctrine projected the United States into the maelstrom of Far Eastern politics from which every consideration of national interests warned it to stay away. Constant tension with Japan has been the result.

We stood by Great Britain in 1900, while it destroyed the South African Republics, although popular feeling in this country ran so strongly in the opposite direction that it was only with great difficulty that the Republican National Convention of that year was prevented from adopting a resolution favoring the recognition of the Boers. Secretary Hay sent word to the British Government that "as long as I stay here in Washington no action shall be taken contrary to my conviction that the one indispensable feature of our foreign policy should be a friendly understanding with England." At the same time he assured the German Ambassador that Great Britain "could count on the good offices of the United States in every difficulty arising from the war" and that "if the existence of the British Empire should be called in question there is no knowing what constellation might then make its appearance among the powers."

We stood by Great Britain and its ally, Japan, while the latter drove Russia out of southern Manchuria and the former, taking advantage of Russian preoccupation, sent an army into Tibet and forced upon the authorities at Lhasa a treaty destroying Chinese sovereignty over 500,000 square miles of territory contiguous to India. If in its war with Japan we had given Russia the same sort of support that it had previously given us, when Great Britain was trying to destroy the Union during the Civil War, there would have been no Manchukuo today, Korea would not be a Japanese satrapy, and the Japanese themselves would be back within their own island confines.

We stood by Great Britain and its Allies in the World War. We submitted for more than two years to their



flagrant and indefensible invasions of our neutral rights—and in the end had to plunge into the War ourselves in order to make sure that Germany did not emerge from it in a condition to hold us to strict accountability for the complacency with which the Administration in Washington had stood by while the British navy hit the Central Powers beneath the belt.

The War was no sooner over, and its spoils divided among the Allies, than Great Britain relegated the United States to the place in its affections previously occupied by Germany. A former officer of the British navy tells us that "the Admiralty automatically indicated America as the potential enemy." Writing from London on July 30, 1919, Colonel House remarked:

Almost as soon as I arrived in England I felt an antagonism to the United States. . . . The relations of the two countries are beginning to assume the same character as those of England and Germany before the War.

When War debts were mentioned, Arthur Balfour dubbed the United States "Uncle Shylock," as Lord Marley admits, and from then down to those derisory "token payments" that even *The Economist* of London could not swallow without vomiting protest, Great Britain has sought to escape both the settlement of its debt and the reputational consequences of frank repudiation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer added insult to injury, when he told the Commons on December 14, 1932:

When we come to enter upon those discussions we shall be able to put before them arguments which may not appeal to the Middle West but which, I think, will appeal to the more informed and responsible section of opinion in the United States.

The effect of truckling to Great Britain is apparent in the following ex-

cerpt from a London dispatch carried by the *New York Times* on January 1, 1934:

Chancellor Hitler's accusations against Sir John (Simon) are mild indictments as compared with what progressive Englishmen say about his failure to support Henry L. Stimson two years ago, when the then American Secretary of State warned Japan that her Manchurian acquisitions would not be recognized as valid. Instead of seizing that opportunity for a joint Anglo-American policy, Sir John became Japan's advocate at Geneva and still holds her brief. That was the first of four tangible American proposals Sir John spurned.

The type of mind in control of Great Britain today respects strength and despises weakness and servility. Give it an inch of encouragement and it will stretch it into an ell and a half of "affectionate relationship." John Bull is not to be handled that way—unless we are to be content forever to wear his livery.

#### IV

The Far East contains more dynamite for us than Europe does. We can keep out of trouble on the other side of the Atlantic by minding our own business on our own side of that spacious ocean. We are no longer so fortunately situated with respect to the danger constantly brewing in Asia: for we have left our side of the Pacific, extended our sovereignty into Asiatic waters and made it our business to uphold the Open Door in China.

Any one who believes that war may not eventuate from this situation is living in the same fool's paradise to which Lord Strabolgi, an ardent apostle of Anglo-American amity, assigns those who think that "war is forever impossible between the United States and Britain." Advocates of our "standing by England" through thick and thin



ought, consequently, to be prepared to answer a question that daily acquires more pertinence, as the date approaches for the reconsideration of the Washington Conference agreements: *Were war, unhappily, to break out between the United States and Japan, would Great Britain stand by the United States?*

About a year ago, when our relations with Japan were unpleasantly tense, Winston Churchill declared in London that it did not lie "with the United States, who tied our navy in the trammels of unreasonable treaties, to urge us to engage in a quarrel with the island power, with whom we may disagree but for whom we have lasting regard." At about the same time Sir John Simon told the Commons that under no circumstances would his Government authorize its country to engage in the controversy in the Far East.

Great Britain and Japan have been playing together for more than thirty years. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance of 1902, widely deprecated in England and universally condemned in Australia, was a marriage of convenience contracted by Governments in which similar economic and political ambitions had bred a like irrepressible and egotistical imperialism. Japan curbed Russia, while Great Britain held the ring in Europe and gave Japan a free hand on the mainland. Without foreknowledge of British connivance and French consent, Japan would hardly have embarked upon the extensive and provocative adventure that has led to the establishment of Manchukuo.

Salisbury admitted that in supporting Turkey against Russia over the Dardanelles question, Great Britain had "backed the wrong horse." A suspicion that in backing Japan against Russia in the Far East, Salisbury him-

self committed an even graver error of policy is widely entertained by his own countrymen today: for under the British ægis, with British aid, comfort and complicity, Japan has developed a self-confidence, a commercial enterprise, an appetite for economic independence and security and a military and naval strength that make it a far greater menace to the British Empire than ever Germany was. Japan can not be encircled by a ring of contiguous enemies. The Occidental power that fights Japan must do so in a distant and unsympathetic environment. A cloud of depressing proportions would be removed from Great Britain's imperial future if some other nation could be induced to burn its fingers in that fire.

The natural course of Japanese expansion is, first, toward the mainland of Asia, where the coal and iron so badly needed by Japanese industry can be obtained and a defensible frontier set up: then down the coast of Asia to the tin mines of the Straits, the oil fields and sugar and rubber plantations of the British and Dutch East Indies, and the cotton country of India itself. The logic of the situation is not lost on the Dutch, as the recent appeal by one of their high army officers for the United States, Great Britain, France and Holland to stand together against Japan shows. The rush job being carried out on the great naval base at Singapore indicates that Great Britain also is alive to it. Checked in Asia, Japan might divert its attention to the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands and even to South America.

A war between the United States and Japan would be far more agreeable to British policy than a war between Great Britain and Japan, which might easily wreck the British Empire. The



Admiralty in London has no such illusions, as have been expressed by ignoramuses in this country, that "the British navy could blow the Japanese navy out of the water with a single broadside." The natural conformation of the Japanese archipelago is ideally adapted to defense against naval attack: while the narrow channels in and about the East Indies would provide Japanese submarines with an excellent hunting ground for craft of all kinds. What is more to the point, a war between Great Britain and Japan would severely test the loyalty of India to the Empire. The Indians, while differing in many ways from the Japanese and the Chinese, share with their Asiatic neighbors a common repugnance to Western aggression. The revulsion of native feeling against sending Indian troops to Shanghai in 1927 was an eye-opener to the Government of India, which took every means, according to Commander Kenworthy, to prevent the news of it from reaching the outside world—and especially the United States. Great Britain might find itself, if it attacked Japan, with more than one war on its hands.

A struggle between the United States and Japan, which would take the latter's mind off India, at least temporarily, and would enable Great Britain to seize the bone of trade let drop by the combatants, would be an entirely different matter. Although there is no more reason why we should fight Japan for the mastery of the Pacific than for us to fight Great Britain for the mastery of the Atlantic, a school of British writers persist in parading the "inevitability" of such a war before our own jingoes, with a monotonous periodicity suggesting a determination to irritate or alarm Japanese or American opinion

into bringing it about. The obliging Mr. Bywater took the trouble to write a book on the subject, which told Japan how to take the Philippines and Guam in 1931—and the United States how to retake them in 1933. When 1933 came and went, without anything of the sort happening, another obliging and prophetic Englishman, Mr. H. G. Wells, set the date ahead to 1937.

The Japanese, although irritated by this propaganda, are not fooled by it. A good deal of their patience in face of Secretary Stimson's unnecessarily provocative notes respecting Manchuria probably was due to their understanding of the lay of the land. While those notes were still reverberating, a well-known Japanese publicist wrote in an influential Japanese periodical:

Japan's enemy is not China nor is it Germany, France or America. America is . . . a doll that is always ready to dance on the stage if only it is dressed beautifully. There is a sharp-witted manipulator behind the doll. Great Britain defeated Russia by means of the Japanese doll and Germany by means of the French doll: now it is trying to restrain Japan through the manipulation of a most tractable doll—America.

A noteworthy omission from all this manipulative and incendiary literature is any reference to Great Britain's standing by the United States.

A vast amount of nonsense has been written in this country about the dropping of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance after the Washington Conference. Any undertaking to fight on an unarrived issue is irksome to Downing Street. The British Government could congratulate itself on its good fortune, therefore, when the opportunity presented itself of escaping from the alliance with Japan, which had become widely unpopular in Great Britain, and at the same time representing to Japan that



this action was forced by the United States, Canada, Australia and South Africa.

Any idea Americans may have entertained, at the time, that the termination of the formal alliance between Great Britain and Japan seriously affected the exceptional relationship existing between the two countries, was destroyed, at the end of a single lustrum, at the Geneva naval parley, when they lined up against the United States. The *Paris Temps*, which has sharp eyes for political developments, said on July 18, 1927:

At the Washington Conference of 1921 Great Britain acted with the United States against Japan and made a sacrifice of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance to enter upon more friendly relations with the United States. Today Great Britain and Japan are found side by side in an agreement which is opposed by the United States and in conditions which can easily be recognized as the first symptoms of an Anglo-Japanese political rapprochement.

The Geneva correspondent of the *Times* wrote on July 22, 1927:

The possibility of a revival of the old relations is discussed as a contingency in the event of the conference not ending with the promised success. Should the alliance, which was abandoned at the behest of the United States, be revived, it is realised that it would exercise its influence upon the naval politics of the Pacific for a long time to come.

At the opening of Parliament in November, 1928, the King was made to say from the throne:

The historic friendship which for so many years has united Japan and my country has always been a potent factor in the maintenance of peace in the Far East.

The path thus smoothed is still being trod by Sir John Simon and his colleagues in London. Great Britain could not side openly with Japan, against the

United States, without risking the secession of Australia and Canada from the Empire: covertly it might. If it were fighting with its back to the wall, says Lord Strabolgi, Great Britain would not hesitate a moment to use Japan against us. The coöperation of British and Japanese troops against the Germans in Tsingtau lends color to that probability. There is no reason why it should hesitate to do so. The Japanese are as clean and chivalrous fighters as the modern world knows.

# v

The angle of divergence of American and British aims in the Far East is sufficiently acute to emphasize the fundamental difference between the international outlook of the United States and that of the British Empire.

The World War was eloquent of Great Britain's adherence to the ancient and simple plan of knocking down and dragging out any one who differs from it. The same immutability of policy, which keeps the Tory leaders of Great Britain from attempting to conciliate altered circumstances, shows in the multitude of reservations, exceptions and subterfuges by which they have preserved their own freedom of action, while curbing the economic and political freedom of their rivals and competitors.

Secretary Hay was following a British lead when he negotiated the Open Door agreements respecting China: yet the British Government of the day balked at the inclusion of its own leased territory of Kowloon in that self-denying engagement. Consequently Kowloon, which Downing Street defined as "an integral part" of the "existing colony" of Hongkong, was excepted, although it is no more a part of Hong-



kong than Florida is a part of Cuba.

After the first draft of the Covenant of the League of Nations was circulated at the Peace Conference, a meeting of the British, French and Japanese delegates is reliably reported to have been held in Paris and their Governments pledged to support each other on all questions relating to Asia. The Covenant was then amended by the insertion of Article XXI, which provides that nothing in that instrument shall be deemed to affect the validity of "regional understandings" for securing "the maintenance of peace." The last clause might as well have been omitted. Covenant or no Covenant, what Great Britain, France and Japan determined upon was to be law for all Asia. This accounts for many subsequent happenings in the Far East.

The Kellogg Pact was similarly restricted in its application by the following reservation:

There are certain regions of the world, the welfare and integrity of which constitute a special and vital interest for our peace and safety. His Majesty's Government has been at pains to make clear in the past that interference with these regions cannot be suffered. Their protection against attack is to the British Empire a measure of self-defence. It must be clearly understood that His Majesty's Government in Great Britain accepts the new treaty upon the distinct understanding that it does not prejudice its freedom of action in this respect.

The no-force treaty which Mr. MacDonald induced his principal colleagues at Geneva to adopt, as a preliminary to disarmament, was not extended to these earmarked regions of the world, although in May, 1933, Ambassador Davis voted with the Turks, Persians, Afghans and other weaker nations contiguous to the frontiers of the Empire, who desired the protection of its pro-

visions. Similarly, with respect to all proposals for the internationalization of aviation and the prohibition of aerial bombing: Great Britain can not be hampered in the "policing" of its frontiers. So, too, with Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion of an international agreement not to send armed forces across national boundaries. The British Government noted with enthusiasm Mr. Roosevelt's willingness to practise what he preached, as far as the United States was concerned: as for Great Britain's following his enlightened example, that was another matter.

The only American gesture toward world peace that appears to have received the sincere and spontaneous approbation of the present British Government was the announcement last May, at Washington and Geneva, that, if war threatened, we would consult with other interested powers, with a view to preventing hostilities, and that, if we concurred in their identification of the aggressor, we would refrain from any action tending to defeat their collective efforts to restore peace.

## VI

A government is duty bound to exercise its utmost ingenuity for the protection of the interests entrusted to it. The British Government could not do less than that and remain in office. Wheeling or bulldozing other nations into supporting its policies is not to be condemned as unmitigated political sin. That is part of the game. Where the United States is concerned, a number of extenuating circumstances enter into British calculations.

The idea is widely held in Great Britain, and occasionally voiced, that the United States is too young a nation to be allowed out in the world alone and



unchaperoned: that Great Britain is doing it a favor by extending to it an experienced, if not altogether disinterested, tutelage, as we do to our little brown brothers in the Caribbean.

Anglo-American amity is not promoted by truckling to a class that so obviously confuses the cosmic *summum bonum* with their own temporal interests. Great Britain is today one of the most nationalistic countries in the world and, for offensive warfare, quite the most heavily armed. Armies, which can not swim, are innocuous beyond their own continental limits. The British navy can carry destruction in the future, as it has carried it in the past, to every corner of the Seven Seas. The recent maneuvers of a British squadron in the West Indies is a reminder of that. The clamor of Winston Churchill and his die-hard following for the denunciation of the London naval agreement of 1930 shows that, whatever sacrifices it may entice other countries into making on the altar of disarmament, Great Britain has no intention of surrendering control of the seas. That should not be forgotten by any nation whose coöperation for world peace it solicits.

A very considerable element of the British people take a more intelligent attitude toward the United States than that persevered in by Stanley Baldwin, Sir John Simon, Winston Churchill, Walter Runciman and their ilk, who happen to be in power at the present time. This element includes many Liberals and Laborites and other progressives, who have protested against the

practice of dismissing every American proposal in the field of international endeavor as "arid idealism." They have a conception of coöperation that involves "give" as well as "take." The efforts of these progressives to establish a basis for enduring Anglo-American good will and understanding are not aided by Americans going around and verbigerating that the United States must stand by England, whatever England stands for. The effect of that sort of thing is to enhance the prestige of the Government for the time being and harden its heart against a more enlightened approach to world problems. The effect of "the interlude of aloofness" that we gave the disarmament conference last autumn was quite different. The Opposition in the Commons was moved by it to attack Sir John Simon's shilly-shallying at Geneva, with a vehemence that brought action.

The greatest contribution that we could make to world peace today would perhaps be to permit it to be generally understood that we are not to be used by Great Britain, any more than by any other power, as a whip for policies that are not reasonably consonant with our own traditions and ideals: that if others start a war, they will have to finish it without our aid.

The greatest service we can do Anglo-American amity is to disabuse the public mind in both countries of the idea that England can expect the United States to stand by it, while it evidences so little disposition to return the compliment of coöperation.







# Life Isn't a Short Story

BY CONRAD AIKEN

## *A Story*

THE short story writer had run out of ideas; he had used them all; he was feeling as empty as a bathtub and as blue as an oyster. He stirred his coffee without gusto and looked at his newspaper without reading it, only noting (but with a lacklustre eye) that Prohibition was finally dead. He was having his breakfast at one of those white-tiled restaurants which are so symbolic of America—with an air of carbolic purity at the entrance, but steamy purlieus at the rear which imagination trembles to investigate. His breakfast was always the same: two two-minute eggs, a little glass of chilled tomato juice, dry toast and coffee. The only change, this morning, lay in the fact that he was having these simple things in a new place—it was a somewhat humbler restaurant than the one he usually entered at eight-thirty. He had looked in through the window appraisingly, and had a little hesitantly entered. But the ritual turned out to be exactly the same as at the others—a ticket at the entrance, where the cashier sat behind a glass case which was filled with cigarettes, chewing-gum and silver-papered cakes of chocolate; a tray at the counter; the precise intonation of “two twos, with.” The only difference, in fact, was that the china was of a pale

smoke-blue, a soft and dim blue which, had it been green, would have been pistachio. This gave his coffee a new appearance.

He sat at the marble-topped table near the window, and looked out at the crowded square. A light soft drizzle was falling on the morning rush of cars, wagons, pedestrians, newsboys; before the window bobbed a continuous procession of men and women; and he watched them over the half-seen headlines of his newspaper. A middle-aged woman, walking quickly, her umbrella pulled low over her head, so that the whiteness of her profile was sharp and immediate against the purple shadow. She vanished past the range of his vision before he had had time to see her properly—and for a moment after she had gone he went on thinking about her. She might do for the physical model of his story: but she wasn't fat enough, nor was she blonde, and for some obscure reason he had decided that the heroine must be fat and blonde. Just the same, she was real, she had come from somewhere and was going somewhere, and she was doing it with obvious concentration and energy. The rhythm of her gait was unusually pronounced, each shoulder swayed slightly but emphatically sideways, as if in a



series of quick and aggressive but cheerful greetings—the effect, if not quite graceful, was individual and charming. He stopped thinking about her, and recovered his powers of observation, just in time to see a gray Irish face, middle-aged, hook-nosed, under a dirty felt hat, a hand quickly removing the pipe from the mouth, and the lips pouting to eject a long bright arc of spit, which fell heavily out of sight, the pipe then replaced. Such a quantity of spit he could not have imagined—his mouth felt dry at the mere thought of it. Where had it been stored and for how long? and with increasing pleasure, or increasing annoyance? The act itself had been unmistakably a pleasure, and had probably had its origins in pride: one could imagine him having competed, as a boy, in spitting through a knot-hole in a fence. He had trained himself, all his life, in the power of retention: his mouth had become a kind of reservoir.

## II

But the “story” came back to him. It had waked him up as a feeling of obscure weight at the back of his head or on the back of his tongue; it had seemed also to be in one corner of the shadowy ceiling above the bookcase, like a cobweb to be removed with a long brush. He had lain in bed looking at it, now and then turning his head to right or left on the pillow as if precisely to turn it away from the idea. It might be Elmira, it might be Akron, it might be Fitchburg—it was a small provincial city, at any rate, the sort of small town that looks its most characteristic in a brick-red post-card of hard straight streets and ugly red houses. But she wouldn’t be living in one of these—she would be living in an apartment house

of shabby stucco, and the entrance would be through a door of grained varnish and plate glass. It would have an air of jaded superiority. And as for her apartment itself, on the second floor, with a little curly brass number on the door—

The idea had first occurred to him in the lobby of the Orpheum. He had paused to light a cigarette in the passage that led past the lounge, where parrots squawked in cages, and canaries trilled, and goldfish swam in an ornate aquarium, at the bottom of which, dimly seen through the heavy green water, was a kind of crumbling Gothic castle. He was standing there, looking at this, when the two groups of people had suddenly encountered each other with such hearty and heavy surprise. He had caught merely the phrases “*as I live and breathe!*” and “*in the flesh!*” The two men and the two women he had scarcely looked at—the phrases themselves had so immediately assumed an extraordinary importance. They would both, he at once saw, make good titles—it was only later that he had seen that they both had the same meaning. They both simply meant—*alive*.

Alive. And that was the difference between life, as one conceived it in a story, and life as it was, for example, in the restaurant in which he was sitting, or in the noisy square at which he was looking. As I live and breathe—I am standing here living and breathing, you are standing there living and breathing, and it’s a surprise and a delight to both of us. In the flesh, too—death hasn’t yet stripped our bones, or the crematory tried out our fats. We haven’t seen each other for a long while, we didn’t know whether we were dead or not, but here we are.



At the same time, there was the awful commonplaceness of the two phrases, the cheapness of them, the vulgarity—they were as old as the hills, and as worn; æons of weather and æons of handshake lay upon them; one witnessed, in the mere hearing of them, innumerable surprised greetings, innumerable mutual congratulations on the mere fact of being still alive. The human race seemed to extend itself backwards through them, in time, as along a road—if one pursued the thought one came eventually to a vision of two small apes peering at each other round the cheeks of a cocoanut and making a startled noise that sounded like “yoicks!” Or else, one simply saw, in the void, one star passing another, with no vocal interchange at all, nothing but a mutual exacerbation of heat. . . . It was very puzzling.

He stirred his coffee, wondered if he had sweetened it, reassured himself by tasting it. Yes. But in this very commonplaceness lay perhaps the idea: he had begun to see, as he lay in bed in the morning, watching the rain; and as he wondered about the large blonde lady in Fitchburg; he had begun to see that Gladys (for that was her name) was just the sort of hopelessly vulgar and commonplace person who would pride herself on her superiority in such matters. She would dislike such phrases, they would disgust her. After the first two or three years of her marriage to Sidney, when the romance had worn off and the glamor had fallen like a mask from his lean Yankee-trader's face, when the sense of time had begun to be obtrusive, and the deadly round of the merely quotidian had replaced the era of faint orchids and bright bracelets and expensive theatre-tickets, it was then that she became conscious of cer-

tain tedious phrases he was in the habit of using. There was no concealing the fact any longer that they really came of separate and different worlds: Sidney had had little more than a high school education, he had no “culture,” he had never read a book in his life. He had walked straight from school into his father's hardware shop. What there was to know about cutlery, tools, grass-seed, lawn-mowers, washing-machines, wire nails, white lead paint and sand-paper, he knew. He was a loyal Elk, a shrewd and honest business man, a man of no vices (unless one counted as a vice a kind of Hoosier aridity) and few pleasures. Occasionally he went to the bowling-alleys, a pastime which she had always considered a little vulgar; he enjoyed a good hockey match; he liked a good thriller in the talkies (one of the few tastes they actually shared); and now and then he wanted to sit in the front row at a musical comedy. On these occasions, there was a definite sparkle or gleam about him, a lighting up of his sharp gray eyes, which reminded her of the Sidney to whom she had become engaged. This both puzzled and annoyed her: she felt, as she looked at him, a vague wave of jealousy and hatred. It must have been this gleam which, when focused intently on herself, had misled her into thinking him something that he wasn't and never would be.

### III

*As I live and breathe.*

The story might even be called that.

A horse and wagon drew up at the curbstone outside the window. On the side of the wagon was inscribed, “Acme Towel Supply Company.” Of course; it was one of those companies which supply towels and napkins and dishcloths



to hotels and restaurants. The driver had jumped down, dropping his reins, and was opening the little pair of shabby wooden doors at the back of the wagon. The brown horse, his head down, his eyes invisible behind blinkers, stood perfectly still, as if deep in thought. His back and sides were shiny with rain, the worn harness dripped, now and then he twitched his shoulder muscles, as if in a slight shiver. Why did towel-supply companies always deliver towels in horse-drawn wagons? It was one of the minor mysteries; a queer sort of survival, for which one saw no possible reason. Beyond the wagon and the horse, the traffic was beginning to move forward again in response to a shrill bird-call from the policeman's whistle. A man in a black slicker had come close to the window and was reading the "specials" which were placarded in cinnamon-colored paper on the glass. When this had been done, he peered into the restaurant between two squares of paper; the quick sharp eyes looked straight at him and then past him and were as quickly gone. This meeting of his eyes had very likely prevented him from coming in: it was precisely such unexpected encounters with one's own image, as seen in the returned glance of another, that changed the course of one's life. And the restaurant had perhaps lost the sale of a couple of doughnuts and a "cup of coffee, half cream."

The way to get at Gladys's character, perhaps, was through her environment, the kind of place she lived in, her street, her apartment, her rooms. First of all, the stucco apartment house, the glass door, on which the name "Saguenay" was written obliquely in large gilt script, with a flourish of broad gilt underneath. Inside the door, a flight of shallow stairs, made of imitation marble, super-

ficially clean, but deeply ingrained with dirt. Her apartment, now that she lived alone, was small, of course—it consisted of a bedroom, a sitting-room, a bathroom and a kitchenette. One's immediate feeling, on entering the sitting-room from the varnished hallway, was that the occupant must be a silly woman. It was plushy, it was perfumed, there was a bead curtain trembling between the sitting-room and the kitchenette, at either side of the lace-curtained window hung a golden-wired birdcage, in which rustled a canary, and on the windowsill was a large bowl of goldfish. The ornaments were very ornamental and very numerous; the mantel groaned with souvenirs and photographs; the pictures were uniformly sentimental—several were religious. It was clear that she doted, simply doted, on birds and flowers—talked baby-talk to the canaries and the goldfish, even to the azalea, and always of course in that offensive, little, high-pitched fat-woman's coo. She would come in to them in the morning, wearing a pink flannel wrapper, brushing her hair, and would talk to them or wag a coy finger at them. And how's my sweet little dicky bird this morning? and have they slept well and been good in the night? and have they kept their little eyes shut tight to keep out the naughty bogey-man? And then at once she would forget them entirely, begin singing softly, walk with her head tilted on one side to the bathroom to turn on the bath, return to the kitchen to filch a cookie from the bread-box, and then go languidly to the front door for the milk and the newspaper.

The newspaper was the *Christian Science Monitor*: she took it, not because she was a Scientist, though she had an open mind, but because it was so "cultured." She liked to read about



books and music and foreign affairs, and it frequently gave her ideas for little talks to the Women's Club. She had talked about the dole in England, and its distressing effect on the morals of the young men, and she had made a sensation by saying that she thought one should not too hastily condemn the nudist cult in Germany. Every one knew that the human body craved sunlight, that the ultra-violet rays, or was it the infra-red, were most beneficial, so the idea was at least a healthy one, wasn't it? And the beautiful purity of Greek life was surely an answer to those who thought the human body in itself impure. It raised the whole question of what was purity, anyway! Every one knew that purity was in the heart, in the attitude, and not really in the body. She thought the idea of playing croquet in the nude, queer as it might seem to us in Fitchburg, most interesting. One ought to think less about the body and more about the mind.

## IV

The towel-supply man seemed to have disappeared: perhaps he was getting a cup of coffee at the Waldorf next door. Or making a round of several of the adjacent restaurants all at once. The horse waited patiently, was absolutely still, didn't even stamp a foot. He looked as if he were thinking about the rain. Or perhaps, dismayed by the senseless noise of all the traffic about him, he was simply thinking about his stall, wherever it was. Or more likely, not thinking anything at all. He just stood.

To her friends, of course, and to her sister Emma (who was her chief reason for living in Fitchburg) she posed as a woman with a broken heart, a woman

tragically disillusioned, a beautiful romantic who had found that love was dust and ashes and that men were—well, creatures of a lower order. It was all very sad, very pitiful. One ought to have foreseen it, perhaps, or one ought not to have been born so sensitive, but there it was. If you had a soul, if you had perceptions, and loved beautiful things, and if you fell in love while you were still inexperienced and trusting, while you still looked at a world of violets through violet eyes, this was what happened. You gave your heart to some one who didn't deserve it. But what man ever *did* deserve it? Only the poets, perhaps, or the composers, Chopin for instance, those rare creatures, half angel and half man (or was it half bird?) who had great and deep and tender souls. And how many such men could one find in Massachusetts? It was all so impossible, it was all so dreadful. Every one knew that in America the women were infinitely more refined and sensitive than the men, you had only to look about you. What man ever wanted to talk about poetry with you, or listen to an evening of the Preludes, or to a lecture about the love affair of George Sand and Alfred de Musset? They wouldn't know what you meant: they wanted to go to the bowling alley or talk about the stock market; or else to sit in the front row of the Follies and look at the legs. They were vulgar, they had no imaginations. And she remembered that time at Emma's when Sidney had got so angry and gone on so in that common and vulgar way and made such a scene—whenever she thought of it she got hot all over. Absolutely, it was the most vulgar scene! And done deliberately, too, just because he was so jealous about their having a refined



conversation. And when she tried to stop him talking about it, he just went on, getting stubborn and stubborn, and all simply to make her feel ashamed. As if any of them had wanted to hear about those cheap drinking-parties of his in Ohio. And that dreadful word, *burgoo*, that was it, which they had all laughed at, and tried to shame him out of, why what do you mean, *burgoo*, why Sidney what are you talking about, who ever heard such a word as *burgoo*, *burgoo*! And even that hadn't been enough, he got red and angry and went on saying it, *burgoo*, what's wrong with *burgoo*, of course there is such a word, and damned fine parties they were, too, and if they only had *burgoo*s in Massachusetts life here would be a damned sight better. The idea! It served him right that she got mad and jumped up and said what she did. If you can't talk politely like a gentleman, or let others talk, then I think you had better leave those who will. Why don't you go back to your hardware shop, or back to Ohio, it doesn't seem this is the right environment for you. Or *anywhere* where you can have your precious *burgoo*.

But of course that was only one incident among so many, it was happening all the time; anybody could see that Sidney was not the man to ever appreciate her. What she always said was that nobody outside a marriage could ever possibly have any *real* idea of the things that went on there, could they. It was just impossible for them even to conceive of it. All those little things that you wouldn't think of—like Sidney's always leaving the dirty lather and little black hairs in the wash-basin after he shaved. Or the way he never noticed when she had on a new hat or ever said anything nice about the meals

she got for him, just simply not noticing anything at all. That was a part of it, but much more was his simply not ever being able to talk to her, or to take any interest in intellectual things. And his vulgarity, the commonness of his speech, his manners! Every time she introduced him to somebody he would put his head down and take that ridiculous little confidential step toward them and say, "What was the name? I didn't get the name?" The idea! And if you told him about it he got mad. And as for the number of times every day that he said "as I live and breathe"—!

## v

It had begun to rain harder. The sound of it rushed through the opening door as a small man, very dark, a Syrian perhaps, came in shaking his sodden hat so that the drops fell in a curve on the floor. A bright spray was dancing on the roof of the towel wagon, and a heavy stream fell splattering from one corner of an awning. People had begun to run, to scurry, in one's and two's and three's, exactly like one of those movies of the Russian Revolution, when invisible machine-guns were turned on the crowds. One would not be surprised to see them fall down, or crawl away on their bellies.

Or to see the whole square emptied of human beings in the twinkling of an eye. Nor would one be surprised to see a lightning-flash, either, for it had suddenly become astonishingly dark—the whole dismal scene had that ominous look which seems to wait, in a melodrama, for a peal of thunder. The light was sulphur-colored; it was terrifying; and he watched with fascination all the little windshield-wipers wagging agitatedly on the fronts of cars—it gave



one the feeling that the poor things were actually frightened, and were breathing faster. As for the horse, he stood unmoving, unmoved. His head was down, and he seemed to be studying with an extraordinary concentration the torrent of muddy water which rushed past his feet. Perhaps he was enjoying it: perhaps he even liked to feel all that tropic weight of rain on his back, experiencing in it a renewal of contact with the real, the elemental. Or perhaps he merely enjoyed standing still. Or perhaps he simply *was*.

But the question arose, ought one now to switch the point of view in the story, and do something more about Sidney? What about Sidney? Where on earth was Sidney all this while? and doing what? Presumably, running his hardware shop—and presumably again in Boston—but this was a little meagre, one wanted to know something more than that. One ought to give him a special sort of appearance—a pencil behind his ear, a tuft of white hair over his sallow forehead, sharply pointed brown shoes. Perhaps he was something of a dandy, with a vivid corner of striped handkerchief pointing from his breast pocket: and perhaps he was by no means such a dull fellow as Gladys thought. But this would involve a shift in point of view, which was a mistake: it was no doubt better to stick to Gladys, in Fitchburg, and to see Sidney wholly as *she* saw him, to think of him only as *she* thought of him. She would almost certainly, from time (self-absorbed as she was, and vain, and vulgar, and with her silly small-town pretensions to culture), she would almost certainly, nevertheless, give him credit for a few virtues. He was generous: he had offered her a divorce, as soon as he knew how she felt about it;

and he had behaved like a lamb, really, if she did say so, like a lamb, about the separation. He had done everything he could think of to make it easier for her.

In fact, one thing you *could* say for Sidney was, that he was generous—generous to a fault. She often thought of that. She always thought of it especially on the first of the month, when the cheque for the separation allowance turned up, as punctually as the calendar—sometimes he even sent her something extra. On these days, when she hustled to the bank with the cheque tucked into her glove to deposit it and pay the rent, she always felt so secure and happy that she had a very special state of mind about Sidney, something that was almost affection. Of course, it couldn't *be* affection, but it was *like* it—and it was just that feeling, with perhaps the loneliness which had upset her to begin with, which had misled her at last into writing him. It was easy enough now, as she had so often said to Emma, to see what had made her do it; she was sorry for him; but it only went to show how right she had been in the whole idea.

Just the same, it had been natural enough to write to him in that affectionate and grateful way; and when he had answered by so pathetically asking her to let him come to see her she had certainly thought it might be worth trying; even Emma had thought so; perhaps they would find after all that the differences between them were superficial; they could patch things up, maybe she would go back to Boston to live with him. The idea actually excited her—she remembered how she had found herself looking forward to having him come. Emma had offered to put him up for the night, so as to prevent embarrassment. And the thought of



having him see her new apartment for the first time, with the canaries and the goldfish and the oriental rugs, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, had given her a very funny feeling, almost like being unfaithful. The day before he came she could hardly sit still. She kept walking to and fro round the apartment, moving the rugs and the chairs, and patting the cushions—and all the time wondering if two years would have changed him much, and what they would say. Naturally, she hadn't held out any real hope to him in her letter, she had only told him she would be willing to talk with him, that was all. He had no right to expect anything else, she had made that clear. However, there was no sense in not being friendly about these things, was there? Even if you were separated you could behave like a civilized human being: Emma agreed with her about that. It was the only decent thing to do. But when the day came, and when finally that afternoon she heard him breeze into Emma's front hall, stamping his feet, and went out to meet him, and saw him wearing the wing collar and the stringy little white tie, and the rubbers, and his little gray eyes shining behind the glasses with the cord, and when the very first thing he said was, just as if nothing at all had ever happened, "Well, as I live and breathe, if it isn't Gladys!"—and then stood there, not knowing whether to kiss her or shake hands—it was just a misdeal, that was all, just another misdeal.

The whole thing went down, smack, like a house of cards. She could hardly bring herself to shake hands with him, or look at him—she suddenly wanted to cry. She rushed into Emma's room and stayed there on the bed for an hour, crying—Emma kept running in and saying for God's sake pull yourself to-

gether, at least go out and talk to him for a while, he's hurt, you can't treat him like this; the poor man doesn't know whether he's going or coming; come on now, Gladys, and be a good sport. He's sitting on the sofa in there with his head down like a horse, not knowing what to say; you simply can't treat him like that. The least you can do is go out and tell him you're sorry and that it was a mistake, and that he'd better not stay, or take him round to your apartment and talk it over with him quietly and then send him back to Boston. Come on now.

But of course she couldn't do it—she couldn't even go with him to the station. Emma went with him, and told him on the platform while they were waiting for the train that it was no use, it had all been a terrible mistake, and she was sorry, they were both sorry, Gladys sent word that she was very sorry. And afterwards, she had said it was so pathetic seeing him with his brand-new suitcase there beside him on the platform, his suitcase which he hadn't even opened, just taking it back to Boston where he came from. . . . When the train finally came, he almost forgot his suitcase; she thought he would have liked to leave it behind.

The towel-supply man came running back with a basket, flung it into the wagon, banged the dripping doors shut, and then jumped nimbly up to his seat, unhooking the reins. Automatically, but as if still deep in thought, the horse leaned slowly forward, lowered his head a little, and began to move. A long day was still ahead of him, a day of crowded and noisy streets, streets full of surprises and terrors and rain, muddy uneven cobbles and greasy smooth asphalt. The wagon and the man would be always there behind him; an incal-



culable sequence of accidents and adventures was before him. What did he think about, as he plodded from one dirty restaurant to another, one hotel to another, carrying towels? Probably nothing at all: certainly no such senti-

mental thing as a green meadow, nor anything so ridiculous as a story about living and breathing. It was enough, even if one was a slave, to live and breathe. For life, after all, isn't a short story.

## Gulf Storm

BY SONIA RUTHÈLE NOVÁK

**B**LACK galleons fare in smoking gray that curls  
Up from the very edge of earth. But spread  
Like sheeted, slowly heaving, molten lead,  
The water stills their race till lightning hurls  
A gleaming javelin where a dark bird whirls  
To scream a signal. Then they turn to head  
Into each other, by some phantom sped  
With all the knouting force it can unfurl!

They crash! They splinter rainily, and screech  
Across the Gulf! Their endless debris falls  
For miles around! The farthest eye can reach,  
The farthest ear can hear, their wreckage mauls  
The smitten air! And morning on the beach  
Will stumble over stripped and broken yawls.



# Anatomy of a College Town

BY CHARLES MORROW WILSON

*A standardized American institution reacts to the depression—  
or does it?*

IT is commencement time at a typical State university. I stroll about with reportorial eye and questions. The venders of higher learning are assembled to view the latest fruition of the old culture factory—some two hundred youths in black gowns and varyingly high enthusiasms, come for diplomas and prophetic admonition.

In a sense the scene is a charming one. Yet it lacks the emphasis of finality. Commencement is but another turn of the collegiate circle. September will see a replacement of students and next June another graduation.

I study the faculty, which waits about with perfunctory patience. Graduations are but regulation turns of its trade; a trade that is to a tremendous degree the real being of the university. Therefore, as a reporter, I study the faculty.

Some of its membership have recently gained union cards in the form of Ph.D. degrees; others have lately published treatises on the "Love Life of the Black Widow Spider," or on "What's in the Sky Tonight." Perhaps the Ph.D. or the publication is worth a paragraph in the town paper, a requote in the alumni magazine, possibly even an adroit mention at the president's next reception. Possibly enough paragraphs and enough

mentions, adroitly presented, may be worth an associateship in the department, or in any case a raise in pay.

Therefore as a writer for print I am welcome, but with a garnishing of doubt. For there is always the hazard that the journalese may wax facetious about the love life of the Sheba-like spider; that his technical details may be insufficient, or what is still worse, that he may leave out the item altogether. And collegiately speaking, at least, ours is still an age of publicity.

Graduation finished, I meet the president. His handshake is cool but adequate. He smiles with professional directness. He is smooth and firm-lipped. His clothes are immaculate and conservative. But as one onlooker to another I can see in him little that suggests apt championship of youth in its struggle with a stormy decade that blinds us all. Offhand, he appears to be far better fitted to a tax commission, a real estate office, or a super-service station.

I reflect that the presidency of a State university is a unique and peculiarly American institution. In the great majority of cases appointed, anointed and nurtured in politics, the university president is likely to emerge as academic tsar, master of budgets and faculty destinies;



to buy, sell, build or demolish. Nominally directed by a board of trustees, he is far more likely to direct the trustees.

He assures me that the university is holding its own in matters of enrolment, and names the initial enrolment figure of last autumn, momentarily oblivious to the fact that due to natural sequences of flunks and non-appearances, the old factory is lucky to end the year with 300 fewer bona fide customers than it began with. The intimation is that the university is holding its own in the face of hard times; that John Citizen is having to pay only \$600, say, per year for each bona fide student enrolled; rather than, say, \$850, which is probably closer to the true fact.

But I mention this principally because it demonstrates a recurring ambiguity of exposition—a quantitative estimate of a qualitative commodity. Any one understands that a poorly governed and ill-directed university with an enrolment of 10,000 is still a poor school, whereas a well-governed university with 100 students is nevertheless a good one. Yet as a prevailing technique, the university president interprets cultural services in terms of dollars and cents received and expended, students enrolled, mechanical equipage and cubic feet of building.

I stroll away, privately defining the State university as a sort of theoretic culture stand whereat American youth may pause in its traditional struggle for advancement and partake of bodily rest, mental nurture and social refreshment, the while straddling the bench that separates mind and matter.

The president suffers an afterthought. He shows me an architect's drawing which pictures the university's campus as it will appear ten years from date. His features show delight. He reaches for his pencil and begins to point—a

new chemistry building—a new library—"I" will build at so-and-so the cubic foot.

In silence I wish that part of the building appropriations might be spent for the services of more competent teachers—for loans to help needy and deserving students—for then public sentiment might be the better served. But taxpayer's sentiment has little direct reflection in the academic mirror. Higher learning must have its cubic feet of rock, glass and concrete. The president recites building plans with all the calm grandiloquence with which a Pharaoh might have told plans for the greatest of all pyramids. In a sense, both are tomb-builders—in behalf of themselves.

## II

I stroll back into the hall where faculty members wait for a final meeting. I study their faces, checking names and degrees. About half of them have Ph.D.'s. Most of them are native-born Americans; many of them from the Corn Belt, grist of the more populated Mid-Western universities, sons and daughters of farmers and merchants who have abandoned those crafts to become professional educators.

Their dress, grammar, and collective appearance bespeak business people—clerks, salesmen, accountants, minor executives. Their features do not register eminent attainment or intelligence. To this hurried generality, I notice two outstanding exceptions. One is a middle-aged woman with a keenly sensitive face. I inquire her name and place.

"She's just a library assistant."

The answer carries a conservative coolness. My other choice of outstanding appearance is still more evidently a maverick in faculty social circles: an eccentric little Russian given to explo-



sive contradictions and international honors in the field of dietetics. Yet, all in all, had the company been one of bank clerks, corresponding secretaries and wholesale meat purveyors, I should have felt better grounded, more convinced.

The president enters. I watch his gregarious technique. He has nods for instructors, nods and brief handshakes for assistants and associates, full length handshakes and verbal pleasantries for department heads and deans.

I sense in every corner grim skeletons of two-by-four politics. Professorially speaking, I am told that the university has a faculty member for every seven and two-fifths students. Standardized qualifications require that each faculty member have at least a master's degree. Yet offhand I see several who do not. Some have taught for a score of years without any manner of degree. Others claim the title "doctor" without any imaginable scholastic or professional alibi for so doing.

The president makes mellow comment on the health and good cheer of dear old Dean So-and-So who, without benefit of doctorate, has signed the payroll for fifty-two years, not to mention having taught a Sunday school class for half-a-century. But the president's mellowness is not altogether consistent of flow when the subject shifts to more inclusive problems.

When the subject shifts to a reckoning of strength and prosperity of respective departments, for example, executive mellowness seems ominously dormant. Universities are perhaps as standardized as any outcropping of American life, and in this university, as in any one of a hundred others, the prosperous departments are those with the best enrolments and the most able recruiting

services. If the philosophy department, let us say, raises but a hundred students, it probably has a professor, an instructor and hard times. But if the ante is raised to four hundred, personnel and salaries are lifted accordingly.

But economic woe is all too apt to befall the department without an able recruiting service. If a music faculty, or an art faculty, or a science faculty can not recruit enough students, then executive mellowness is likely to be replaced by stern arithmetic. For the State university stays in quest of the tangible and numerable. It strives to measure services in dollars per student, quantum of personnel and properties, and in so doing stands upon quaking props, one of them of cultural or intellectual abstraction; the other realistically financial.

I stroll over to the business offices to interview the university's business manager. What I learn here shows no mellowness. The business manager, florid and dapper, smiling much and smoking innumerable cigars as he views collegiate Americana with doubting eyes that are baby blue and Scandinavian, is accustomed to delivering gloomy tidings. He tells me that student fees can not possibly be lowered, not even to the 1928 prosperity level. He tells me that he must make further cuts in the institution's labor payrolls in order to compete with local labor markets. I argue:

"But the living index is up-bound, and there's not any local labor market in any real sense of the word, and if you've got to cut, why not cut proportionally from top to bottom, president and faculty the same as pipe-fitter and janitor?"

"Don't ask me to explain. I'm only a cog in the works."

I reflect that here is another fold of the State university's raiment of unreal-



ity. Financially speaking it is a prodigal son or daughter, beseeching all possible public money from the parent legislature and clamoring loudly for more. Every year the combined expenditures of public funds by all State universities and colleges run well above the half-billion mark, as much as the combined worth of a nation's major farm crop, or the earnings of a nation-wide industry. Now that the cost per college year to the student appears to have waned from \$900 to about \$700, the cost to the public purse stays neck-to-neck with those figures, even when padded enrolment estimates are accepted at par.

And even though any primer of economics tells one that wage-scales build the one sound groundwork for tax resources, the feed trough of university funds, State universities and colleges throughout the land stand notorious for their disregard of labor marts and their bearing of common labor wage.

When hard times begin to stem cash intakes, menial employes are traditionally first to suffer. In the instance of the university I report, prevailing wage scales for janitors, repair men, gardeners, livestock tenders, plumbers, painters and carpenters still stay unreasonably low, although faculty salaries are well in keeping with the national average.

Certainly this process of wage massacre is not intelligent economy any more than it is a step toward social justice.

### III

On my way to the registrar's office I ponder upon the grist of this higher learning. Dapper and expressionless swains, clattering, gaudy damsels. Gold pins and badges flash with the audacity of medals dangling upon the chests of generals who speak sweet words about the unknown soldier. This is a frater-

nity school, peopled largely by fraternity "men" and "women."

Among the wax-doll collegians, with their puny smart cracks and age-worn banalities, I see another youth, son of a different fold, of a world that is real and foundationed; that will always remain so. He is a freshman from the farm lands, a wistful follower of the Abe Lincoln tradition, which for the past half-century has drawn the cream of American farm youth away from the farm.

With this one the feel of earth stays. He is loose-jointed and awkward in his rather shoddy blue suit. The knot in his tie shows painstaking ineptitude. His shoes are uncomfortably new and cheaply shiny. Still he is a beautiful figure, youthful, virile and clean. His features show strength along with naïveté; they tell of the invincible hopes and dreamings of a great race of pioneers. But I can not place him as a collegian. I feel a sentimental urge to speak to him, to beseech that he not change to a wax-doll collegian, to plead with him to go back to the earth that brought him forth; to go back again to the wind and rain and sunlight; to work fields, or teach a crossroads school, to do tribute direct to the world that gave him forth.

Then I reflect that he is an American come to partake of an institution fully approved by the vast weight of national belief and tradition; that he comes of the millions who make the tax-supported university possible; that at least ethically his presence is justified.

In the registrar's office, I find that department enrolments typify a national situation. Colleges of engineering and agriculture show heavy losses of students, while the college of arts and science, home of academic abstraction, shows conservative gains. The slump in



the college of agriculture is even more emphatic than the quieting technical pulse. Indeed it is indicative of nearing collapse. This university represents a State eighty per cent rural, yet its college of agriculture enrolls only about nine per cent of the student body and gives convincing records that it has virtually abandoned the bucolic habit of turning out farmers.

Colleges of engineering and business administration, for years publicized for the practical, applicable value of their degrees, together claim less than twenty-two per cent of the total of students. As the world collegiate begins a none-too-graceful egress from the briar-patch of technical learning dedicated to an unguided and wholesale increase in all manner of physical production, the student trade clamors more and more for learning of the intangibles, for the classics, for social and political theory, for subjects and courses that give promise of mental life and cleanliness, rather than industrial or commercial applicability.

This, at least, is my own interpretation of what I learn from the registrar. It suggests that the State university is following student demand rather than leading or directing it. Yet a reading of the curricula suggests that the university is following in a very much muddled way, still cluttered with the bootstrap-lifting technique of the dead 'Twenties and the platitudes of high capital that is no longer high.

For example, I notice records of a course in corporation finance that had eleven students; a course in butter-making with two, a course in mechanical design with five, a course in tool sharpening with three. Then I notice a course in the history of art with eighty-three; a course in sociology with ninety-one, and a course in Grecian philosophy

with sixty-three. Perhaps, of course, the departments of art, philosophy and sociology have the more able recruiting services. But this is a local phenomenon, and the trend is definitely national. Maybe in spite of itself the university is coming to house a new America; is deliberately choosing a way towards intellectual beauty, rather than fatter bank accounts. Indeed, possibly the fops and belles there in the hallway are more than wax-doll collegians.

I reflect again upon matters of un-foundationed materialism. On the intake side, as well as in expenditures, the State university shows remarkable inconsistency. In my State, as in many others, statute law names the university an integral part of the free school system. This fact intimates that the collection of registration and matriculation fees from bona fide citizen students is illegal. But there is no positive judiciary ruling to this effect, and so the university continues to collect its fees, statutes be damned. These fees, frequently increased, remain even though flood, drought and destitution have molested the clientele, even through the trough of world depression.

#### IV

I go from the college into the town, which I have every reason for calling a typical college town. I mull over the economic and cultural scope of higher learning. All logic of numbers directs that it should have such scope. American colleges and universities now in operation number at least 554. Of these 416 are supported wholly or principally by public monies. Each year these plants graduate some 125,000 citizens, about 75,000 of them men, 50,000 women. Each year they hold enrolments of about 1,000,000 American youths for



whose intellectual or practical betterment they expend over half a billion dollars. They own tax-free grounds and properties valued at more than \$2,000,000,000, plus endowments totaling some \$1,250,000,000—from a few hundred dollars each to better than a hundred million dollars each. They range in enrolment from ten students at Gooding College, Idaho, to Columbia's 37,800. They employ more than 125,000 faculty members whose numbers are perpetuated with some 17,000 graduate degrees a year.

But I am speaking of one American university, which I believe fairly typical of a working majority of the 554. I am speaking of one college town out of the nation's 300 distinctly college towns. I use the word "typical" in good faith, knowing that colleges and universities generally have been shaped into one of the most standardized of American institutions, and that their vast expenditures of wealth, influence and attention should surely be reflected in the communities in which they are corporeally located.

A majority of American universities and colleges are located in towns of between 2,000 and 30,000 people; are the principal landmark of those towns, and so justify the designation college towns. What is more, many of the colleges and universities located in larger cities are surrounded by distinctly collegiate suburbs, which absorb so much of the atmosphere and ear-markings of the higher education plant, that they become college towns placed within cities.

But the college town of which I write is decidedly average. It has a population of about 8,500 and is a county seat, old and long-organized. The university is its outstanding resource. Therefore this town should be typical of the gener-

ality of college towns which altogether make up a substantial part of America's community life.

Therefore, I study its squares and crowds and businesses, and ponder upon the university's influences, both cultural and economic. Certainly there should be such influences. The university's home is here. The town is enduring residence for faculty and executives, and through it passes the unending caravan of college students.

In matters of mechanical consumption and accoutrements the college town is conservative and commonplace. The assessed valuation of its real property is \$1,900,000. It has three banks and a building and loan association with combined deposits of \$3,928,000 in about 9,000 accounts of which 3,917 are local. It has seven factories with products valued at \$400,000 yearly. It has fifteen churches, all of them poor. It has three motion picture houses with a total of 2,250 seats; six bus lines and one railroad; three hotels with a total of 160 rooms; one daily and one weekly newspaper.

It has two public hospitals, seven public grade schools, two public high schools, a private business college. It has thirty-six miles of city streets, twenty-three miles of them paved, two fire trucks, four policemen, a 172-acre airport. The number of shops is unreasonably large. Minor entrepreneurs, frequently disregarding competition, open shops in ever increasing numbers, hoping that they may squeeze out a living while putting their sons and daughters through college. Therefore an excessively high ratio of employers tends to reduce the number of available jobs and to diminish wages.

The town has barely three hundred laborers. There is one loose-jointed



workman's federation but no union labor. The telephone, the gas and electric companies, other corporate employers and the university are traditionally opposed to unions. Wages for skilled workers average about forty cents an hour; wages for unskilled workers still hover in the neighborhood of twenty cents. Almost unanimous NRA membership on the part of business houses has raised the wage level about ten per cent. But it still stays well below the average, due essentially, as I see it, to the fact that the university, normally the largest single employer, persists in skimping excessively in labor payroll.

Salaries, outside the university faculty, are proportionately even lower than wages. Although NRA membership is practically unanimous, I can find no sure proof that this resource problematic has bettered salaries to any measurable degree. In the town of 8,500, about sixty merchants, proprietors, salesmen, or property owners pay Federal income taxes, as against seventeen salaried workers, six of whom are employed by out-of-State corporations. University salaries are, per statute, income tax-exempt.

But on the whole, salaries outside the university are far below sectional averages. Bank clerks are likely to draw from fifteen to eighteen dollars a week. Salesmen in clothing stores apparently average about five dollars' weekly salary with commissions that rarely pull the total earnings above fourteen dollars. Part-time employment is prevalent. I know of hardware, clothing and shoe clerks who, although well qualified, because of drastically reduced work hours actually earn less than eight dollars a week.

Commercially speaking, the presence of a university represents a noticeable wedge in the town's business life. A

minor share of the shops, about fourteen in all, cater exclusively to collegiate trade. Faculty trade is usually prospering trade, but student trade is highly variable and not dependably reliable during close times. College students, sometimes extravagant buyers, are not averagely dependable customers.

Bankruptcy records show that a majority of collegiate caterers do not profit; that student credit, practically mandatory, is their most pernicious stumbling block. Among eleven exclusively collegiate caterers whom I know, seven have gone into bankruptcy during the past five years, two have struggled and floundered, and only two have definitely prospered. Perhaps this minor saga tends to typify the collegiate trade flow. University trade is rather definitely segregated from the run of common trade, and productively speaking the town stays basically a centre of country trade.

During the past four years student consumption of merchandise has fallen markedly—from medium-to-high, to medium-to-cheap. But faculty standards of consumption of clothing, food and mechanics stay in the brackets of high medium. I find, for example, that about eighty per cent of faculty families own and operate automobiles; that 164 faculty families support 141 radios and about ninety electric refrigerators, whereas only thirty-eight of them own homes or real property in the town, albeit their living standards are definitely above prevailing levels; likewise their recreational expenditures.

## V

However jumbled and befogged it may be, the material economic place of the university in the life of its town is more discernible and more convincing



than are its more touted cultural or intellectual resources.

For example, this college town has never been able to support a general book shop. Study of lending files of the university's library indicates that faculty members do not read as much or as variedly as do a like number of university students. Strangely enough, study of the local public library strongly suggests that the run of townsmen read about as much as do the collegians—outside of routine texts. Collegiate magazine trade centres largely into four lanes; the five-cent weeklies, the "pulp," journals of alleged confession and those of sugar-coated risqué-ness.

The university offers no sustained market for painting, sculpturing or other art creation and there seems to be no convincing support for the contention that its presence materially stimulates consumption of art, literature or journalism.

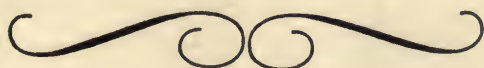
In matters of local leadership, the university's place is not impressive. As a matter of policy the university's faculty of economics and business administration rubs elbows with the local Chamber of Commerce and indeed one chemistry professor with an outstanding flare for treatises on a scientist's interpretation of Jesus Christ served as president of the Chamber of Commerce for several years. About one-fourth of the Rotary membership are faculty members, and aromas of the academy also prevail within the Lion's Club and within social caperings of the churches.

But, speaking broadly, churches of the town impress me as being far more closely in step with their contributing clientele, and with the ranks they would lead, than is the university. In a somewhat variable way, the churches still belong to the town—its society, aspirations and bank accounts—whereas the university, viewed critically, does not.

Nor does the university's resource of youth seem to add greatly to its social virility. On the whole its students represent a decidedly conservative and orthodox population, dipping occasionally into an unconventionality so very strained that it tends only to glorify convention. So far as the toil-burdened, habitually mute, taxpaying public is concerned such a temper is assuredly not one of leadership, or even of interest-rousing.

So the university waits in its strangely improbable world—mercenary but abstract; routined—all but lock-stepped—in its technique of administration, grazing within the vague meadows that seem to separate mind and matter.

But the university town is but a lifting from the world of every-day. Its realm is one of flesh and blood, of the commonplace, of the proven and the disproven, of a sustaining reality that belongs neither to the economist, nor the poet, nor the philosopher, but rather to the aggregate America of everyday and grade. Therefore the university remains superimposed upon its town, persistently insolvent, uncompromisingly foreign.





# Credit Ratings with the Lord

BY CHARLES MAGEE ADAMS

*If true Christian principles are necessary to restore business equilibrium, the church ought surely to apply them in its own business affairs*

SINCE the depression engulfed these more or less United States, the church has come to the front as the militant champion of a new and better economic order. That, of course, is commendable consistency. Lofty ethical principles are only fine phrases until they are translated into the realities of every-day living. But many laymen, who cling perversely to the once honored custom of thinking for themselves, are wondering if it is not high time that the church suited practice to precept, even to applying its teachings to the conduct of its own financial affairs.

If this seems ecclesiastical treason, not to mention scoffing impiety, consider the facts. From their pulpits, the more alert preachers are proclaiming that the only sure solution of our economic difficulties is the fearless application of religious teachings. Yet the fiscal structure of the church rests—albeit shakily—on a “system” of financing patterned brazenly after the “business philosophy” which brought our troubles crashing down upon us.

It should be added at once that this indictment—and it is a grave indictment—does not come from an outsider, perched “in the seat of the scornful.”

The writer is a church member of nearly twenty-five years’ standing, during most of which time he has served as an officer in one capacity or another. So his perhaps heretical criticism represents firsthand experience, plus a sufficient comparing of notes with lay brethren in other sections to afford grounds for reasonably valid conclusions.

Viewed from a world perspective, the fiscal feature which distinguishes the American church from those of many other countries is its nominal support by voluntary contribution. The Constitution forbids the establishment of a state religion; hence, the church can not be financed by taxation, as has been the case in so much of Europe. But when one attempts to match “voluntary contribution” with the facts, the result is another of those familiar disparities between theory and practice.

As a concrete example of church financing in fact, let me outline the situation which exists in a representative small town: representative, particularly for present purposes, because, numerically, small towns and small town churches are still in the preponderant majority, despite our swollen cities.



## II

The town (to forestall any pleading of exceptions, it is distinctly not a "backwash" community) has the usual quota of churches and retail business establishments. And the connection between the two is far more substantial than a conjunction. In short, following a "system" which seems to be national in scope, each merchant and shopkeeper contributes handsomely and regularly to the support of, not merely the particular church to which he may belong, but all churches.

The method by which this is accomplished is infallibility itself. As frequently as the competition of the others will permit, each church stages a money-raising affair of one sort or another. In winter the prime dollar-getter is a supper; in summer, a lawn fête. Winter and summer, markets, bake sales, bazaars and entertainments follow one another in dizzy succession. Scarcely a week goes by without some such money-raising affair being pushed to energetic completion. More often than not, too, these church-auspicated ventures are in direct competition with the established business enterprises on which several score of the town's families depend—and precariously these days—for their living. But let that pass, for the moment.

The chief point is that every merchant and shopkeeper is expected to patronize the churches' money-raising affairs. He may loathe a tepid, ill-balanced supper, and hence not go even though he buys a ticket (which makes solicitors covet him as an A-1 prospect). He knows that advertising in an entertainment programme is worthless. And he may have no interest whatever in the chance of winning a quilt (not in a

lottery, of course; the ticket plainly states that the price is a "donation"). Nevertheless he must buy if he expects to stay in business.

Not—spare the thought—that anything as crude as a boycott will be invoked if he does not. The lady solicitor registers nothing more hostile than pained disappointment at his refusal. But, somehow, the word speedily reaches her good sisters that Mr. So-and-so will not "support our worthy cause," and, as inexplicably, their trade goes to his competitors.

So the veteran merchant more or less philosophically considers these "contributions" as an item of routine overhead, just as he does rent, taxes and insurance. Their amount varies roughly with his apparent prosperity. But during the course of a year his "generosity" represents a total that would be astonishing to any one not familiar with the situation. Sometimes, indeed, the sum equals his real estate taxes. And certainly the payment is as unescapable.

It may be, in fact often is, argued that all this is quite legitimate; that since the church is an indisputable community asset, attracting a desirable type of resident and making for moral stability, the business man should assume his full share of its support, just as he does that of the public schools through taxation. And that contention has its points. But at its best such a line of reasoning is the flimsiest justification for the ethics of a "system" which levies tribute little less surely, if in more refined fashion, than the "racket."

Granted, "racket" is an ugly word. It is doubly repugnant when brought into a discussion of an institution which stands—and sincerely—at the opposite moral pole. But the circumstance that the lady ticket-peddler is prompted by



the most devout of motives (rationalized or not) can not dissolve the hard fact of duress.

Yet, as thousands of merchants can testify, this highly developed form of tribute-levying goes on from coast to coast, and in the name of an institution which champions the loftiest ethical principles. As a grim commentary on practice versus precept, it is too obvious to need elaboration.

And if nothing else, the fact that the church engages regularly in business for money-raising purposes places its outspoken leaders in an exceedingly awkward position. Long before the depression these leaders were preaching the gospel of economic justice. Since the NRA came into being they have hailed its codes of fair competition as a long step toward commercial decency. Yet the church's calloused competition with established business is manifestly unfair, a clear violation of the spirit and frequently even the letter of the codes. Particularly when its financial survival is dubious, the business community can not remain unmindful of that, with consequences to the church's influence in its appointed sphere which are unhappy to say the least.

### III

It may be pointed out that the situation I have been sketching exists chiefly in small towns, and that metropolitan centres are comparatively free from this petty ecclesiastical racketeering. By and large, that is true, because the greater size and looser contacts of urban communities minimize the duress element. But I think it is also true that, regardless of community size, many of the church's money-raising practices by "voluntary contribution" will scarcely stand fearless inspection.

For reasons all too redolent of human frailty, a profound—to the uninitiate, even startling—change comes over the typical church governing body when its attention shifts from the imponderables of the spirit to the stern actuality of finance. The zealots, flaming idealists, humble worshipers fade into the background; and the "practical men," "able executives," "efficiency experts" take matters into their eminently competent hands. The problem to be solved is not one of receiving sufficient contributions from a congregation of cheerful givers (despite the divine favor in which they are held), but one of "getting the money." And to this cannily realistic end the manifold devices so dear to the hearts of 'Twenty-niners are brought assiduously into play.

The usual every-member canvass is a revealing case in point. Nominally, teams are sent out on a designated day each year to facilitate the pledging of contributions by members. But in the really "efficient" church the canvassers are trained in the fine art of "getting all the traffic will bear." Approach, overcoming sales resistance, and "selling up" are familiar tools of their technique.

Unfortunately, more and more often of late, "voluntary" pledges made under such a spell can not be met. Then the "follow-up squad" swings into action. By means of form letters and visiting committees the delinquent "contributor" is made to feel that he is not only "chiseling" on the Lord, but jeopardizing his credit rating. If that does not get the results, his name is dropped from the active rolls of "businesslike" churches, with the not always veiled suggestion that this endangers his salvation.

Such "giving" is, of course, for routine operating expenses. When a church



puts on a drive for "important" money, for example, a building fund, the "high-pressure boys" really come into their own.

Most of the principal denominations maintain more or less organized staffs of "specialists" who can be sent into a field to general such a big financial push, and a host of "free lances" are also available (in either case, at a price). Compared with them, the every-member canvasser is a hopeless duffer. They blend the suavity of a bond salesman with the crusading fervor of the old-time evangelist. Mass psychology is their handmaiden; "feed 'em first" and "keep up with the Joneses" just a few dicta in their shrewd lexicon.

Since their remuneration is based on the gross amount pledged (usually, and significantly, payable when pledges are made, not paid), many a church recovers from such a spree of "giving" to find itself with a safeful of pledges whose fulfilment is exceedingly dubious. But the "specialists" take care of that embarrassing contingency. Pledges are often phrased in such a way that they are promissory notes which can—or could in pre-depression days—be discounted at a bank, thereby frightening the light-hearted "giver" into a proper respect for his obligation.

A moment ago I mentioned the "businesslike" practice of dropping financial delinquents from active membership rolls. An adroit refinement of this sheds further light on the marketplace attitude of the church toward money.

In many denominations (and how tragically many there are!), the cost of central administration is assessed against the component congregations according to the number of their communicants. So, in the "better managed" flocks it

is the thrifty custom to pare down membership rolls to the bone shortly before the date when noses are to be counted for assessment purposes, leaving only those members with unsullied financial records. Several devices are utilized to that highly practical end, such as the transfer of names to reserve or inactive rolls, and at the discretion of the local governing body. Then, after the assessment date has passed and a showing of thin ranks has been made, the Christian soldiers temporarily withdrawn from the front line (often without their knowledge) are restored to good standing. I know of one large urban church where as much as a third of the membership has been shuttled back and forth after this fetching fashion.

This "smart" practice bears a striking resemblance to certain within-the-law maneuvers associated with the income tax. And if that is any justification, it must be said that denominational assessments are high enough to court avoidance.

#### IV

With the notorious tenacity of bureaucracies, an administrative machinery inherited from the oxcart era persists in most denominations. Three and sometimes four tiers of higher government are superimposed on local congregations, with an ingenious pyramiding that would do credit to holding company practice. And each tier is staffed with boards and officials whose pay swells the cost. In one case, for example, the resulting overhead (exclusive of benevolences, moreover) amounts to twenty-five per cent of the pastor's salary, in return for which the congregation receives services most of which can best be described by the army term, "paper work."



Not that this costly superstructure is useless from a sternly practical standpoint. The staff officers and strategy boards of the church's high command are not immune to the "good business" bacillus. In fact, one of their chief duties is to spur the rank and file to mightier deeds on the financial front, not only through the channels integral with the central administration, but also the host of semi-independent agencies which cluster around it, much as commissions do around the Federal authority. And to the end of "bigger and better budgets" they freely appropriate the standard "go-getter" technique.

For instance, one widely used device is the sales manager's old reliable, the quota system. A local group or society with national affiliations is assigned a certain financial goal for the year. And, by means of printed inspiration plus "flying squad" contacts, the vital importance of attaining the objective is duly stressed. Then, when the sum is raised, the quota for the next year is increased enough to keep the local workers "on their toes." If this ante is met, the quota for the succeeding year is hiked again. Of course, after several such doses the stimulant loses its "kick," and the "burned children" carefully refrain from meeting their quota. But while it lasts the intoxication of record-breaking tinkles central office cash registers at a merry clip.

The benevolence side of the contribution envelope offers a kindred opportunity for the "go-getter" contingent. In many denominations benevolence funds forwarded from individual congregations are apportioned by a central authority among the various projects supported nationally, just as community chest funds are allocated to respective charities. But latterly an im-

provement on this eminently sound arrangement has been devised.

Individual churches are permitted to designate the particular project to which their benevolence funds shall go. The commendable theory behind this is to arouse a more direct giver interest in such far-away enterprises as missions. Practice, however, is something else not so edifying. It has subjected local churches to a bombardment of "sales letters," not to mention personal solicitation whenever the worthy cause is within striking distance; in short, a *laissez-faire* scramble, governed by the ennobling sportsmanship of cutthroat competition.

And the money-raising genius of the high command is not confined to adults. Adopting the empirical "catch 'em young" philosophy of commerce, it has set nationally organized children's societies to garnering the pennies and nickels which take care of the dollars. Moreover, children are adjured to follow the enlightened practice of their elders. The result is to loose a swarm of youthful ticket peddlers and "donation" beggars on the community, a competition from which the brazen brat who will not take "no" for an answer emerges as the shining star.

The character consequences of this are too dismally evident. Yet they are only indicative of what the church's "practical" attitude toward money is doing to the institution, its unquestioning supporters and the cause of religion itself.

## V

If it was ever in doubt, it has become unescapably clear during the past decade that the philosophy to which religion is diametrically opposed is materialism: the covetous exaltation of things, which



is the antithesis of spiritual values. That is not merely my opinion. The issue has been stated by leaders of all faiths, so repeatedly and forcefully that it stands out as the common thesis on which representative Protestants, Catholics and Jews are united. Yet in the decisive test of money, the church—which is the hands and feet of religion—reveals itself as frankly, even cynically, materialistic. It should be unnecessary to add that this discrepancy between “what I do and what I say” is working incalculable damage to the cause of religion.

Since the depression began, much has been made of the fact that people have been turning to the church, hungrily seeking transcendent verities that will make sense of a world “gone haywire.” Much should be made of that. But another side of the picture, less widely publicized, is the number of people who have forsaken the church during the depression because of its grimly practical attitude toward money.

I am not speaking of those who habitually “get from under,” or even those who have been made over-sensitive to money by the want of it. I am thinking of people who believed that the church is one place where money is not the yardstick of the individual’s acceptability, only to find that it sets as much store by the dollar-sign as most “well managed” enterprises. Any one in touch with the situation can confirm that thousands of men and women have withdrawn from church organizations and societies, even the church itself, because the dinning insistence on “contributions” has made them feel that their inability to pay their way reduces them to the slacker status.

It is true, to be sure, that the depression has put the church in desperate need of money (though, ironically,

much of this need stems from the same headlong financing which toppled our commercial structure; I know, for example, of one congregation which boasts an impressive edifice costing \$280,000, mortgaged for the grotesque sum of \$240,000). Even so, if the church is something more than a fraternal order, a country club, a recreation centre, or a culture group (and I cling to the perhaps quaint conviction that it is), it must of implicit necessity make money its servant, not its master.

In any event, the glib excuse that “the end justifies the means” must go. There, a deluded rationalization of its money-raising practices, you have the most ominous if insidious threat to the church’s usefulness. Obviously, the loftiest of ends never justifies means which are dubious. Yet the complacent vacuity, “Oh well, it’s for a good cause,” runs through discussions of church financing like a dismal refrain, as if, by some hocus-pocus, it can whitewash practices which business, at its best, will not tolerate. The church can not continue to lean on such a broken reed if it is to champion a code of ethics higher than that of the battlefield.

Naturally, too, this gelatinous position on finance colors the individual’s philosophy. Perhaps the commonest evidence of that is “buck-passing.” When an organization or society assumes the obligation of raising a given sum of money, it virtuously regards the amount as its own giving. Actually, under the accepted “system” much of the sum is the contribution of outsiders who, for social or personal reasons, feel impelled to yield to the “donation” pressure of the organization’s members. In short, the society’s obligation is neatly diverted to the community at large; a practice which, by cumulative



stages, breeds collective and even individual shirking.

And—the final ironic note—notwithstanding all the mad scramble, the petty devices which are resorted to in the name of “efficient” ecclesiastical financing, the fact remains that the backlog of most church budgets is genuine giving, much of it—touchingly—of the sacrificial sort. Any church treasurer who knows his congregation intimately can verify that. Even without the spur of quotas and the magic of salesmanship, many—I should say the majority—of church members actually give. Among other things, this explodes the fallacy of much so-called thinking about church finance.

“You have to give them something for their money,” runs the hard-headed defense of such devices as suppers and professional entertainments, which return only a part (sometimes a painfully small part) of the “donor’s” outlay to the church. The answer is that they not only will but do give, and in spite of a “system” which discourages giving.

To make the case complete, I know of at least one church which puts sufficient faith in what it teaches to depend on true voluntary contributions for its


entire support. The energies of its congregation are not dissipated on markets and bazaars. No every-member canvassers go out to “sell the church.” Yet for decades, through not one but several depressions, its budget (running high into five figures, moreover) has been regularly and unostentatiously balanced by means of nothing more startling than the practice of reverent stewardship.

A quaint anachronism? Perhaps. On the other hand it may be only the forerunner of what may become the general rule. For regarded in an impartial—albeit impious—light, this much seems clear. If the church is to be a spiritual force of sufficient power to cope with materialism, it must bring its financial practices into line with its teachings. The alternative (not a remote possibility, either) is secularization, the withering of vital, life-quickenning religion into a “pretty philosophy.”

And the responsibility for this momentous choice, I should say, rests primarily on laymen. For they, not the clergy, have fathered and are perpetuating the grotesque “system” which is putting the church in such an impossible position.







# Switzerland Is Next

BY G. E. W. JOHNSON

*If Hitler succeeds in his designs with Austria, the little "league of nations" will be his next goal, and peace will be nearly hopeless*

MANY nations are watching, with emotions that vary from mild interest to deep concern, the slugging contest that is now being waged between the two Austrian-born Chancellors, Hitler the "little corporal" of Berlin and Dollfuss the "Millimeternich" of Vienna, to decide whether or not Germany is to eat Austria for breakfast. No nation, however, is following every wild uppercut and foul blow with a more acute anxiety than Switzerland. The Swiss are rooting for Austria, for they have a shrewd suspicion that if Austria is served up for breakfast, it will be Switzerland's turn to furnish the lunch.

This belief is founded upon the unbridled propagation of certain fundamental tenets of National Socialist ideology. The Nazis are tirelessly indoctrinating the German people with the notion that they must regard their nationhood as inhering, not in the concept of *Deutschland* (Germany), but in that of *Deutschtum* ("Germandom"). By the latter term is meant the community of German-speaking peoples. The essence of Hitler's foreign policy is to be found in the thesis that the boundaries of *Deutschland* must be pushed out

in all directions so as to coincide as far as possible with those of *Deutschtum*. Of all the slogans of Hitlerism, the one most pregnant with the seeds of a new war is the frenzied cry that appears on the first page of Hitler's autobiography, "Common blood must belong to a common Reich!" It is in virtue of this principle that the Nazi orators make a point of stressing that they voice the aspirations not alone of the sixty-five million Germans who live in *Deutschland*, but of the eighty million "Germans" who comprise *Deutschtum*.

The blatant manner in which these sentiments have been broadcast from the rooftops—though the Nazis are indeed a little more cautious in these days—has sent cold shivers up and down the spine of every European country that has a substantial German-speaking element in its population—that is to say, of practically every nation on the Continent. It is obvious that in the lands where Germandom is a minority the swastika standard can be planted only by waging a victorious war; but though Germany may already be in the mood, she will be in no condition to unsheathe the sword until such time as the Nazis have once again clothed with the flesh



of military might the skeleton of the past which they have exhumed from the Garrison Church at Potsdam. In the meantime, the Nazis are not idle. Like a restless swarm of termites, they are striving, by boring from within, to undermine the independence of the regions inhabited by a German-speaking majority. There are four such places: the Free City of Danzig, the Saar, Austria and Switzerland. If these territories can be brought within the Nazi orbit by means of "peaceful" propaganda depicting the beauties of German racial unity, it will be a moral triumph of incalculable value to Hitler, and will swell the ranks of his legions when the hour comes to appeal to the god of battles.

In Danzig and the Saar it is quite obvious that such propaganda has swept everything before it. At present, the Nazis are fully preoccupied with the task of breaking the back of Chancellor Dollfuss's resistance to their seige. If their efforts are crowned with success, whither will their gaze turn next? The logic of the situation points to Switzerland. They will be free to devote their undivided attention to the German community in that country and, by the use of artifices which will have been proved effective in Austria, to endeavor to suck it into the swirling vortex of the Hitlerite maelstrom.

## II

The Nazis reinforce their pretensions, based on kinship of blood and speech, to incorporate Switzerland within a Greater Germany, by an appeal to the historic past. In the Middle Ages, the region now comprising Switzerland formed a part of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation—the first of the three Reichs of which Hitler's régime is accounted the Third. From

the mountainous nature of the country, wherein the Rhine finds its source, Switzerland was then commonly known as Upper Germany. The Swiss like to date their independence from August 1, 1291, when the inhabitants of the three original districts or cantons formed an Everlasting League to resist the exactions of the Habsburg Emperors; but it was not until 1648 that Switzerland's independence of the Empire was formally recognized by the treaties of Westphalia.

When Bismarck founded the second German Empire in 1871, it was confined within much narrower limits than the old Holy Empire. This state of affairs did not satisfy the *Grossdeutschland* or Greater Germany party, which aspired to bring under Germany's sway all the territories that had once acknowledged the writ of the Holy Empire. Bismarck, however, forbore attempting to annex Austria and Switzerland; he had his hands full as it was with the task of consolidating Prussia's hegemony over the other German states, not all of which were happy in their new allegiance. In conformity with this self-denying ordinance, the King of Prussia had already in 1857 renounced his hereditary though nominal sovereignty over the principality of Neuchâtel, one of the cantons of the Swiss Confederation.

With the coming of the Third Reich, however, restraint has been cast to the winds, and the more ardent Nazis make no bones about preaching the doctrines of Pan-Germanism in their most extravagant form. In passages generously splashed with imperial purple, they proclaim their resolve to expand Germany's boundaries to the farthest limits of the old Holy Empire, and even beyond. One of the most blustering and



withal one of the frankest expressions of the Nazi sentiment toward Switzerland has emanated from the bellicose Professor Ewald Banse of Brunswick. When the German-Swiss Philological Society protested against an exposition of German claims to Switzerland contained in a geographical textbook written by Dr. Banse, he retorted to the stricture in the familiar hectoring style of Nazi invective: "One is indeed filled with shame that there are offshoots of German blood who do not consider the fact that they speak German as proof that they belong to the German people! Quite naturally we count you Swiss as offshoots of the German nation (along with the Dutch, the Flemings, the Lorrainers, the Alsatians, the Austrians and the Bohemians). And I hope that you will one day see fulfilled the prophecy of our K. F. Meyer (I say 'our,' because you are not worthy of him): 'Patience: the day approaches when a single tent will shelter the German people. Patience: one day we will group ourselves around a single banner, and whosoever shall wish to separate us, we will exterminate!'"

It is because they can see the hungry jaws of Hitler's Germany dripping with these inordinate appetites that the Swiss—particularly the French- and Italian-Swiss, who are naturally more alive to the menace than their German-speaking compatriots—are hoping and praying that Austria will be able to resist the terrific pressure to which she is being subjected. As long as Austria stands, Switzerland is safe. The moment that Austria succumbs to the Nazi boa constrictor, Switzerland is marked for the next victim to be strangled in the toils. On September 12 the *Journal de Genève*, the most influential organ of French-Swiss opinion, published a dis-

patch from its correspondent at Berne, the Federal capital, which reflected without disguise the anxiety of the Swiss Government: "The attitude of Berlin toward Vienna proves to us that Hitlerism is an article of export; all that we learn of the sentiments of the new masters of the Reich confirms the belief that, for the moment at least, Swiss independence counts for no more beyond the Rhine than does Austrian autonomy. No one need therefore be astonished if Swiss opinion remains agitated and anxious in the presence of the evolution of the Third Reich."

### III

Switzerland's most striking and significant contribution to civilization has been her demonstration that communities speaking French, German and Italian, while all preserving in their autonomous cantons their distinctive traditions and languages, can nevertheless live harmoniously together in a federal union cemented by a common respect for each other's rights. Throughout the Nineteenth Century the spirit of nationalism, sweeping through Europe like a prairie fire, drew together by apparently irresistible attraction peoples of a common mother tongue, and divided them by watertight compartments from those who were not of the same speech. Almost alone among the nations, Switzerland remained immune to the infective virus of Pan-This and Pan-That. There is no fact at once more astonishing and more inspiring than that during the War, although completely surrounded by belligerent powers—Germany to the north, Italy to the south, German-speaking Austria to the east, and France to the west—three communities speaking the languages of their neighbors and cherishing the same



cultural traditions, but living on the other side of a boundary line, remained at peace with one another and with the warring nations. As long as Switzerland endures on its present basis, it prefigures in miniature as a concrete reality that era of good-will among the peoples to which idealists are so eternally and apparently so vainly aspiring.

It is therefore a most disquieting phenomenon that in this unique commonwealth signs of dissension along linguistic lines have made their appearance which, if not checked in the bud, may blossom into a serious menace to Switzerland's continued survival as an independent nation. The startling success of Hitlerite ideas and methods in Germany was not long in evoking a sympathetic response in German-Switzerland, as in all the other communities of *Auslanddeutschtum* ("Outland German-dom"). "The waves of the National Socialist revolution in Germany," warns the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, the leading German-Swiss newspaper, "are rolling, at least in the form of radio waves, even into our own land; and the nationalistic, anti-democratic and anti-liberal reorientation of a neighbor with whom Switzerland maintains such close relations raises for us the problem, the gravity of which must not be underestimated, of the spiritual defense of our country."

This editorial admonition was inspired by the overnight sprouting on Swiss soil, like so many mushrooms, of half a dozen factions infused in varying degree with Nazi ideology, spectacularly recommended as it was by Hitler's sudden accession to power. Making their appeal under a variety of names—the National Socialist Confederates, the National Front, the Federal Front, the New Switzerland movement, the "Ponocratic" Front—they bear witness to

the ferment which is working among the younger generation of German-Swiss. Thus far the activity of these movements has been chiefly noticeable at Zurich, the largest city of Switzerland and the intellectual capital of the German-speaking part of the land. This city offers a particularly fertile soil for the propagation of Fascist ideas because of the long predominance of the Socialists, which has earned for Zurich the nickname of the "Red Citadel." The youth of the middle classes, despairing of ousting the Socialists through the medium of the old-line parties, have turned to factions that promise the attainment of this end by violent means.

Of these factions, the most extreme is the League of National Socialist Confederates, led by Theodor Fischer, an architect of Zurich. They accept the doctrines of Hitlerism without reserve, consider themselves a branch of the German Nazi party, and disseminate the Pan-German racial doctrine that Switzerland must be incorporated into the "fatherland." They diligently devote themselves to the task of sowing the seeds of ill-will and antagonism between the German- and French-Swiss by stigmatizing Switzerland as a "vassal state of France under Jewish control" and hailing Hitler as a German hero who will "liberate us from our spiritual servility." Their display of the swastika flag and other Hitlerite emblems has been the occasion of several riotous clashes with Socialists and Communists.

However, the Fascist group which has attracted to itself the largest following is the Fighting League of the National Front, alternatively styled the "Iron Brooms." It accepts Hitlerism in almost unmitigated form, rejecting only the Pan-German doctrine that Switzer-



land must be annexed to the Reich. Its object is to establish a Hitlerite state, but to do so without impairment of Swiss independence. Its members distinguish themselves from the Nazis by shouting the old Swiss cry of "*Harus*" instead of "*Heil*," and giving the Fascist salute in somewhat different style from that practised by the Nazis. They held their first great mass meeting, from which hundreds had to be turned away, at Zurich in April of last year. Colonel Emil Sonderegger expounded their programme in a typical Hitlerite harangue. He castigated the Jews, Free Masons and Marxists. He demanded protection for the middle classes against capitalist exploitation. The workers must be reintegrated in the national camp. The naturalization of Jews must be prohibited, and those who had recently entered Switzerland (presumably refugees from the Hitlerite terror in Germany) must be expelled. Parliament must be abolished and absolute power vested in a president to be elected by the people.

## IV

The news of this gathering excited no little disquiet among the French- and Italian-Swiss. What especially disturbed them was the proposal that the Federal Parliament be abolished and supreme power vested in the President, who, under the existing constitution, is elected by the Parliament and exercises strictly limited powers, being little more than the chairman of the Federal Council or cabinet. The suggested innovation is interpreted as a demand for a highly centralized state in which the autonomy of the cantons would be subverted.

It may be well to digress for a moment to cast a glance at the fundamental principles of Swiss polity. Just as the

United States is a union of forty-eight sovereign States, so Switzerland is a confederation of twenty-two sovereign cantons. The cantons retain all powers not expressly surrendered to the Federal Government. Again following the example of the United States, the rights of the smaller cantons are safeguarded by granting to each of them, irrespective of population, two members in the upper house (the States' Council) of the Federal Parliament; the membership of the lower house (the National Council) is elected on the basis of proportional representation.

In most federal unions, the balance between the rival concepts of states' rights and centralization seems to be weighted on the side of centralization. This tendency has been quite marked in the United States ever since the Civil War; in Germany, Hitler has leaped at one bound from a decentralized Reich of seventeen autonomous states to a polity which makes of the Reich a single completely coördinated "totalitarian" state. The appearance of such a tendency in their midst is viewed with dread by the French- and Italian-Swiss, for in a centralized Switzerland they would be minorities at the mercy of the German-speaking majority. Of Switzerland's population of four millions, German is the mother tongue of 2,860,000, French of 850,000, Italian of a quarter million, and other languages or dialects of the remainder. It is thus seen that the German-Swiss comprise seventy per cent of the total. Of the twenty-two cantons, the Germans possess a majority in sixteen, the French in five, and the Italians in only one. The federal constitution puts all three languages upon an equal footing, but most of the cantonal governments, with four exceptions, extend official recognition



only to the language of the majority within their respective jurisdictions.

It is therefore natural that the French and Italian communities should feel that any menace to the autonomy of the cantons is a threat to the preservation of their language, their cultural heritage, and their communal integrity. In the anti-Semitic propaganda of most of the "Fronts," they detect a spirit of intolerance that is the very negation of their country and that might easily be transformed into a doctrine of the superiority of the "Nordic" German-Swiss over their "Latin" compatriots.

Spokesmen of the minority communities have been quick to discern the dire results to which the spread of Hitlerism would expose a multi-lingual country like Switzerland. One of the first to sound the tocsin of alarm was Dr. Jean Marie Musy, Minister of Finance, who delivered a notable speech at Geneva on May 10. M. Musy, a member of the Catholic Conservative party, is an ex-President of the Swiss Confederation and is the best known political leader among the French-Swiss. M. Musy exhorted his audience to the sacred task of protecting democracy against the peril with which demagogic agitation continually besets it. Loud applause greeted his ringing declaration that "Switzerland will either remain a democracy or cease to be Switzerland!" He gave warning that the numerous new "Fronts" which had cropped up so suddenly at Zurich had advanced proposals which, if realized, would inflict violent injury upon a tradition of many centuries and expose their country to the most serious dangers. "The racial ideal can never be the basis of Swiss nationality!"

Two days after M. Musy delivered his speech, the Federal Council, of

which he is a member, approved a decree prohibiting the wearing of uniforms by political parties. The enactment of this law was an indication that the more sober elements among the German-Swiss, who naturally enjoy a majority in the Federal Government, had remained immune to the lure of the hooked cross. "The white cross on its red field [the Swiss flag] is good enough for us!" affirmed Dr. Heinrich Häberlin, Liberal Minister of Justice and a former President.

v

When the Swiss Independence Day was celebrated at Berne on August 1, the opportunity was appropriately seized by Dr. Giuseppe Motta to voice the fears of another of the Swiss minorities. Signor Motta is Minister of Foreign Affairs, political leader of the lone Italian canton of Ticino, and a former President. (It may be remarked in passing that as the Swiss chief executive serves a term of only one year, almost every politician in the country seems to be an ex-President.) After condemning the theory of the totalitarian state as exemplified by neighboring countries, Signor Motta posed this significant question to his predominantly German-speaking audience: "Suppose for a minute that our people had alienated their sovereign prerogatives to a small group of men . . . and that the languages of the minorities had been fettered in their expression in order to favor the dominant tongue; suppose, in short, that all parties had been suppressed save one alone, the Government party; should we be able to recognize in that description of the state, our Switzerland? Would this country still be our country? I do not know whether it would still retain its name, but I feel—and you



all feel with me—that it would have ceased to be a democracy, that it would have altered its substance, changed its form, and lost every reason for its existence.”

It does not require much perspicacity to read between the lines of Signor Motta's speech and to understand the nature of the danger which he foresaw—a danger which the discreet reticence enjoined by his official position precluded him from delineating in other than general terms. His appeal was obviously directed against such groups as the National Front, and he was warning his fellow-countrymen that, though these movements might not consciously be working to establish Hitler's sway over Switzerland, yet the successful enthronement of their dogmas would inevitably subserve the designs of the National Socialists. For if the members of the National Front should be victorious in their campaign to seize control of the Swiss Government and should seek to ride roughshod over their French and Italian compatriots, the latter would certainly cease to think of Switzerland as *their* country. In a desperate endeavor to preserve their cultural integrity, they would be moved to advocate secession and to plead for intervention by France and Italy. These two countries would be unlikely to remain deaf to the appeal. Under such circumstances, Germany, no doubt fulminating indignantly against French “aggression,” would jump at the Heaven-sent excuse for horning in and demanding a lion's share of the spoils in the shape of the German-speaking cantons.

Such a critical situation might easily precipitate a war. The least that would be likely to happen would be a partition of Switzerland among the three powers.

The little Swiss “league of nations” would disappear from the map. What would be the fate of the big League of Nations, with Germany a non-member and Italy lukewarm, is anybody's guess, but it would probably disintegrate likewise. Two of the world's most interesting experiments in fostering amity among peoples of diverse tongues, situated at opposite ends of the scale in respect of size, would go by the board, leaving the decks clear for the storm troops of blatant nationalism.

Subsequent developments in Italian-Switzerland have given point to Dr. Motta's warning. When Mussolini first marched into power over a decade ago, there were many ardent Fascists who regarded the Swiss canton of Ticino as a part of *Italia irredenta* and wished to act accordingly. Mussolini, however, put a stop to this agitation and allayed Swiss nervousness by the rather ambiguous statement that “Switzerland without Ticino would no longer be Switzerland.” Although there has been a Swiss Fascist party on the Italian model in existence for many years, it made absolutely no progress and was practically carried under the hat of its founder, Colonel Arthur Fonjallaz, until the Hitlerite outburst among the German-Swiss provoked the spirit of emulation among their Italian compatriots. Recently the anxiety aroused by the Hitlerite ebullition in German-Switzerland has been intensified by a rapid spread of Fascist sentiment in Ticino. The Italian-Swiss Fascists do not as yet demand political union with Italy, but they pay homage to Mussolini as commander of the “international army of order against anarchy.” Just as the Hitlerites see “Nordic” and “Aryan” Germany as the fount of all *Kultur*, so Colonel Fonjallaz, with perhaps more reason, pro-



claims that "the whole of our civilization comes from Rome."

The disintegrating effect of these rival Fascisms upon Swiss unity does not need to be labored. "To what a pass will Switzerland come," laments the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, "when, among so many movements of political regeneration, some—in the German-speaking part of the land—look toward the north, others—in Ticino—toward Rome, and still others, perhaps tomorrow or the day after, toward Paris!"

## VI

Despite the undisguised anxiety of the Swiss, the German Nazis have not desisted from making provocative utterances. The plea of Swiss public opinion that Hitler second Mussolini's declaration that Fascism is not an article of export by similarly setting limits to his campaign for the union of dolichocephalic blonds has fallen upon deaf ears. Indeed, what is in effect Hitler's categorical rejection of this plea is to be found in the speech which he delivered to the Reichstag on January 30 of this year, on the anniversary of his accession to power. Though maintaining a "correct" diplomatic attitude by disclaiming any aggressive intent, he none the less declared that "it is self-evident that an idea which has gripped and stirred to its depths the whole German nation will not halt at the frontier posts of a land which is German not only in its people but in its history as well, and which was for many centuries an integral part of the German Empire." Hitler was referring specifically to Austria, but his words are equally applicable to Switzerland.

From provocative words the Nazis have passed to provocative deeds, ominously similar to those which are di-

rected with much greater frequency and virulence against Austria. There have been demonstrations uncomfortably close to the frontier. On August 13 of last year, Constance, just across the border, was the scene of a great National Socialist celebration, and Swiss opinion was much perturbed by the vociferous honors paid to a detachment of Brown Shirts from Switzerland. There have been several actual violations of the frontier. The most flagrant case occurred in the early morning of August 27, when a patrol of three Nazis raided Swiss territory, kidnapped a Czechoslovak citizen named Weber, who was accused of being a Communist smuggler and who had escaped from the German authorities, and dragged him off to a jail at Constance, leaving behind a trail of bloodstains and broken teeth. Weber was released by the German Government in response to a Swiss protest. On September 24, Nazi storm troops again trespassed upon Swiss territory in pursuit of some fugitives, and a Swiss frontier guard who sought to interfere with drawn pistol was set upon and forcibly disarmed. In consequence of these repeated transgressions, the Swiss border patrols have been doubled and the guards armed with loaded rifles.

On September 26, Dr. Motta thrashed out the Swiss grievances with Baron von Neurath and Dr. Goebbels, Reich Foreign and Propaganda Ministers respectively, who were then at Geneva in attendance at a League of Nations meeting. Dr. Goebbels exercised all the arts of his fluent and unscrupulous tongue to allay the fears of the Swiss Foreign Minister. "The Reich," he declared, "wishes to live with the Swiss Confederation, despite divergences in ideas and institutions,



upon a footing of profound and durable friendship."

Signor Motta expressed himself as highly gratified by these assurances, but the good effect thereby produced was almost immediately dissipated by the publication, in an article written by the usually well informed Anglo-Russian political commentator "Augur," of an alleged German plan to cut off Lyons and the south of France from Paris, in the eventuality of war, by means of a sudden attack through Swiss territory. The authenticity of this plan was vehemently denied by the German Government. Commenting on this matter in the National Council on October 10, Herr Rudolf Minger, the Swiss Minister of War, declared that it was natural for foreign general staffs to take account of the defensive strength of the Swiss army, and used the threat of invasion as an argument in favor of an increase in armaments. The National Council thereupon voted a credit of fifteen million francs (\$4,500,000) as the first instalment of a contemplated total of a hundred million francs (\$30,000,000) to be spent over a period of years in the purchase of artillery, airplanes and other military equipment. In the middle of November there was held at Berne a conference of commanders of divisions and fortresses to discuss the complete reorganization of the army with a view particularly to augmenting the defenses of the German-Swiss frontier.

Hitler's dramatic announcement of October 14 that Germany intended to withdraw from the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference was another violent shock to Swiss opinion. By her resignation, Germany will relieve herself of the obligation incumbent upon members of the League to

respect Swiss neutrality. "The thunderbolts hurled on Saturday by Berlin have quite naturally provoked an explosion everywhere," asserted the *Journal de Genève*. "It is an explosion of indignation, of inquietude . . . and of distrust toward Germany."

## VII

Such is the situation as it exists at the time this is written. The internal menace to Switzerland from the rise of Hitlerism and Fascism within its borders has not as yet become acute. The League of National Socialist Confederates is still comparatively weak, and is believed to recruit its following not so much among the native German-Swiss as among German citizens domiciled in Switzerland, of whom there are over 150,000. The National Front, the first of the Fascist groups to test its strength at the polls in a local election at Zurich on September 24, succeeded in winning only ten of the 125 seats on the Municipal Council. It is as yet nothing more than a cloud on the horizon no bigger than a man's hand, but those of a nervous disposition recall that the same could once have been said of the Hitlerites in Germany.

The course of events in the immediate future, however, will be determined by the outcome of the German-Austrian crisis. As has already been pointed out, the external menace arising from an intensification of German propaganda will not be encountered in its full force unless and until Austria falls. Recent reports from Austria are not optimistic. They intimate that Chancellor Dollfuss's strength is perceptibly waning before the relentless sapping operations of Hitler's most expert agitators. The bloody civil strife between the Austrian Socialists and *Heimwehr* Fascists that has reddened the streets of Vienna is an



illustration of how the growth of a Fascist party avowedly hostile to Nazi control has precipitated a situation which makes many Austrians in both camps turn to Adolf Hitler as one who knows how to impose domestic peace, albeit a harsh one. Those who call to mind the sanguinary clash at Geneva on November 9, 1932, when Swiss troops shot down a number of Socialist demonstrators, realize that a similar debacle of democracy, with Hitler looking on as the *tertius gaudens*, is not impossible even in Switzerland.

The latest and most ominous of many affronts to Swiss national sentiment has been the formation in January, under the command of a Swiss fugitive from justice named Erich Maey, of a Berlin Storm Troop detachment composed of Swiss citizens domiciled in Germany who have dedicated themselves to "clean up the Swiss pig-sty." Although the German Government, now very meticulous in observing the diplomatic proprieties, has forbidden this organiza-

tion to parade in uniform or otherwise to advertise itself unduly, it is compared by anxious Swiss to the Austrian Legion encamped in Bavaria near the frontier, which, it is believed, will at some favorable conjuncture be allowed to "get out of hand" and try its luck at seizing Austria by a *coup d'état*. If such a maneuver should be successful against Austria, would the Nazis be able to resist the temptation of conniving at a similar incursion into Switzerland?

The outside world can only await the event with trepidation. It is of the utmost importance, for the preservation of the morale of those who still believe in the possibility of friendship among the peoples, that Switzerland should maintain unimpaired its political integrity. If the unity of sentiment among the three Swiss communities should disintegrate under the impact of Hitlerism, it would, in its psychological repercussions, be a disaster for the world out of all proportion to the size of the country.





# A Supreme Court of Money

BY NORMAN LOMBARD

*Some desirable reforms for the Federal Reserve System*

THE Federal Reserve Board is our "Supreme Court" of money; and, since, under ordinary circumstances, the Federal Reserve System is an important factor in determining our economic destinies, in that it largely controls the purchasing power of our money, it is now more than ever wise to consider how the governing groups of this powerful agency of government are constituted, the safeguards against abuse under which it operates, and what reforms are needed.

Bagehot, in his little classic, *Lombard Street*, points out that no commercial banker and no director of a joint stock bank is ever allowed to become a director of the Bank of England, the reason given being that the two positions are "incompatible." Sir Charles Addis, a director of the Bank of England, in an address before the Bond Club of New York, not long since, referred to this prohibition and explained that, while he is a banker, in one sense, being chairman of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, yet he is what is termed an "exchange banker" and so does not come under the rule against commercial bankers.

This is interesting to us from two angles: first, it illustrates the fine distinction that is drawn between the dif-

ferent kinds of banking in England; and, second, it demonstrates a fundamental feeling in England that monetary policy should not be dominated by the banker type of thinking.

This does not grow out of any suspicion of the honor or good intentions of the bankers. The reason lies deeper. Bankers are in business to make profits and their profits are increased if, in a period of rising prices, they can increase the supply of loanable funds. Therefore, in such times of expansion, they naturally become expansionists; and, if they control the policy of the central bank, it also is almost sure to be inflationary; and yet those are just the times when pressure should be brought to bear to prevent an increase of the supply of money and credit.

Similarly, in a period of falling prices or depression, bankers are all too prone to be the most extreme of deflationists. Safety is their aim then, rather than profits; and properly so. They strive for liquidity in their own institutions and so tend to discourage expansion in all directions, waiting for conditions to get back to "normal." It is only natural that they should carry this attitude over into their control of the central bank, which thus must become opposed to expansion at just the time



when increased supplies and use of money and credit are the antidote that the situation needs.

Thus it appears that the entirely proper policy of the individual banker, with respect to his own affairs, is almost always the very opposite of what is the proper monetary policy for the country.

It seems perfectly clear, therefore, that one of the important needs of the time is to break the dominance of our bankers over our central banking organization; this in their interest as well as in our own, since stable economic conditions are as necessary to the satisfactory conduct of the banking business as they are to the satisfactory conduct of every other business—except that of speculation.

To this end, there seems to be no alternative to our asking that very much overworked man, the President of the United States, to appoint the directors of our Federal Reserve banks, just as he does now the members of the Federal Reserve Board, and subject to the same prohibition against bankers' being allowed to serve.

Of course, there are the well-known objections to such a step—the offices would tend to become a part of the spoils system; inferior men would be appointed; their powers would be exercised to further the political interests of the party that appointed them; and so on. Nevertheless, there appears to be no other way; and we can not permit, in the future as we have done in the past, our economic balance to be so violently disturbed by the hopes and fears of a class the very nature of whose business renders them peculiarly susceptible to such whimsical instability. We must find some way to assure that our monetary affairs will be directed more efficiently in the common interest, and the

most logical way to do this seems to be to provide that the managers of these matters shall be appointed by the authority that most comprehensively represents the entire public, just as do our Federal judges and the members of our various semi-judicial Federal commissions.

The problem would be much simplified if there were but one Federal Reserve Bank of the United States, instead of twelve widely scattered Reserve banks, and that seems a logical development at this time, as well. As matters now stand there are one hundred and eight directors of Federal Reserve banks and eight members of the Federal Reserve Board. Certainly, if there were one institution, it would not have so many directors. The selection of competent men would thus be facilitated.

## II

Perhaps this detail as to who should control the management of our monetary machine would assume less importance if the Congress, in creating the Federal Reserve System, had prescribed some objective toward which its management was to be directed, or if it should now lay down some fundamental policy to guide the managers of our money in the conduct of their work. At present, the only such guide is found in a direction in the Federal Reserve Act to the Reserve banks to establish rates of rediscount "with a view of accommodating commerce and business" and a similar phrase in the Banking Act of 1933. This being a meaningless phrase, we are confronted with the amazing situation that, although the Federal Reserve Act delegated larger and more sweeping powers over our prosperity and our well-being than the Congress had ever before delegated to



any body, it did so without providing any effective direction as to the end toward which those powers should be used. Naturally, this condition throws a tremendous discretionary responsibility upon those upon whom the power is conferred.

There now seems to be no reason why this portentous omission should not be corrected, and, the gold standard having been generally abandoned, a direction should now be given to the Federal Reserve authorities to use their powers to maintain stability in the purchasing power of the dollar, that is, in the general level of prices.

In the original draft of the Federal Reserve Act, as passed by the Senate, there was a provision that the aim should be to stabilize the purchasing power of the dollar, but this clause was deleted by the House Banking and Currency Committee.

In 1926, Congressman James G. Strong of Kansas introduced a bill (HR 7895, 69th Congress, First Session) which would have corrected this defect. Hearings were held on this bill and printed reports thereof were widely circulated. He introduced a modified bill in 1928 (HR 11806, 70th Congress, First Session), on which further hearings were held; but neither of these bills was reported to the House. It is a fair assumption that, if either of these bills had become law, the depression of 1929 to 1933 would not have occurred, at least in its full magnitude.

In 1932, Congressman T. Alan Goldsborough of Maryland introduced a bill along the same lines (HR 10517, 72nd Congress, First Session) and, thanks to the educational work that the Strong bills had done, this bill, in modified form, passed the House by an overwhelming majority (289 to sixty), but

it failed to go before the Senate and so did not become law.

This brief but momentous bill follows:

*"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That the Federal Reserve Act is amended by adding at the end thereof a new section to read as follows:

"Sec. 31. It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States that the average purchasing power of the dollar as ascertained by the Department of Labor in the wholesale commodity markets for the period covering the years 1921 to 1929, inclusive, shall be restored and maintained by the control of the volume of credit and currency."

"Sec. 2. The Federal Reserve Board, the Federal Reserve banks, and the Secretary of the Treasury are hereby charged with the duty of making effective this policy.

"Sec. 3. Acts and parts of Acts inconsistent with the terms of this Act are hereby repealed."

Printed reports of the hearings on these three bills are still available to the public on request to Congressmen or Senators. They constitute a valuable course of reading in monetary economics.

Certainly we should not grant such powers as we have granted to our Federal Reserve authorities without some direction to them as to how those powers shall be used. We do not follow this course in delegating powers to the Interstate Commerce Commission, or to the Federal Trade Commission, or to any other body having to do with our economic affairs, and yet the powers exercised by the Federal Reserve System, measured in terms of their effects,



are greater than the powers granted to all these other bodies combined.

Obviously, a law similar to the Goldsborough bill is needed.

### III

Such legislation should embody four essential features.

(1) It should establish it as the policy of the United States to stabilize the purchasing power of the dollar, that is, the general level of domestic prices, and it should accept monetary control as the determining factor in the problem of price level stabilization. It should set forth the formula by which the index number shall be calculated, that is, the mathematical procedure, the rule to be applied in selecting and weighting the items entering into the calculation, and similar technical matters, all of which any one of a thousand statisticians is fully competent to cover in a draft. The legislation should also specify under what conditions and by what means the formula of calculation, the items, weighting, etc., might be altered in order to meet changing conditions.

(2) It should prescribe the level at which the average of prices shall be stabilized and, preferably, this should be done, not by fixing arbitrarily or empirically on the level of some certain year, or the average of several years, but by setting up some equitable rule by which to calculate it, such as the weighted average of the levels at which existing debts were contracted—"the level of maximum equity."

(3) Such legislation should place the entire responsibility for carrying out its purposes on specified authorities. To this end, it might be well to have the legislation authorize the President to remove any official or officials respon-

sible for any departure of the price level by more than a stated amount, say five per cent from the predetermined, normal level, unless, because of some emergency, such as war, a temporary departure were permitted and announced by presidential proclamation.

(4) Therefore, the legislation should give plenary power to the designated officials, removing all question as to whether they are to be excused for failure to stabilize the price level on the plea that individual prices have altered, or that gold supplies, international complications, a stock market boom, or other conditions have interfered with their operations.

The whole philosophy of price level stabilization rests on the idea that the resultant of all the forces tending to cause the general level of prices to rise (or to fall) is to be neutralized and offset by a major monetary force in the opposite direction, to the end that the general level of prices shall be kept stable at the predetermined point.

Just as we do not permit the refrigeration engineer to say that he failed to keep the temperature in the egg storage room at the proper height, because of a cold snap, or because an exceptionally hot day intervened, or because the coal supply ran out, so we should not permit our monetary authorities to complain that, because of increased imports or exports of gold, or a bountiful harvest of cotton, or a new tariff, or for some other reason, they had failed to keep the price level stable.

In other words, the legislation should make it quite clear that it is the intention of the Congress that the primary objective of monetary policy shall be, by monetary means, to stabilize the general level of prices at the proper point, and that the monetary authorities



are to be held responsible for holding it there.

Some say that the operation of the monetary system, under such a specific direction and grant of power, would call for superhuman intelligence on the part of its managers. This feeling is easy to understand. The idea of price level stabilization through monetary control is new and strange to most people, and it is natural for men to think that a thing which they have never done or have never seen done is difficult to do or, indeed, that it can not be done at all. One recalls the story of Columbus and his egg.

However, in answer to this line of reasoning, we may point to Sweden, where a fairly stable price level is now being maintained through monetary control; and we saw a period of price level stability in the United States under the administration of Governor Strong from 1922 to 1928.

Is it possible that the managers of the monetary affairs of Sweden are more intelligent than are our own monetary authorities? Are they supermen? Was Governor Strong a superman?

Far from finding the difficulties of their task increased, the managers of the Federal Reserve System, under specific direction to use its powers to stabilize the general level of prices, would find their work much simplified. It would then be more largely ministerial and less discretionary. Under such a condition, they would watch primarily the chart showing the general level of prices, and their major policies would be governed thereby. They would then need to give only incidental attention to stock exchange prices, carloadings, department store sales, gold imports and exports, money in circulation, bank

clearings and all the other indicators that now so largely preoccupy them. Long debates as to whether they should stop a stock market orgy or a real estate boom and concerning other extraneous matters would then be avoided. The debate would then be simply as to which of the devices available they should employ as a means of restoring the price level to the predetermined point.

The answer to the argument made by some, that such legislation would unduly increase the powers of the Federal Reserve authorities, is that it would restrict them in that it would compel them to use their powers toward a definite end, whereas now they are largely unrestricted as to aim, a fact that has been the cause of untold economic havoc.

#### IV

Perhaps the most far-reaching reform, however, and one of the simplest and most easily adopted, requiring no act of Congress or reorganization of personnel but only a resolution of the Federal Reserve Board, would be to provide that, in their consideration and disposal of proposed changes of policy, the Federal Reserve Board and the boards of directors of the Federal Reserve banks should follow the procedure and the ethics long observed by our courts of law.

Matters come before our courts of law in an orderly and formal manner. Anybody wanting an injunction or some other redress presents his claims and the reasons why he thinks he should have the judgment of the court in his favor. This is made public. Any one having a contrary view may then present his arguments on the matter. He may do this even if he is not a direct



party to the suit, as a "friend of the court," or as an intervener. The matter is then argued in open court and briefs are presented. Then the court decides, and the members of the court issue a written decision setting forth their line of reasoning that led them to the judgment, and they sign it so that all may see whose decision it is. If there is dissent, the views of the dissenters are issued and signed.

Meanwhile, if any attorney for either side should approach the court with a view to learning what its decision was to be, or for the purpose of influencing the decision, he would be committing a grave breach of etiquette, or worse, even contempt of court.

How different is the situation in our minor monetary courts and in our "Supreme Court" of money! Suggestions that there should be a change of rate or that the Reserve banks should buy or sell securities may come from any one and with no formality or written argument. The suggestion may be made to a governor or director of a Federal Reserve bank over the telephone or at his club over the luncheon table, or it may be made in the course of a casual call on a member of the Federal Reserve Board. The interest of the one proposing the change need not be revealed and his name and any argument he makes are usually kept secret. If the suggestion appeals to the director or member approached, he may discuss it with his associates, in formal meeting or otherwise. If a decision is finally arrived at, announcement is then made or appropriate action taken. If it is a matter of a change of rediscount rate, public announcement is made following the meeting. If it concerns the matter of open market operations, the public has, as a rule, no inkling of the decision

until the regular weekly statement appears showing changes in the holdings of the Federal Reserve banks. Meanwhile, there is no public discussion; there is no statement of the reasons for the decisions or as to the names of those favoring or opposing it.

Such secrecy concerning matters of great public import leads inevitably to serious evils. I do not mean to suggest anything so crass as bribery. Men are influenced to take action by many arguments of a selfish nature and the existing situation leads to the growth of anti-social influences as spring rains lead to the growth of weeds.

Perhaps the worst aspect of it is that, under present conditions, the public has no way of knowing which of the individuals engaged in managing its monetary affairs are competent and which are incompetent. Written and reasoned decisions handed down after public presentation of arguments would tend largely to correct this condition and to eliminate the unfit.

Why should not the board of a Federal Reserve bank, before requesting the Federal Reserve Board to authorize a change of rediscount rate, for example, hold a public hearing at which proponents and opponents of the proposed change could advance their views and arguments, perhaps filing written briefs? Why should not the Federal Reserve Board then hold a similar public hearing, with written and oral arguments pro and con and then hand down a written decision, with, possibly, a dissenting opinion, both signed by their adherents and with statements of the reasons that guided their judgment.

Is it not clear that there would be many advantages in this procedure? Suspicion of unworthy motives would



be greatly minimized and confidence in the good faith and competence of the monetary authorities would be strengthened. This might prove a bulwark against attack if an effort were ever made to destroy the Federal Reserve System.

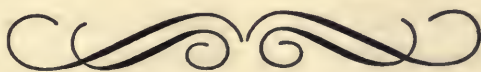
Furthermore, such a system would have a very powerful and beneficial educational effect. People would read these decisions as closely as they now do the important decisions handed down by the Supreme Court of the United States because they would be widely reported in the press, and the resultant discussion would help to educate, not only the public, but also the personnel of the Reserve System itself.

This suggestion will not meet with favor in Federal Reserve circles. There seems to be a strong inclination toward secrecy on the part of all public officials and especially of those having to do with central banking; but their wishes should no longer be allowed to govern in a matter of such vital import. No doubt, it is much easier for them to perform their functions in secret than it would be if the fierce light of publicity beat down upon them, forcing them to understand their work and its far-reaching implications, to adopt a logical objective and to follow consistent policies in reaching it. Naturally they demur.

Of course, the same identical procedure now followed by our courts can

not be followed by our monetary authorities in establishing their policies. For one thing, the long delays that characterize court procedure could not be tolerated in the monetary field, and there are many minor matters of administration that come before the Federal Reserve Board, the boards of the Federal Reserve banks, and the various committees of the Federal Reserve System that require both speed and secrecy in their handling. The technique of court procedure would not be adaptable to such details; but, in so far as matters of broad public policy are concerned, such as changes of discount rates, open market activities, and all decisions affecting the volume of reserve credit outstanding, speed is not usually vital and secrecy is of no advantage, and, as we have seen, there are reasons of compelling public importance why the procedure here suggested should be followed.

In summary, there needs to be a change of control of our monetary machine so that it may better serve the public interest; there should be a legislative direction to the monetary authorities as to the end toward which their vast powers are to be directed; and there should be open discussions of proposed changes of policy and written and reasoned decisions thereon, all promptly revealed to any one having any interest in the subject matter.





# Master of the Double-Cross

BY WILLIAM C. WHITE

*General Yablonsky blames a single Japanese for the outcome of the Russo-Japanese War, and, incidentally, for the Russian Revolution*

THIS is really General Yablonsky's story. He is the old man who sits nightly in a corner of that little Russian café on Nollendorfplatz in Berlin. The rows of medals that blot his blouse will attract your attention. His frayed clothes, uncut hair and his eyes forever fixed on the remotest of shadows will arouse your pity. He asks nothing except a chance for conversation. He accepts graciously an invitation to join in a drink. He will order vodka. The General is a typical Russian émigré, poverty-stricken, alive only in his roots which are all buried in the past. God knows how he has managed to exist through the years since he fled Russia in 1918.

He comes nightly to this café, to talk with any one who will buy him a small flagon of vodka. He will talk to any one, but only on one subject, the Japanese. Nothing else interests him and whenever the conversation wanders elsewhere he snaps into silence like a broken violin string. But of the Japanese and especially of the Russo-Japanese War he will talk for hours.

Sometimes, when there has been vodka without stint, he tells this story of Captain Tanama.

"One man alone is responsible for the Russian revolution and for all the following filth of the Bolsheviks," he says, leading up to that story. "One man, a Japanese, Captain Tanama. There would be a Tsar in Holy Russia today had it not been for this scoundrel. You see, if we had won that war with Japan in 1905 there would have been no revolution. The Japanese defeated us then and that defeat produced the revolutionary movement in Russia. Did you ever look at things that way?"

An argument usually arises at this point, but the General, intent on his story, carries on.

"And the Japanese would not have won, had it not been for that traitor Tanama. There is nothing these yellow monkeys will not do to gain their ends. They are the slyest people, the most perfidious, and the most gifted in thinking of new ways to double-cross you. Do you know that ancient Russian myth which says that the Devil Himself came from an island in the Great Quiet Ocean in the East? Tanama was a tool of that Devil, and a true son of his people. You have never heard of him?"

I had never heard.

This is the story which the old Gen-



eral, once of the Tsar's Intelligence Service, then tells.

## I

Captain Tanama, the General begins, first came to St. Petersburg as military attaché to the Japanese Embassy in 1901. He was of some special breed, I guess, not built like a baboon like most of his people but nearly six feet tall. His ancestors probably came from the northern islands which produce bigger people. His face was the color of bronze and ugly, like some Tibetan devil mask. Ugly, yes, but he looked striking in uniform and women seemed to be attracted to him. They thought him something exotic, I suppose.

In those days I was a captain, serving as assistant to the chief of the Military Intelligence Division. Naturally, we were interested in Tanama. He was a foreign military attaché, which is a polite way of saying "spy," and it was part of our job to keep both eyes on him. We learned everything that we could about him. He came from one of the oldest families in the country, and his father was one of the Mikado's closest advisers. Thorough breeding and long residence abroad had given Tanama a proud grace and a polish that marked him in any gathering. He spoke perfect French, of course. He went with the fastest set in the diplomatic circle and was popular everywhere. There was no subservient ground-scraping pose about him, as with so many of these Asiatics who bow low so that they can laugh at you without being noticed. He was extremely able. He knew it. He had a marvelous career before him. He knew it. But he made no attempt to impress any one, either by false pride or, worse, by false modesty.

As a matter of fact, we of the Intelli-

gence Service were more than usually interested in Tanama. Every one of us, on the General Staff, knew that it was only a matter of time before we would have to fight the Japs in the Far East. They knew it, too. That made us pay more than normal attention to things Japanese. Furthermore, we were receiving information from our own agents in Tokio that the Japanese War Office was continually securing our military secrets. In other words, there was a leak somewhere in St. Petersburg. It was our job to find where that leak was. Tanama could tell us, that was sure.

There was a leak, but it was difficult to find. Tanama had a way of making friends, with officers, actresses, officials—it made no difference. It is not a far step from making friends to using friends. Tanama had a lot of money and he was an inveterate gambler. He almost always lost and always with a smile, and he paid losses of the size which makes smiling difficult. A couple of my fellow officers bought diamonds for their mistresses with winnings from the Japanese captain.

For a year we put Tanama under the closest observation, but with no results. We watched every Russian officer with whom he was friendly but we found nothing suspicious. Tanama was mixed up with a number of girls around town but these were only the usual sort of liaisons. We knew, because the girls were on our payroll.

Yet every report from our agents in Tokio told us that the leak still existed and was, if anything, growing larger.

There was one thing that we could do and we planned to do it, to drive Tanama out of the country by some means or other, in the hope that his successor would be neither so clever nor so ingratiatingly charming nor so efficient.



The way to do it was by disgracing him. If we could start some scandal around him he would have to go. No people are as sensitive to disgrace as the Japanese. And there is a unique thing about them. If the disgrace is awful enough you can be sure that they will commit *hara kiri*, suicide by a sword through the belly, for you.

We planned to threaten Tanama with disgrace hoping that he would either leave or commit suicide. It made no difference to us, so long as we got rid of him.

## II

It was easy to "frame" him. He was most friendly with an actress, Ilyinskaya. They seemed to be attracted to each other. In public they seldom appeared together but in private—! Their relationship was well known in court circles. We went to her and told her what we wanted, but we had to use threats to get her to promise to help us. My God, I think she really loved that scoundrel! She finally promised.

One evening she went to Captain Tanama and said that it was necessary for him to marry her, at once. He refused, like a polished gentleman of course, pointing out that when a Japanese officer marries a non-Japanese, he must leave his country's service. He had his career to think of. Besides, he added, somewhat as an afterthought, he had a wife in Japan. He offered Ilyinskaya money but she would not touch it. It was either marriage—or publicity. And she showed him a very guarded little note with no names about their affair which we had already had printed as a sample.

"You can think about it until tomorrow night," she told him. "I will come then for an answer. If you say, 'No,' I

shall start a scandal in your apartment. If you don't let me in, all the worse for you. The neighbors will hear, and the newspapers—!"

That is what she told us that she had said.

We sat in our office the next day waiting to hear that Tanama had decided on a sudden departure for Tokio. We could scarcely hope, yet, for suicide. The morning passed and most of the afternoon and there was no news. Ilyinskaya was ready to go to his apartment and there to tear her clothes and to scream for help. We arranged that the first people to break through the door would be newspaper men.

You don't believe this? You think it all fantastic? I read in the newspapers a few years ago, in 1928, of the suicide of the Japanese military attaché in Moscow. The Bolsheviks had "framed" him in just this way, with just such a woman and just such a scandal.

Oh, we had every detail arranged for Tanama, even to reservations on the Trans-Siberian express. Then my telephone rang. It was the Captain, asking to see me alone immediately, "most urgently."

I went to his apartment. I must say that he was frank for he began, in straightforward fashion, "Do you know of this Ilyinskaya affair?"

Unable to return his frankness, I said that I did not.

He explained briefly the situation and said, "You realize what choice is left for me if she carries out her threat?"

I bowed politely. "It is a very nasty situation."

"Very. And awfully awkward. I was a fool to get so involved with her."

There was nothing to indicate that he suspected our part in the affair.

"Could you not help me to change



her mind or to stop publicity perhaps?"

I had not foreseen that question and I had no answer ready except to mumble, "It would be very difficult." I was busily thinking of how best to suggest that he leave the country. One must be awfully polite with these Japanese.

"I should be very glad to pay—"

"I am afraid that money is of little use here," I said coldly.

"No, no, I could pay in other ways." Before I could guess at what he was trying to say he continued, "Don't think me cowardly. I am not afraid of disgrace nor even of suicide. In a normal situation I should not give the matter a second thought. But my family is a very proud and ancient one and my father, on the Emperor's Privy Council, is a very old man. I should hate to have him know of my disgrace, at the very end of his life. He would think it his duty to follow me in disgraceful death. And my uncle. You do not know us Japanese. Perhaps you can not understand, but the circumstances here are such that I must think of the consequences."

He paused, his eyes downcast, as if he feared that I would say, "Coward." Then, abruptly, he stared me in the face and asked, "*Monsieur le capitaine*, you *can* help me if you wish. What are your terms?"

I was rejoicing within that we had won as simply as that. But I answered with pretended hesitation, "I am not sure that I can help. In any case you would have to leave Russia."

"Certainly. And what else?"

"What else?" I repeated, dazed by the question.

"In what ways can I—er—serve you?"

I was too confused by the connotation of that question to think clearly but there was no doubt about what it meant.

"I must speak to my superiors about that," I managed to say.

"Naturally. I will await your decision."

We arranged for a meeting on the morrow and I was about to leave when Tanama asked a question which made me feel that perhaps he did suspect us. "And Mademoiselle Ilyinskaya—you are sure she will not come tonight?"

### III

I returned to my office and told my associates of the conversation and of the terms. They laughed loudly at the idea of a Japanese army officer, and one of high caste at that, offering to aid the Intelligence Service of a potential enemy in order to escape from a petty mix-up with an ordinary actress.

"He puts a low value on our intelligence," Major Oblomov, my superior said. "Japan must want very badly to furnish us with false information."

"Anything he would report to us would be specially prepared for us in Tokio, you can be sure of that," I agreed. "If he leaves Russia, that is enough."

"But it would be a shame not to play with him," Oblomov said. "He has been so courteous that we might ask him to supply us with copies of plans for troop movements around Port Arthur and in southern Manchuria. It would be interesting to know just what the Japanese War College would prepare for us. We could be sure that in reality they would carry out just the opposite."

That was an appealing idea and, after discussing it, we decided to play Tanama's game. We would insist on his immediate departure and we would ask for copies of vital plans and mobilization orders. Then we would agree to



"silence" Ilyinskaya, "difficult" as it might be.

Pretending the greatest seriousness, I gave him our decision on the following day.

"I have already requested my transfer and I shall leave within a week," he replied. "I am grateful for your help. You will have no reason to regret what you have done for me."

He gave a farewell party on the night before his departure. We could not help laughing when we saw that Ilyinskaya was almost the guest of honor.

He left St. Petersburg on the following day. It was late summer in 1902, the last time that this scoundrel who brought about the Russian revolution of 1917 was in Russia. Quite a crowd came to see him off. I was there and we said goodbye most ceremoniously. We had to keep the conventions, of course. It would have been better if I had shot him.

Tanama's successor, who turned up a few weeks later, was a little shoat, with no charm and with no great ability. We watched him closely on his arrival and we were able to discover, in the first contacts which he made, a few of his spies.

We were busy thereafter with our own preparations for the war in the Far East that daily appeared more and more inevitable. We forgot Tanama as we concentrated on our own plans. We forgot him, until one day in December, 1902, when a package came to us by diplomatic pouch from our military attaché in Tokio.

The package was carefully sealed. With it was a note from our attaché saying that it had been left at the Embassy by some one unknown with instructions to forward it to us unopened. We opened it. It contained plans, to the

minutest detail, for Japanese action around Port Arthur, showing where troops would be landed, how they would be distributed, and what the objectives of any drive there would be.

We examined the plans carefully. There were several novelties in proposed tactics which surprised us. Everything had been done with the most meticulous care.

"The Japanese are thorough, even in such imitation works of art as these," said Major Oblomov.

"Perhaps they are genuine," one officer suggested.

"Nonsense. Of course they would do a trick like this with the greatest air of authenticity."

This was the common opinion. The plans were put in the archives and forgotten. We had plenty of work to do with our own plans.

Six months later, in the summer of 1903, another set of plans arrived in just the same way. The same detail, the same meticulousness. These were plans for action on the south Manchurian peninsula in general, focusing on Mukden.

The care with which the plans had been prepared increased the number of skeptics in our department. Two or three officers now said that, in the possibility that the plans might be genuine, we should study them carefully and revise our counter-plans accordingly.

"What awful fools we would be if we learned that Tanama was really honest and that these had been made from stolen originals," one commented.

Such work would have called for a complete revision of our own defense tactics and these plans, too, were finally set aside in our archives. But Tanama, at long distance, had been successful in one thing. He had brought ill feeling



into our department. Those officers who believed in his good faith, in spite of the ridiculousness of that belief, were on increasingly bad terms with the rest of us.

Late in December of the same year a third set of plans arrived, for action along the Yalu River.

There was no chance for any of the usual discussion this time. A day or so after the arrival of this third package came startling information from Tokio, information almost unbelievable but fully corroborated by our military attaché there.

Tanama had been caught stealing plans from the War Office and had been executed as a spy.

We were inclined to scoff at this at first as another Japanese trick. But every source of information that we had supported it as a fact. And whatever doubts may have remained were erased a few days later by a story carried by the press of the world saying that his father, Prince Tanama, of the Privy Council, had committed suicide on hearing of the disgraceful death of his son. They gave the old man quite a spectacular funeral.

And in our archives were three sets of Japanese plans!

#### IV

It was almost 1904. War was imminent and we knew it. We went over the plans which Tanama had sent us with all speed. Day and night we worked to correct our own tactics, to take advantage of these mobilization orders. There was the possibility that the Japanese might discover what Tanama had stolen earlier and correct their own plans accordingly, but we had to chance that. Those officers who had always supported the belief in the authenticity of the plans laughed loud now, when

they had time. No one had much time for anything.

Then the war broke out, in February, 1904, the war that was to result eventually in the Revolution of 1905 and the later Revolution of 1917. Our Tsar sent us into battle with his prayers. We had God on our side. On the side of the Japanese was the Devil!

In April we fell back on the Chiu-liencheng position on the Yalu River. You have never heard of the battle there, on April 30, 1904? It is one of the important battles of the world. There for the first time in modern history an army of yellow men defeated an army of the white race. Think what that meant! Think of the Japs in the Far East, doing as they please today, and remember the battle on the Yalu, almost thirty years ago.

We had the plans of the Japanese there. Tanama had given them to us. But, wherever we stationed one regiment to offset the Japs, there were two Japanese regiments waiting. Wherever we had one artillery battery there were two of the Japanese. And the battle ended with our army in flight, with our rear-guard completely destroyed because its left flank took the wrong direction in retreating. Why did we take the wrong direction? I knew then, and Captain Tanama's ghost, if he really had been shot, knew. There, for the first time, Asia triumphed over Europe. One of every two men in our ranks was killed, and only one of every forty Japanese.

It was too late to revise our general tactics. They had been built on the basis of Tanama's plans. We were defeated at Nashan, at Mukden, at Port Arthur. Yet history tells you that we lost the war because the Trans-Siberian Railroad could not bring us men and supplies



fast enough. Nonsense! We had enough men, and more than the Japanese. But in the wrong place, every time.

I was at the front and in December, 1904, I heard the rest of the story from a captured Japanese officer. I asked him about Tanama.

"He is a great national hero," the prisoner said. "The Emperor has given him and his family the order of the Rising Sun, second class."

"Then he was not really executed?"

"Oh yes, he was executed as a spy and

disgraced. But a few months ago there was published the true story, how he had eagerly chosen the privilege of disgrace and of being executed, so that he could completely deceive you Russians. It was a great honor."

"And his father?"

"He committed suicide of course. That was likewise a great honor."

So we lost the Russo-Japanese War. But what can you do with a people who will face a firing squad or commit suicide in order to double-cross you?

## Marine Noon

BY EDWIN MORGAN

THIS triumph of excessive daylight swells  
 The whiteness of the wind, twists and sighs  
 Among the ships and wooded hills  
 Dense with June. And keen lights rise  
 From the fine candor of the sand,  
 From the blond sea rushing high  
 Like horses bounding for the sky.  
 Now the ships, wearied of the land,  
 Turn toward some trivial dream,  
 Circled with white birds and a thin soft steam;  
 And all the silvered spars and roofs shake under  
 The sun's soft thunder.



# The People versus Individualism

BY J. M. NOLTE

*Just what is our philosophy of individualism, which some people think the present Administration is attempting to destroy?*

A GREAT to-do has arisen over the concept "individualism." Some declare their conviction that it has brought us to the verge of ruin. Others say that it is not individualism but our denial of it that has wrought the ruin. Some picture President Roosevelt as the uncompromising foe of individualism; others see him as its worthiest champion. Some say that the regimentation incident to our recent wholesale impressment into the Administration's alphabetical Mystic Knights of the Sea is certain to subvert or to destroy individualism. Others deny this, on the theory that only through regimentation may we integrate our civilization, and that until we are integrated there is no chance to give individualism its proper scope.

It is immediately obvious that there are at least two possible explanations of this series of antitheses: first, individualism may be one of these schizoid personalities among concepts, appearing now in one character, now in another; or, second, individualism, itself definite and single in character, may be the instrument of a sort of intellectual fraud perpetrated by politicians who try to secure respectability for the disadvantageous implications of their actions by

making the latter wear the clothes of individualism whether they fit or not. Both explanations are probably true. To illustrate the schizoid personality, we note that the individualism of Brigham Young differed from that of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and that the individualism of Jefferson differed from that of Marcus Alonzo Hanna. In support of the second explanation, we remark that there have been few movements in American history ultimately pronounced subversive of our institutional strength and health that have not at one time or another clasped the arm of individualism and posed as its friend and intimate, as Patroclus borrowed valor by his known friendship with Achilles, or as Sieyès appropriated glory by walking with Napoleon on the boulevards. Shays's rebellion, nullification, squatter sovereignty, States' rights, slavery, carpet-bagger control of the South, freight rebating, labyrinthine corporate organization, Prohibition—all of these were in their time defended as by-products of individualism. And when at length we discountenanced or defeated or overthrew them, we did it—or so we professed—at least partly for the sake of the very individualism they claimed as their patron.



"A plague of opinion!" quoth Shakespeare; "a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin." Or, as Mill wrote in his essay *On Liberty*: "Popular opinions, on subjects not palpable to sense, are often true, but seldom or never the whole truth." It is well enough to swear our allegiance to individualism, or to decry it; but let us give the matter some thought, so that we may have something more than a blurred image of what we are talking about.

## II

First of all, one would say, the popular conception of individualism is inextricably interwoven with our democratic-republican prejudices. Pundits and philosophers have questioned the wisdom of this blending in their questioning of the basic assumption of democracy itself, which is, to quote Sir Norman Angell, that "in the fundamental problems of human relationship—in those of conscience and morals—the bootblack is as well fitted to judge as the bishop"; but, wise or not, the kinship of individualism and democracy in America is not a theory but a condition.

This individualism, like our democracy, is not always openly active, even though it may be embodied in overtly individualistic forms or institutions. As is also true of our democratic tradition itself, our individualism is often like the threat of eminent domain or of public ownership under American law: a persuasive ultimate argument that is always present, a Banquo's ghost at the feast of inchoate oligarchy or ambitious bureaucracy or overreaching plutocracy, a force that, although hidden, nevertheless creates the moral background of political and economic activity. Upon occasion,

we are in apparent danger of being bound and delivered to our self-chosen economic overlords—and then suddenly something occurs, significant beyond our understanding. There stands the serene and compelling spectre of our ancient traditions, invisible to us and merely guessed-at, but plain to Macbeth, who trembles. The individualism blended with our democracy is difficult to delimit with precision; but it may be said with truth that it approximates that dictionary definition of the term which finds individualism to be "the theory that society exists for the sake of its individual members." Thus Jefferson understood the term, and, without great modification, thus Lincoln described it.

"I take it that it is best for all to leave each man free to acquire property as fast as he can," said Lincoln. "Some will get wealthy. I don't believe in a law to prevent a man from getting rich; it would do more harm than good. So while we do not propose any war upon capital, we do wish to allow the humblest man an equal chance to get rich with everybody else. When one starts poor, as most do in the race of life, free society is such that when he knows he can better his condition, he knows there is no fixed condition of labour for his whole life." Or, again: "The prudent, penniless beginner in the world labours for wages awhile, saves a surplus with which to buy tools or land for himself, then labours on his own account another while, and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is the just and generous and prosperous system which opens the way to all, gives hope to all, and consequent energy and progress and improvement to the condition of all. No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up



from poverty, none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned. Let them beware of surrendering a political power which they already possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as they, and to fix new disabilities and burdens upon them, till all of liberty shall be lost."

Since Lincoln's time, however, great changes have taken place in the technique of living, which have wrought even greater changes in our political philosophy as it has been interpreted—or shall we say "misinterpreted"?—by our economic leaders and by our politicians. These changes at first extended beyond even the dreams of Jefferson the potential acquisitive powers of men, with the result that the adjective "rugged," already applied to our individualism in the sense of "hardy, robust, vigorous," came to be inseparably a part of the term in a later sense of "rude, uncivil, ungracious, unpolished, with no mark of refinement or culture." Many of our people have forgotten the meaning of individualism as Jefferson conceived it, with its premise of solidarity and its emphasis upon the good that a self-controlled society could and should do to each of its members. They conceive it to be identical with the later "rugged individualism" which the dictionary might define as "self-interest with no mark of refinement or culture," or as "that theory maintaining the political and economic independence of the rude, uncivil, ungracious, or unpolished individual." The vast extent and the wealth of our national domain, coupled with a population sparse by European standards, made possible the propagation of this latter unsocial philosophy of individualism. In general, it is correct

to say that it is rugged individualism that has been called before us for critical review; and that it is individualism of the type understood by Lincoln that we are today engaged in trying to save and restore. This explains the apparent contradiction in terms.

If you wish, for instance, to find out the brand of individualism that any man is actually supporting, listen carefully to his defense or arraignment of the concept. If his emphasis is upon the independence of the individual, upon the right of the individual to do as he jolly well pleases with himself and with his own or other people's property, set him down as more "rugged" than individualistic. If, on the other hand, his real concern is with what may be done for every citizen—mark that! for *every* citizen, not just for the farmer or the unemployed worker or the home-owner, but for each citizen, including the taxpayer—you may feel confident that he is pretty well in line with the authors of the Declaration of Independence. Under our modern economic set-up, the rugged individualist will be he who cries about his own rights and the other fellows' duties, while the authentic individualist will be seriously concerned about the rights of other people and about his own duties.

### III

Lest the foregoing paragraph sound like what an air-minded student once called "a Sunday school take-off," we must make haste to show utilitarian reasons for the virtue of our "good" individualist. Aside from purely moral considerations, the rugged individualism of the past two or three generations must be rooted out if we are to endure as a democratic republic. As a national philosophy, it is no longer possible un-



less we frankly impawn our liberties and follow the Old World lead toward dictatorship. It would appear to be the conviction of most Americans that our old traditions of freedom, even if enjoyed in tolerable want, are of greater worth than highly regimented comfort under a régime of industrial oligarchy. A few years ago, at least, we fought a war to express this conviction to the remainder of the world, "to make the world safe" for the democracy that we assumed was a fixture here.

The rugged variety of individualism will no longer work as a principle of conduct for citizens in a democratic state simply because in the present chaos of the world's idealism there is no virtue in it to curb the rising power of economic sub-groups within the state. Modern industrial technique entails mass production; mass production entails large-scale machinery; large-scale machinery entails vast aggregations of capital; vast aggregations of capital entail huge and perpetual corporate organizations. On the production side, efficient mass production entails wide-spread division of labor and all of the problems of housing and unemployment and wage distribution common to our time. These create a nicely articulated machinery, and any disturbance of its parts is repugnant to those who live by its operation, managers and managed alike. It is plain that a well organized industrial production unit is capable of becoming much wealthier and much more powerful as an influence upon men's loyalties than an arbitrary political division like a county or a city or a State. It is also plain that it is possible for the loyalty of men to such a unit, or even to a part of such a unit, to be a stronger thing than their loyalty to the nation. Rugged individualism, if "given its head," will ul-

timately force society to make a choice between the principle that might makes right and the principle that no temporal loyalty whatsoever may be allowed to challenge the loyalty of a citizen to his government. The only reasons why this issue has not already required a show of hands in America are our geographical isolation and our vast wealth. Foreign menace has never forced us to test our loyalty—unless the rather needless hysteria of the Great War days may be said to have done so. Our natural endowment was so vast in this country that there appeared to be room for all kinds of endeavor. We had cutthroat competition, all right, and there were many casualties; but there was so much to do that the casualties were easily absorbed.

The efforts of our large-scale industries were in a way comparable to nationalized "spheres of influence" in a backward area like China or Asia Minor or Africa before the War. The widening centres of our various corporate spheres of influence and power did not cross and overlap to a dangerous degree until general adversity contracted the terrain in which all were operating. With both foreign and domestic outlets obstructed, the effect was comparable to what might happen if all foreign concessionaires in an undeveloped territory were suddenly required to carry on their trade in a much restricted zone; to what might have happened, let us say, had all the European concessionaires in the whole of pre-War Africa suddenly been forced to carry on their competition in Egypt alone, or in French Somaliland or on the island of Madagascar. Our corporations suddenly found themselves all fighting for the same dollar in the hands of a man who could spend it but once. The road to that dollar was



the road of merciless competition: let prices be cut at all costs, regardless of all principles of humanity, regardless of that brand of individualism prescribing a duty to all members of society for the protection of their fellows. Industry had the "right," the individualistic right, of free competition. By invoking it, industry could deny the right of the rest of us to live at all. Ergo, industry was bigger than the state; and those who directed the course of industry, who captured this merciless competitive warfare, paid a higher loyalty to their own rugged individualism than to the nation. It took a world depression to show us clearly this internal menace to our future peace and prosperity.

## IV

This brief history of the mushroom growth of power under rugged individualism in America is well known to our citizens, and has been retold so often within the past three years that one must apologize for repeating it. Yet the repetition is essential, for the story is only half told; and the second half is valueless without the first half, and *vice versa*. In telling how rugged individualism, or *laissez-faire*, brought us to a realization of the necessity for social control over industrial processes, we have not answered the really important question, what can the state do about it? In order to make a reply in any degree intelligent, we must notice several incidental features of our development under free competition.

The controlling factors in that development were the rapid increase in man's skill in adapting to his use the materials of his environment, the also rapid but less rapid increase in population, and the decline of the faculty of the individual man to live entirely by

his own efforts. The processes of the development may be crudely visualized by a sheet of graph paper such as is used for making price curves and the like. Let the bottom margin, reading from left to right, represent time; let the left hand margin, reading up, represent quantities. Draw a line from the lower left corner sweeping up in a parabolic curve and running off the page somewhere near the right hand margin, headed towards infinity. That is a rough representation of the growth of inventive skill—the curve of man's mastery over the materials of his environment. Draw another line from the left hand corner up to the upper right hand corner. That represents, also roughly, the growth of population. Then draw a third line, from the upper left hand corner to the lower right hand corner. That represents, roughly, the ability of the individual man to cope, single-handed, with his economic environment; it also represents the proportion of the national income payable to the individual workman for his efforts.

Of course this illustration is schematic in the extreme and only suggestive, but it does indicate the problems involved. The mastery curve, or production curve, is parabolic and upward. The population curve is fairly regular and upward. There is thus a point at which we have infinitely more goods (at least potentially), to be shared among a definitely increased population. The people increase in regular proportion and the goods in geometrical proportion. If we were true to Jefferson's individualism, therefore, there would be more goods per person available every year, and in a society ideally existing for the benefit of its individual members such happiness as is conveyed by creature comforts and conveniences ought to be



the lot of each citizen each year in greater amount.

But the system of rewards actually in use among us, that system devised by *laissez-faire* or rugged individualism, has always been based upon actual individual output rather than upon a proportion of the total output. This system has tended to stabilize wages at a given level until the pressure of human tolerance forced it higher. As a result, our descending line of individual capacity represents the wage of the workman in proportion to the total value of national output. It is also a crude measure of the ability of the worker to cope single-handed with his environment. In Jefferson's time, a man needed only health, an axe, and a few garden tools in order to get along in the world. He could strike into the wilderness and settle upon free and fertile land. This system was ultimately vouchsafed to our citizens by the homestead laws. It lasted until the fertile free land disappeared, in the late 'Nineties. As the free land decreased in fertility and in amount, the ability of the individual to exist independent of the industrial order declined. The contemporaneous development of the industrial system, side by side with the settlement of the land, also reduced the fitness of the unaided man to cope with his environment. He was always in competition with his kind, and his kind tended always to have more and more and better and ever better tools. As the years passed, therefore, those who sought escape from the interdependence of the industrial régime found themselves ever closer to frustration, their chances for success ever more limited.

Subsistence farming gave way to staple farming. The frugal and thrifty life of the "home farms" of the East was

squeezed out by the expansive and commercialized life of the great production-unit farms of the Middle West. There came a time when the free land was gone, the tools were expensive, the possibility of a tolerable life on the land by means of a subsistence technique utterly gone.

At that point on our graph and in our history where the rising population curve crossed the descending curve of individual capacity, our citizens became dependent upon industrial technique. Under the wage system of rugged individualism and the unrestricted competition of *laissez-faire*, they could be saved from slavery only by the operation of laws of control exercised by the state on their behalf, or wrested from industrial leadership by the organized efforts of workers themselves, or granted to workers by the industrial leaders themselves out of mere humanitarianism and out of respect for the ever greater surpluses of output over cost of production. The depression has emphasized the following facts: that the wage reward system of *laissez-faire* is pitifully inadequate (although we have as yet not even begun to envisage an adequate system); that the state must attempt a more thorough control of industrial activities, both restraining capitalists and protecting workers; that the state, if democracy is to be maintained, must offer a sort of "moral equivalent" for the fertile free land formerly available to those who can not fit themselves to the industrial mold.

## V

It is this last-mentioned duty of the state to which the attention of our people has only recently been directed, and it is not astonishing that the interference of the state should be misunder-



stood and recognized as anything but a step in the direction of restoring individualism. That is because the reasons for the state's duty are not generally comprehended. Democracy, if it is to be real under modern industrial technique, must provide for its citizens a treasury or reserve or storehouse of surpluses sufficient to nourish self-respect. In our case, this reserve used to be land. Now it must be jobs. No man can be a democrat in any vital or wholesome sense if he has nowhere to turn when the impulses of economic pressure become too much for him. There must be an escape provided: each citizen must have up his sleeve, so to speak, a card that his employer can not trump. It was recognition of this fact that led Professor Sumner, many years before fascism and the Nazis, to prophesy that in the crowded countries of Europe, with their narrow subsistence margins, democracy, if attempted, would prove to be nothing but a "short-cut to Caesarism." As long as we had free land, as long as there was a "demand for men," as long as there were indubitably more than enough jobs to go 'round, democracy in America was secure in spite of our carelessness in safeguarding it by intelligent supervision and by voting. Since the War, the refuge of escape to the land or to another job has been denied to the average citizen. If it is not provided in some way, individualistic democracy is likely to perish.

There is general recognition of this fact among the leaders of the present Administration, and the psychology of the CCC is one timid and tentative approach to a solution of this problem. But it is doubtful whether or not the Administration knows how to initiate a general programme of dimensions adequate to the emergency. It is now providing a temporary cushion of reserve

jobs in gigantic public works such as the TVA; but it is probable that the only effectual moral equivalent for the home-stead right of former years will finally depend upon a private labor market kept by considerations of public policy in a constant state of under-supply. If this is to be the case, the price-raising technique of the present Administration is almost sure to be wrong, and will ultimately have to be changed to a consumption-stimulating technique either by directly undoing what has already been done or by an extensive inflation of the currency or of credit so as to render nugatory the price-raising measures already taken. No amount of sabotage will ever stimulate healthy consumption: that will result only from lower prices and a wider movement of goods. That is bitter medicine for us, determined as we are to continue living beyond our present income; but eventually the dose will probably have to be swallowed. The regimentation of workers and of industries so far attempted has not had the effect of providing the margin of extra jobs necessary to take the place of free land. Without the margin, the wholesome individualism of real democracy is in constant danger.

The task of the Government is made terrifyingly difficult because the changes in our industrial technique are by no means confined to the mere physical changes in materials and processes. Astounding as the above changes have been, they are only incidental beside the changes in the realm of ideas which have followed in their wake. The application of inventive skill under the guidance of scientific research has unbelievably widened the scope of industrial activity; but we can learn to control the merely physical variables of the processes of manufacture. It is the psy-



chological variables that present the hitherto insuperable obstacles.

Mass production has in most instances cut down the prime cost of those commodities with which it is involved; and it has also cut down the retail prices. But the entrance of mass production into the industrial régime has widened the spread between manufacturing cost and retail selling price, and has thus upset our traditional balance of functions in society. This has been true because the rule of free competition has exposed every manufacturer to the constant threat of supersession, and has led him to amortize his capital outlay over the shortest possible time. It has been true also because the very existence of mass production has required vast capital, and has therefore brought methods of mass production into the field of distribution by means of modern emotional advertising and sales promotion. The costs of manufacture are usually only an inconsiderable fraction of the final selling price. Society has had to bear the penalty of this excessive distribution cost; and it has also had to bear the penalty of paying for the numerous failures of our trial-and-error system. The result has been that under our rapidly changing facility of manufacture, supersession and failure have alike become unpredictable. Luck has risen to a high place as a determinant of success in industry. The number of outright supersessions and failures from unpredictable causes, and of supersessions and failures from such causes that are hidden but none the less real, has vastly increased during our national life. This has raised tremendously the factors of obsolescence among us, both as to materials and as to workers. It is the presence of the new element of luck, the conviction among enterprisers and

workmen alike that no fault or predictable error of their own has caused them to be rendered obsolete, that, in a democracy, lays the burden of relief upon the state. This is an obligation that the state can not shirk—and still remain democratic. If the state fails as signally to discover a way of compensating for the waste of our strictly empirical economy as private industry has done, it is probable that democracy as we know it will disappear from America.

Government and industry in the United States have for many years been blindly trying to solve the bewildering problems consequent upon increased obsolescence. When free land disappeared, we turned to general and railroad construction, and to the more obvious forms of depletion of our national resources. When the latter dwindled away after the War, we turned to the automobile. Through highway construction, government extravagantly subsidized automobile manufacture—and is still doing so—in the effort to keep going at a satisfactory rate the steel and cement industries. In late years other public works have been undertaken to furnish additional offsets in periods of depression. To many men it is even now not obvious that the task of keeping available a surplus of jobs is a permanent one, and that until the state or industrial leadership, or both in combination, find a permanent solution we shall not have contentment. The new ratios of obsolescence in industry will not grow less under *laissez-faire* or rugged individualism; to make them less under control by the state demands of political leadership a degree of wisdom and forbearance and freedom from mercenary interest to date not experienced in our history. It is plain, however, that the adversity we have so far suffered has not been suffi-



cient to arouse industrial leadership to awareness of its own responsibility; and certainly President Roosevelt and the New Dealers are not to be blamed for saying, in effect, "Gentlemen, you must put your houses in order; if you don't, we will." One may without being cynical doubt the ability of our political system to do any better than the enterprisers have done; but the President is right in insisting that no one has a real right to throw brickbats unless he has improvements to suggest upon the present procedure.

## VI

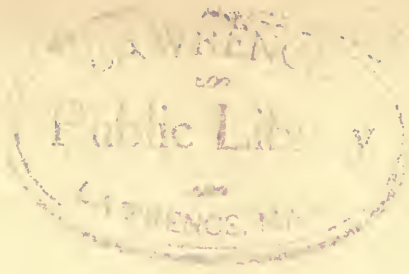
It is plain, then, that the changes in our economic processes during the past three generations or so have proved that the rugged individualism into which we have distorted the kindlier and more fraternal doctrine of Jefferson and Lincoln deserves our mistrust. It has been a failure, and it has been a failure because our character as individuals has not been equal to the farsighted abnegation demanded of us in our transition from a pioneering to an industrial civilization. The failure of *laissez-faire* is our failure; it is the failure of our own actions, in their motives and in their effects. It is at this point that we see strongly marked the influence of what we imagine to be the teachings of the new iconoclastic science, for our reaction to the failure of our democratic idealism betrays a manifest inconsistency in our thinking. In one breath

we admit that our actions have been anti-social and have gone far towards subverting democracy to an ignoble and unworthy selfishness. But in the next breath we assert that our actions, even the least of them, have been dictated by an hereditary and by an economic determinism which we could not have circumvented had we desired to do so. This plea of confession and avoidance is then glibly set aside, for in the third breath, after this pseudo-scientific apology for our shortcomings, we assert that it is now time for our government, the organ of our delegated authority, to do for us collectively what we have failed to do individually. If the truth is in us when we lisp of determinism, perhaps the government also will fail to make us happy.

Whatever our assertions as to determinism, however, we are at heart still partisans of free will, and the faith which we have already shown in the leadership of President Roosevelt is undeniable testimony of the stirring within us of a deeper faith in the premises of the democratic individualism with which we began our national life. It is the ruggedness, the selfishness, the unsocial qualities of the individualism of the pioneers and of the commercial pirates that is on trial; it can hardly be said to be the true individualism of Jefferson. The latter passed into coma with the assassination of Lincoln, and until day before yesterday we did not even try to resuscitate it.







# Austria's Utopia

BY P. W. WILSON

*From his perilous niche between the restive forces of fascism  
to the north and south, Chancellor Dollfuss proclaims  
a new and divine form of government*

WHETHER she realized it or not, the old lady whose spiritual consolation was the blessed word Mesopotamia started what has become a cult of the period. Everywhere we run across people who are seeking to discover a Mesopotamia where they may abide.

Some have found a Mesopotamia in Moscow; others, in Berlin; others prefer Columbia University where the professors come from, and a few still haunt the adorable *ashram* of Gandhi near Allahabad.

Plato's Mesopotamia was a republic in which the babies were so mixed in the maternity hospitals that a mother was spared the worry of knowing her own child—which communal clinic, as psychologists are aware, is an effective safeguard against the danger of unscientific affection.

The Nazis permit mother love in their Mesopotamia, always assuming that the grandparents are Aryan. The Jews thus find themselves once more in the Scriptural predicament of the Patriarch Abraham whose Mesopotamia had to be everywhere except in the Beulah Land itself. Once more there is a migration from Ur of the Chaldees, and a

Chosen People seek a country where Hivites and Perizites and other Arabs warmly welcome the pioneers of Zionism.

With Mesopotamias the trouble has always been that, however desirable, they are difficult to get at. Idealists, yearning for a heaven upon earth, are like the Prophet Ezekiel.

They dream of the Temple again rising glorious in a New Jerusalem. They awake to discover that they still dwell "among the captives of the River of Chebar."

Sir Thomas More wrote hopefully of Utopia but, differing from King Henry VIII over matrimonial theology, he had his head cut off. Samuel Butler discovered Erewhon but Kingsley identified the territory as the Never-Never-Land. Even Lewis Carroll was only able to see his Wonderland through a looking-glass, and Professor Moley, who brought the Brain Trust up to date by explaining to President Roosevelt, Dr. Wirt and others what is meant by the New Deal, has been driven like Dante—whose also was a Vita Nuova—into exile. He is not even permitted to run the Stock Exchange.



Hence the world-wide interest in the news that, in the fulness of time, a Mesopotamian millennium is actually to be brought into existence. No longer will the statesmen of benevolent aspirations, if such there be, have to depend upon the changes and chances of an old lady's fancy. At last, there is to be a Land, not of Promise merely, but of performance. The blessedness of Mesopotamia is to be, as they say at Rotary Clubs, "put over."

## II

As a guessing competition, the whereabouts of the Utopia-in-Recovery would have provided much innocent amusement and even circulation for the more pictorial and less printable newspapers. For who would have supposed—in advance of the stimulating truth—that the Paradise of the Post-War Period would be—of all countries—Austria? For Strauss and the Blue Danube Valse, here, indeed, is a triumph!

Austria, we had been told, was a head without a body; and while that also was true, at one time, of Sir Thomas More, it must always be borne clearly in mind that Utopia was produced when the illustrious author's head and body were still happily united by what diplomatists, in these days, call an *anschluss*. However, there is a certain sense of relief in losing imperial appendages. Austria is now a second Switzerland in Mid-Europe, and what defense does she need? A regenerated "homeland"—to quote Chancellor Dollfuss—is able to put her whole trust in those jealousies on the part of neighboring powers which never fail. It is under the most favorable circumstances that she is able to work out her salvation.

It was Chesterton who, in his pon-

derous yet paradoxical manner, once remarked that Christianity had not failed—it had never been tried. Chancellor Dollfuss has announced an "ambition to evolve new forms" of government in which "Christian love must unite all sections of the populace" and "youth must be trained in the Christian spirit." What makes the Austrian experiment so challenging is the notion of Dollfuss that Christianity, if permitted in Austria, may spread elsewhere. The "new forms," he says, are to "serve as an example to other greater regions."

For the United States, especially, this suggestion is of interest. Various post-prandial conspirators have been promoting what may be called the switch from Jefferson. Why not switch from Jefferson to Dollfuss? If the question be not premature in an electoral year, why should not the New World as well as the Old World be converted to Christianity?

In the Middle Ages, Austria subjugated Europe by marriage. Why should she not conquer the world that is bigger than Europe by ideas? Why should she not be the leader in what some will describe as the great renaissance, and others as the great reaction?

Chancellor Dollfuss is himself a devout Catholic. To him, Christianity is interpreted by the Popes, and Europe—never at a loss to find a word for whatever happens—has defined his policy as "papalization." Specifically, the Chancellor bases his decisions on an Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, promulgated by Leo XIII in the year 1891, and developed into a second Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno* by His Holiness, Pius XI.

These Encyclicals define the meaning and the duties of wealth in terms of such candor, such sanity, such a sense of



the fundamental equities which should determine the relations between capital and labor, that they should be circulated everywhere and read by everybody, to whatever faith, religious or irreligious, he may be affiliated. Indeed, they should be discussed at dinner parties with Dr. Wirt. If Austria can carry out that equitable programme of economics, there need be little fear, in years to come, of communism.

Other Encyclicals, issued at the Vatican, are no less significant. The views of Pope Pius XI on matters of sex have been stated without compromise. The church condemns divorce and will approve of no birth control save continence. She demands that—as in Quebec—the race be permitted its natural increase. The acceptance of these principles by a state that exercises a comprehensive authority over education, the theatre, the screen, the radio, the press and all avenues of publicity is manifestly an event of far-reaching significance. Austria, like Italy, stands for the large family, and sterilization—legalized in Germany—would be, we take it, deadly heresy.

### III

We can discuss the Austrian Utopia with more freedom because, as it happens, the Papal Encyclicals do not lay down any rules affecting "forms" of government. To the Pope, it is a matter of indifference whether a country be a republic, a monarchy, or whatever it be. In Austria, there is thus a wide field of statesmanship that can be examined without danger of touching on ecclesiastical susceptibilities. What, then, is this constitution that is to be, in Cromwell's phrase, "a New Model" for the rest of the world?

In this Twentieth Century, with its

marvels of science and research, its air-planes flying overhead and its strap-hangers in the subways underground, the idea that a country should be well governed is, it must be confessed, a little audacious. Indeed, when Gladstone, in 1879, suggested something of the kind to Austria, the Habsburgs were so offended that, as Prime Minister, he had to apologize, and the Ambassador of the Emperor Franz Joseph in London was assured that the other Grand Old Man had not really been so undiplomatic as to think of the well-being of Vienna. All that he had desired was votes in Mid-Lothian.

Not that complaints against the Viennese, so audible before the War, were ever due to the fact that Austrians governed themselves. In any country, not dominated by Hitler or Mussolini, that is apt to happen. It was the Austrian insistence on governing other people that, to Bohemians and Croatians, was sometimes so annoying. Even the Magyars of Hungary insisted that, if subject nations had to be governed at all, they would prefer themselves to rule over their own Transylvanians and Austria also, if it came to a test of Dual Monarchy.

If, then, Chancellor Dollfuss likes to bless the Austrians with the administration that Austrians deserve, whatever it be, there is not the remotest reason why the rest of the world should not relegate the always entertaining task of criticizing other people's business to those few scores of thousands of Socialists who, from time to time, refuse to hear one another speak in Madison Square Gardens. Even the Socialists might be a little lenient in their denunciations.

It is true that Chancellor Dollfuss, in his brisk and brotherly fashion, blew



many of them and their homes into smithereens. But it was all in a good cause. Only by smashing the Socialists could he abolish the parliamentary system, and if the parliamentary system had not been abolished, the Nazis penetrating Austria from the north and the Fascists confronting them on the south would have made a battleground—so it is argued—of another gallant little Belgium. By bombarding the Socialists, Chancellor Dollfuss thus kept everybody else at a safe distance.

There is, however, the question whether the rest of the world is to become Austrian, and as we pursue the inquiry, we are conscious of a strange sensation. All of us have heard of the wayfarer who, lost in the forest, walks onward, sure that sometime he will get somewhere. Suddenly he arrives at a stone, a tree, a pool of water that seems to be familiar. Can it be that he has been moving all day in a circle—that, starting west, his face is now turned to the east? It is not “new forms” that greet him. He has returned, without knowing it, to the place whence he started.

In an era of transition, as men believed it to be, lived Shakespeare, and the Elizabethans were convinced that they were getting somewhere. But the wisest of Shakespeare's clowns talked of time as a whirligig. The hands of the clock, like the sails of Don Quixote's windmill, whisk us round and round and leave us precisely where we were.

We can imagine Cavour and Mazzini turning in their graves and muttering, “Why bother us over that old stuff! We have known it all our lives.” Metternich, on his side, would remark, “Clearly, I am not quite so dead and buried as a magnificent funeral, which I greatly appreciated at the time, led

me to believe. That, my dear Dollfuss, is the kind of constitution that, in the day when congresses danced in Vienna, we used to write over breakfast in bed.”

The constitution of Austria may be described as the constitution of Europe herself after the Battle of Waterloo. It is the constitution that broke down in France when, in 1830, King Charles X fled to England. It is the constitution that broke down in Turin and Naples when Italy achieved her *risorgimento*. It is the constitution from which, in 1848, the liberals of Germany fled to the United States.

#### IV

To Chancellor Dollfuss, it may be no disadvantage that his constitution follows precedent. Why should not history repeat herself? Has not democracy been tried? Has it not failed? Let us be thankful that there are still Bourbons among us whose principles are to learn nothing and to forget nothing.

The constitution of Austria thus omits the one fatal phrase that, by a slip of the tongue, Abraham Lincoln introduced into his otherwise admirable address at Gettysburg. It is government of the people. It is government for the people. But it is not government by the people.

Politely but firmly, representative institutions are obliterated. Nobody votes for anybody, nobody has a right to vote against him. The people may approve of the laws. They may disapprove. In either event, their sole duty is to obey, and obedience includes the payment of taxes for purposes on which the citizen, who has to find the money, has no right to express an opinion.

The constitution of Austria has thus the great merit of simplicity. It consists of a Council of State, sitting in



secret and composed of forty to fifty members, nominated by the sovereign head of the country, whoever he may be. There are three assistant councils also sitting in secret. The first is drawn from the clergy and representatives of the Roman Catholic Church. It deals with "culture." The second represents industrialists, bankers, the learned professions and civil servants. Its field is economics. The third council handles local affairs. It includes governors of provinces and their financial advisers.

For the duty of promulgating decisions, a Federal Chamber, composed of delegates from the first four bodies, has been constituted. Its few sittings will be public. But those sittings will be entirely ceremonial. Interpellations, criticisms and amendments to legislation will be out of order. Measures will be submitted to the Chamber and, there and then, voted upon, without debate. As the delegates to the Chamber are themselves responsible for elaborating the measures on which they vote, it is assumed that the procedure, like the royal assent in Great Britain, will be wholly formal.

One pinnacle only remains to be added to the edifice and it happens to be the highest. If King Charles I were running his mild and magnificent eye over this pronunciamiento, he would look up a little puzzled. "Excellent—excellent, my Lord Stafford—what you would call 'thorough,'" he would remark with enthusiasm, but he would add, a little severely, "Is there not something—we would rather say, some one—whom you have overlooked? What forgotten man, my Lord, is to be the sovereign head of this fortunate and sensible country?"

It is not always remembered that Austria has at the moment what, at the

White House, is known as a President and, after patient research, we gather that the illustrious name of this supernumerary in Vienna is Dr. Wilhelm Miklas. Not that he is wholly without an object in life. It is after all something to enjoy the almost unique distinction in Europe of being permitted to appear on public occasions not in military uniform but in a frock coat and a silk hat.

In October, 1931, Dr. Miklas was elected for a term of six years. He can thus resign at any time, in which event—how smoothly it all works out!—Otto, the boy Emperor, would be as available as the boy Emperor of China himself for the throne of his ancestors. With Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, also awaiting a Habsburg to take his place and with Italy prepared to provide the Habsburg princes with corresponding princesses of royal prestige, developments are not impossible; and all that we would ask here is whether the restoration of the Habsburgs is to be included in the "example"—the "new forms"—which the rest of the world is to follow. Are the Hohenzollerns to be again All Highest in Germany? Is a Romanoff to preside over the tomb of Lenin in Moscow? Is King George again to nominate the governors of Rhode Island and Massachusetts and send his Hessians to Bunker Hill? Will there have to be, in due course, a year of revolutions, 1948, similar to 1848, and a second Declaration of Independence, signed not only at Philadelphia but in every capital, the wide world over, where men and women have been denied the right to call their souls their own?

# V

In a constitution like that of Austria, there are manifest advantages. Take



Tammany Hall. It is to Vienna, obviously, that this invaluable but impoverished haunt of generosity should be transferred. There would be no need to organize ward-heelers and riff-raff of that kind. The bullet has resumed its sway over the ballot, and it would be the Boss who appoints the aldermen and the mayors and everybody else. With the press and the radio under a censorship, with the right of public meeting denied, with legislatures suppressed, with secret police watching over all conceivable discontents, the grafter may laugh at the law. He has no need to waive immunity. He is immune, and no Samuel Seabury survives except in a concentration camp, dedicated under a dictatorship to the survival—indeed, the seclusion—of the fittest.

Where the people are illiterate, autocracy is, of course, assured. The trouble arises in those misguided countries where, owing to a lapse in intelligence, education has been allowed to creep in. The citizen is encouraged to absorb the philosophies of the ages. His taste in art is stimulated. He unravels the riddles of science. His spirit soars like a flame into the realms of the imagination. He builds bridges across rivers. He drives tunnels through mountains. But there is one Holy of Holies into which it would be sacrilege for him to enter. Never must he dare to express even the most casual opinion of a bureaucracy, consisting of men no abler, and certainly no more honest than he is himself, whom he employs because there must be somebody to run the affairs of his country.

It was, if we remember aright, the Walrus who said to the Carpenter that, if only seven maids with seven mops could clear away the sand from the seashore, the marine landscape would be

greatly improved. Public opinion is also one of those elements in life that some of us could do without. But, like the sand, even public opinion has its uses. Publicity agents use it to build their little sand castles that the tide sweeps away, and it is, broadly, a restraint on injustice. When public opinion is aroused, there is always a reason.

Take capital and labor. The Austrian Economic Council is to sit in secret and preserve a strict impartiality. But that does not alter the fact that it will consist of persons mainly representing capital and almost wholly sympathetic with those who "have." After all, the offense of the Socialists was that they belonged to and spoke for the "have-nots." If labor be excluded from the influences on government, how will labor be treated? It is a very interesting question and even more interesting is the reply of Chancellor Dollfuss.

In the United States, there has been drawn a distinction—admittedly rough and ready, yet divinely authorized—between what we are accustomed to call the sacred and the secular. "Render unto Caesar," we are taught, "the things that are Caesar's, and unto God, the things that are God's." The slogan, therefore, has been "a free church and a free school in a free state," and in effect, that is the basis of citizenship throughout the English-speaking world, and particularly in India where there are many and competing faiths. It has been assumed as a matter of course that Europe, emerging out of medieval traditions, would follow Great Britain in abolishing religious tests and allowing the same status to H. G. Wells as a free thinker, to Lord Reading as a Jew, to Cardinal Bourne as a Roman Catholic, to David Lloyd George as a Baptist, to the Archbishop of Canterbury



as an Anglican, and—be it added—to Dean Inge.

On the continent of Europe we have seen a different situation. The nations are still convinced that the Deity is of importance—negatively or positively—to sovereignty. On the one hand, there is Soviet Russia, declaring that religion is a narcotic of the people and fostering godless leagues. On the other hand, there is an endeavor to restore theocracy.

Chancellor Dollfuss has no need to seek support of public opinion. Like Savonarola, thundering prophecies from his pulpit, he relies on a more stupendous sanction. Any little uneasiness that there may be over the “new forms” is alleviated by the declaration that the plan is known to “emanate from God Almighty.” For it has never been easy to argue with Mount Sinai. The Ten Commandments usually end a discussion.

Anybody who opposes anything that is done under the Austrian Constitution is thus faced, not merely by Chancellor Dollfuss—though remarks on his stature are now *lèse majesté*—but by the disapproval of that Universal Mind which, through eternal ages, created and maintained the illimitable universe. Oppose an injustice, expose a fraud, assert a right, and it is blasphemy. Every official of the Government, whatever his position, his motives, his character, his greed, his prejudices, his malevolence, is an agent of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, to whose

infallibility—to whose speculations, if such there be—the wisest and the most honest of private citizens must submit as an act of personal piety, to be withheld at peril of eternal punishment.

To express a personal opinion on such a situation would be preposterous. We must “wait and see”—as Asquith used to say—how it works out. If we are to have autocracy, we would certainly prefer the rule of the church, with its profound vision of the universals, to the crude experimentation of a half-baked atheism. After all, the church does give us music and architecture and reverence in art and a literature that is so well worth reading that it endures through the ages.

On the other hand, we say frankly that, as it seems to us, the church is greatest when it seeks and accepts no privileges from the state. We prefer the spiritual splendor of Catholicism in the English-speaking world to the political downfall of the Papal States. It is all very well for Chancellor Dollfuss to say that “freedom of conscience must be guaranteed to every man.” He also says that society must be defended against “those who follow false prophets.” Who are the false prophets? John Wesley? George Fox? Dwight L. Moody? Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador? Some of the false prophets have rendered service to mankind.

The victory over falsity is not to be won by force—only by faith. There is one way and only one way of counteracting a lie. It is to spread the truth.





# Sand-Shakers in the People's Forum

BY RICHARD LEE STROUT

*Why do we put up with this archaic Senate of ours?*

IT is a crowded day in the Senate. Look down from your gallery seat on the men below. Even the most casual observer recognizes in a moment many a face constantly portrayed in picture and caricature over the land. That leonine head there, it goes with the name of William Edgar Borah—Senator-at-large for the United States! There goes Huey Long—what loud clothes he wears!—the crowds that jam the public galleries crane their necks to see *him*. The jump between Long and Borah is the full measure of the extraordinary diversity of personality and outlook which the nation back yonder—which sends both Borah and Long to this Senate chamber—represents.

The legislative spokesmen below the galleries reflect, in truth, the contrasts of the nation at large. Here is the conservative contingent from New England, dressed in orthodoxy, from clothes to ideas; here again is the refulgent J. Hamilton Lewis, sartorially superb, whose oddly tinted whiskers (they are not really pink) come, of all places, from Chicago! There is Mr. Garner, too, ensconced on his throne, Texas Triumphant, looking, with his

ruddy cheeks and enormous white eyebrows, like a magnificently successful caricature of himself.

Some of the others are not so well known, but your real Senate gallery god, of whom there are many, recognizes them at once. There is for example, the brooding Hiram Johnson, with his double-breasted coat and white-piped waistcoat; James Couzens, English-born and truculent as a son of John Bull; tall Henrik Shipstead, erstwhile dentist, bringing a breath of liberalism and a Swedish accent from the Minnesota wheat fields as the sole Farmer-Laborite; Copeland, with his carnation; Wagner, with his comfortable smile; Bronson Cutting with his white forelock and lisp (who discussed "spiritual aspe-wation" and "twiple responsibility" in last year's Philippine debate); big-fisted, burly Joe Robinson, Democratic leader, who sits massive and immobile till the time comes to settle a question, when he settles it; Elmer Thomas, inflationist, tall, handsome, humorless; falcon-faced Carter Glass, most beloved man in the Senate, drawling financial wisdom from the side of his mouth ("Think," said



Woodrow Wilson, "what Glass would say if he used his whole mouth!"); monosyllabic Mrs. Caraway, in widow's weeds; Burton K. Wheeler, silverite, gesticulating with the slenderest fingers in Congress; the two blind Senators, Gore and Schall; Logan of the Kentucky Logans and Hatfield of the West Virginia Hatfields; boyish Black, Nye and La Follette; breezy Tom Connally; courtly Ashurst; school-teacherish Fess; George Norris, best parliamentarian in the Senate; David Reed, ablest conservative, who would probably end up as Prime Minister and Tory Peer in England; Harry Byrd, whose brother is at the South Pole (or is it the North this time?); charming Key Pittman, from pocket-borough Nevada (a State with 90,000 people and two Senators); genial Barkley, ducal Goldsborough, "Squire" Dickinson—the list might be prolonged and yet not include such obvious celebrities as Pat Harrison, William G. McAdoo, Arthur Capper and the like.

First and last, the Senate makes a good show, for those who like it; and like all performances, the relish is in knowing in advance the foibles, the background, the aspirations and the prejudices of the actors on the stage below. The Senate gallery votary knows these men, their weaknesses and their capacities; and he can tell when they are running true to form or rising above average, much as does the football bystander, or Grand Opera first-nighter.

These observers know the nuances of the Senate. They know the rules of procedure, and this is important, because the rules in many Senate discussions are half the battle. They know that if the Senate *adjourns* there will be a Chaplain's prayer next day, and "morning hour," and that if it *recesses*

there will be neither; they know why the advocates and not the opponents of a measure "move to reconsider" legislation after they have once successfully passed it; they know the meaning of the searchlight that sometimes burns at night on the flag still flying above the Senate wing of the great Capitol; they have ridden on the mono-rail subway that carries Senators, clerks, reporters and all and sundry from the basement of the Senate chamber over to the Senate Office Building, right under the feet of the oblivious Easter tourists; they are accustomed to senatorial condescension too, perhaps, which addresses as "boys" newspaper correspondents and attachés older than the Senator's father; they can tell to a nicety (and this is the result of years of experience) when a Senator is talking to the folks back home, when to his fellow Senators, and when merely through his hat; they know which Senators are angling for New Deal posts, and which for Legion votes. They know these things—sometimes better than do the Senators themselves.

## II

The big scenes in the Senate often come unexpectedly. This is because the Senate customarily ignores those limits on time and relevancy which are the bugbear of less leisurely legislatures of other lands, with their bourgeois habit of running according to schedule. The Senate has its own moods and humors. Sometimes it will be long-winded and verbose; sometimes it will be savage, as when it punished William P. MacCracken and Colonel Brittin for contempt; sometimes brisk and business-like; sometimes, when it has nothing better to do, it will abandon itself to boyish repartee; or, on the other hand,



it will give way to a succession of violent partisan speeches accompanied by a running fire of personalities and piquant retorts. Such a day occurred recently, precipitated by Senators Townsend and Robinson of Indiana, Republicans, who shook their heads glumly over the New Deal until the Democratic leaders, Joe Robinson, McKellar, Barkley and the courtly Mr. Lewis went into action one after another in rebuttal, to the whizzing of verbal missiles, the accompanying barking of Huey Long, and the consequent entanglement of other of the little band of loyal Republicans, McNary, Hebert, Fess and Reed, in the combat.

The verbal fireworks in the Senate are all the more acceptable to the gallery gods because of this unpredictability. A stir goes through the audience on such occasions. It is the same stir that ruffles the bleachers when Babe Ruth goes to bat; yes, the stir that fluttered King Arthur's Court, one supposes, when one of the really Big Shots—Launcelot, Tristram, Galahad—bore down in the press of the tournament on another Grade A hero! Then the sparks and hide flew, and the attendant Camelot pages chattered about it for weeks afterwards. So in the Senate session, the oratorical duels, when they come, are keenly relished.

A session or so ago, two of the best speakers in the Senate had a brief clash—almost a personal tiff—that hardly got into the newspapers, but that is still a source of comment among the gallery gossips. Because the event illustrated something in Senate procedure, it is worth recalling. Mr. Borah is perhaps the best speaker in the Senate—at least, when he is dealing with a matter within his own particular orbit; and his words are the more impressive because he

eschews personalities as he does political loyalties, and because his utterances have the added interest of unexpectedness. Probably nobody fires a bigger ball in the Senate, nor so completely demolishes his target, when he scores a direct hit, as the senior Senator from Idaho.

As to Mr. Johnson, the other participant in the row, he is one of the most fluent senatorial speakers, and with many is favorite candidate for oratorical honors. The matter in debate between the two concerned the historic question of Premier Laval's visit to Washington. Mr. Borah had just completed his version of the affair when Mr. Johnson rose and, without to-do, proceeded in the unheard-of act of giving the great Idaho Senator a verbal spanking! It can only be said that few other members of the chamber would have hazarded this dangerous move. No final judgment can be passed as to which emerged victor in the encounter that followed; but nobody who saw the scene with an appreciative eye or witnessed the two senatorial mastodons lashing each other with rhetorical sallies can regard lesser duels with the same feeling in future.

It is not because of the issue itself, but because such individual duels as this are, on the whole, so uncommon in the Senate that the incident is worth recalling. In England, on the other hand, such clashes are the normal run of things. They occur between leaders of the rival parties, and over matters of major national concern. Front Bench members, under the parliamentary system, constantly meet and return the assaults of the Opposition. The Prime Minister is there, as it were, as the watchful champion of his party and must either pick up any gage of battle



that is thrown down or see that it is picked up by one of his lieutenants. We have Ramsay MacDonald clashing with Mr. Lloyd George; Mr. Stanley Baldwin answering Mr. George Lansbury—the whole machinery of the legislature built up round the central idea of giving a few party leaders responsible power and then of bringing these leaders into direct and constant verbal exchange with one another, for the edification of their fellows and the illumination of the voting public.

In the loosely organized congressional government this result is accomplished only on a sort of haphazard and random basis. The Senate onlooker has to put up with hours and sometimes days of lengthy speeches before getting any of the zest and sparkle of real, face-to-face argument. The long-past Johnson-Borah tiff had many of the elements which make the House of Commons recurrently exciting; they were the best speakers in the house and they were in earnest about what they were saying; but in the American example, the two men were discussing personal matters, both were nominal members of the same political organization, both were about equally irregular as to that organization, and when the incident was all over, no matter of great public concern had been vividly dramatized.

The failure to bring political debate sharply and regularly into focus undoubtedly has an effect in reducing interest in politics and public issues over the whole country. Just at present, of course, the Republican representation is so small as hardly to offer effective opposition; but even in the best of times the absence of party discipline and the looseness of Senate rules of debate makes effective face-to-face debate comparatively rare. Perhaps the average

American's mild interest in politics comes from the failure of great speakers to dramatize great issues by their own personalities in the Senate. At any rate, the Senate gallery frequenter must regretfully admit that, for all his love of the chamber, speakers only too often go off at half-cock and at random; that the absence of cloture and strict rules as to relevancy of remarks plays havoc with dramatic interest, and that only too often a gage of battle is thrown down, not to say a couple of gages, only to be forgotten in the long-winded harangue of a political nonentity on some subject having nothing to do with the case.

### III

Even as the casual visitor first looks down on the Senate scene he may be conscious of a certain effect of relaxation and easy-going deportment. It is a square hall, the Senate chamber, with a glass ceiling, through which shine soft lights. The walls are mauve, the carpets green, and there are four semi-circles of desks rising slightly from front to back, and cut by a central aisle. This runs up to the dais where the Vice-President presides. Steps lead up the dais, and the brass molding which fastens the carpet here catches the highlights of the spacious room. From above, the visitor at first is conscious of a sort of confused, checker-board effect made up of paper-littered desk tops, bald heads and patches of carpet. Small boys are darting here and there. From somewhere a voice drones endlessly on. . . .

That may be the scene as the outsider first catches it. He looks down in an attempt to analyze the situation. He knows in a vague sort of way that down there one side is pitted against the other side, and that the central legislative



aisle divides the two parties. How uncommonly shrunk that farther side, representing the remnant of Republicans, is, to be sure! The stranger would like to simplify the scene below into the logical conception of two teams, playing against one another under their own captains, and with a single ball. But he is trying to simplify the complex and multitudinous aspirations of a sprawling, gigantic empire, and the Senate will not yield to any such summary treatment. This is a game of political football in which the sides are scattered indiscriminately about the field, with players carrying the ball first for one side and then the other. It is football with a dozen balls simultaneously in play, and a track meet and hockey match going on at the same time!

If a casual visitor can sit through a day of it and understand half that is going on he will do very well indeed. Yet even the untutored visitor can catch the atmosphere of the American Senate without foreknowledge. Here is a Senator reading his newspaper, as the voice drones on. Here is another, immersed in opening his afternoon mail. Half the seats are empty. The voice itself is finally located; it comes from a listless Senator who is reading from a manuscript. His words flow on and on. He is delivering a set speech; it is already printed and in the hands of reporters, but, for the purposes of record, he is reciting it verbally to the yawning chamber. Sometimes the voice is so low as to be inaudible even to the sprinkling of Senators on the floor.

The visitor wonders why the Senator does not simply insert the manuscript into the Congressional Record, where it will appear later, anyhow. He wonders why so many Senators are absent. First and last he wonders about a num-

ber of things, and pretty shortly thereafter probably beats a hasty retreat, still wondering. Well, he has seen the Senate; he has got that over; now he can tell little Lucy, in the Civics class back home, all about it. What comes next in his *Guide to Washington*? . . .

Scenes like that make one understand why Huey Long of Louisiana, with all his faults, is not unpopular with the gallery. Huey always puts on a good show. He livens things up. Sometimes, looking down on that ceaselessly moving figure, one has more than a trace of sympathy for Huey. He squirms in his Senate seat like a boy at church. Now he is on his feet, and the galleries crane forward. In a minute they are grinning broadly. Often, it appears, Huey speaks out of sheer boredom. At any rate, he gets a considerable amount of exercise from the performance. He is gesticulating, gymnastic! He moves about the floor. In the midst of last year's filibuster against the Glass banking bill he waved his hands, his arms, his head and body, somewhat after the manner of an old-fashioned camp-meeting revivalist. Huey belongs to the contortionist school of eloquence. His voice is loud, and the galleries approve this—at any rate they can always hear what he says. His words are colloquial, funny. The presiding officer warns the galleries to preserve order. The recollection of that anti-Glass filibuster is imperishable. Deserted in the midst of Huey's eloquence, the hawk-faced little Carter Glass sat there, wearing an enigmatic smile, ceaselessly waiting for the torrent of the Louisianan's words to subside. For days he waited. Ever after he has referred to Huey as "that person"! His faint smile as he regarded Mr. Long really expressed a degree of feeling so far transcending mere contempt



as to require another epithet to describe it.

The random visitor may stumble on such contrasting scenes as the foregoing. Who can describe the real Senate? A group of rather strikingly individualized men, somewhat past the middle of life, hardly to be distinguished in attire from the contemporary assemblage of the local Lions Club, yet all with something vaguely senatorial about them—this is the view that the visitor gets.

#### IV

Like the casual demeanor of the Senators, the appearance of surrounding attendants is easy and informal. There is no Gold Mace of authority here, as in the House of Commons. The presiding officer does not wear a robe and periwig, nor do the door-keepers sport knee-breeches. There are antiques in the Senate, but these run to archaic rules of procedure, senatorial privilege and the like and are invisible; the dress is modern and up-to-date. The Senate ushers are not a hundredth part as dapper, say, as the attendants of Roxy's Theatre. They are frequently long-whiskered, slouching individuals who give a general impression of having Relatives in the Party.

There is a certain uniformity of costume in the clothing of senatorial pages—eight or ten small boys in blue serge suits and knickers and comfortable soft collars. In the summer months they doff their coats. They sit on the steps of the Vice-President's platform with demureness, and curb with a considerable degree of self-restraint the normal impulses of small boys, while answering promptly enough when one of the Senators snaps his fingers or claps his hands. They do, apparently, feel some of the weight of their position, for they may

be seen to make a ducking obeisance as they run across the well of the chamber dodging under the hand of a gesticulating Solon, or cutting across the line of vision of conversing sages.

Though there is nothing in the Senate chamber to compare with the ornate collection of romantic costumes and stage-settings of the British House of Lords, or of the Commons, there are nevertheless a few signs of ancient usage that may be picked out by the careful observer. Take such a simple thing, say, as the equipment on each Senator's flat-topped desk. This includes a silver-stoppered glass jar, sunk into the wood, beside the inkwell. To the untutored, this looks like a second inkwell, but it is nothing of the kind; it is a jar meticulously filled with a mixture of high grade sand and iron-filings for the archaic purpose of drying newly written paper. It is the old-fashioned sand-shaker with which our forefathers sprinkled their sheets before blotting-paper was invented; while the addition of the iron-filings is probably a new-fangled Yankee notion, incorporated at some time in the past century, to facilitate the primitive blotting method, for iron-filings have a peculiar affinity for ink.

In another instance in the Senate there is a curious old-fashioned survival, consisting of certain small lacquered boxes placed in niches at either side of the Vice-President's end of the chamber and filled with choice Copenhagen snuff. The boxes are about the size of ordinary spectacle cases. Does anybody in the Senate use snuff today? Not so far as can be ascertained, but in their humble way they represent a tradition of the Senate, and in lieu of more spectacular finery they link the democratic assemblage with the romantic past. In



the Supreme Court chamber, only a few steps farther down the central hall of the Capitol, the august jurists still provide visiting barristers with quill pens, but this is one item which progress has swept out of the Senate.

These oddities are all that the Senate has of visible symbols to match against the splendid anachronisms which make the British House of Peers a show for the eye as well as a legislative assembly. But on the other hand, the American Senate has in its archaic rules of procedure and "senatorial privilege" such antiques and heirlooms as would make the centuries-old House of Lords blush for its modernity! Still in the Senate, alone among great legislative bodies of the world, any member, at any time, can get up and speak for any number of minutes, hours, days on any subject, practically without restraint. What has England in its Gold Mace, its Changing of the Guard, its Wool Sack, to match with this?

Every so often a move to reform the Senate's rules makes some headway, and then eventually fades out and disappears. The reason is probably because even these vestigial relics of the past have a purpose which is not instantly apparent to the casual on-looker. A good many Senators seem to harbor an affection for the rules simply because they are so quaintly absurd. Loose as Senate rules are, they declare, the body usually gets its work done under them. Other Senators have a more comprehensive explanation for the persistency of the old customs.

Look down on the Senate chamber, they say. This body down below is no mere petty parliament for a minor province which is bounded by the next range of hills. It is the legislative hall

for what is, in reality, a vast empire stretching across rivers, prairies and mountains, and embracing the greatest democracy on earth. The men below represent an immediate diversity of geography, citizens and interests such as no other nation, unless it be Russia, can show. It is as though Canada, India, South Africa, Ireland and rural Britain were all jumbled together. Englishmen sometimes speak with a certain condescension of the faults of the American government. What a time the House of Commons would have in governing a country of like diversity!

These Senators are representatives of the whole people, in one sense, it is true; but at the same time they are also ambassadors of separate, princely States. They can not be too much hurried, for the States from which they come can not be too much hurried. It is too big a land to attain its goal in a day; it must move forward, frequently, on the safe path of compromise, over the bridge of least resistance.

And so the casual gallery observer, fresh from New England or the Far West, or the Deep South, certain in his own mind precisely what the country needs, frequently fumes over the stupidity and obstinacy of the Senate. The visitor is not aware that his particular solution to a problem might be anathema to another region. Only after prolonged observation is he, perhaps, made aware that something more than mere majority rule is required when the problem reaches such tremendous proportions as the rule of America. Only then does he admit that, sometimes, the absence of strict cloture, in spite of all consequent absurdities, is a safety valve for the engines of this vast Ship of State.



# THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



THE spring book season now rises to its climax, and in a few weeks will have fallen away into the quiet of summer. With the books in sight added to those that have already appeared, it becomes obvious that there has been no lack of good stuff; we have been well supplied both

with books about our troubles and the remedies therefor, and books designed to make us forget we have troubles.

In fiction, the domestic output has been interesting rather than very distinguished, although such novels as MacKinlay Kantor's *Long Remember* (Coward-McCann), Arthur Pound's *Once a Wilderness* (Reynal and Hitchcock), James M. Cain's *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (Knopf), Frances Renard's *Ridgeways* (Stokes) and F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night* (Scribner) indicate that we are not suffering from a lack of talent.

In this list we have both wide variety in theme and method, and in time. Mr. Kantor and Mr. Pound have dipped successfully into the past, the first re-creating the battle of Gettysburg from the point of view of a non-participating pacifist, and the second bringing back to life the patriarchal-agrarian phase of American life in the Middle West, which, despite the fact that the book is

laid within the early years of this century, seems as remote from us as early Egypt.

## *An Old Interest*

Mr. Kantor says his interest in Gettysburg was aroused by some pictures left at his home after a call by an itinerant book agent, and that he dreamed about the battle until

it just had to be put into a book. It is a very fine book indeed, vivid and poignant, a book that brings a battle down to the terms of human suffering and makes it live once more not merely as a crisis in history, but as a place where people were torn to bits in one of the most desperate struggles that has ever taken place in all the sad history of mankind.

It has, to the Landscaper at any rate, one or two faults; for one thing the battle never focuses, although Mr. Kantor knows all there is to know about it; the picture as a picture never comes clear and sharp. And, as some reviewers have said, there is a fundamental contradiction in writing about such a battle as Gettysburg from the pacifist angle; the danger is that the incredible courage displayed on both sides will be lost sight of, or too much minimized. With these reservations, which only indicate that an excellent book is not perfect, *Long Remember* is a three-star recommendation.



*The Old America*

Mr. Pound writes of the days when a man was a man, and when life was so designed as to feed masculine vanity on a steady diet of nourishing food that kept the ego in perfect condition. In other words, the farmer in his book was a vigorously masculine fellow who knew his job, self-contained and independent. He saw the dawning of our own age and even bought an automobile, but when a friend tried to persuade him to invest in one of the early motor car companies, he said he didn't believe in "paper stocks."

It is possible to read a good many things into Mr. Pound's book as a commentary on a changing American civilization, but disregarding its possible significance, it is a good story, and one that will have a sure appeal to those people who have lived through the incredibly shifting panorama of this century.

Mr. Cain's novel, already commented upon here, is about contemporary America. It has its own sort of violence and brutality; its direct and centre-fire technique. Some people do not like it because its people are inconsequential, which is a legitimate objection, but it is extremely well done, and it is a piece of our present civilization, whether we like it or not.

Miss Renard's *Ridgeways* is a sound and well written novel of the rise and fall of a Kentucky family, which is also typically American. It is a good example of the regional novel and mentioned here not only because of its distinguished quality, but also because it indicates that this type of book remains in favor, and will inevitably go on, as the whole story of this continent is told bit by bit.

*Americans Abroad*

Mr. Fitzgerald's book, aside from the particular interest it will have for admirers of *The Great Gatsby*, which, incidentally, will have the honor of appearing in a Modern Library edition this autumn, is concerned with Post-War Americans abroad, people who succeed for one reason or another in making messes of their lives.

The central situation is this: A handsome and charming young American psychiatrist meets at the end of the World War a lovely young American girl in a Swiss sanitarium, just as she is beginning to come out of an attack of schizophrenia, caused by an incestuous relationship. They fall in love and marry; the girl is very wealthy and her wealth, plus the incessant strain upon her doctor-husband of guarding against a return of her malady, eventually smashes him.

The final estimate of the book will rest, one supposes, upon how real and how touching this tragedy is to the reader. Opinions vary widely; all the Landscaper can say on the point is that the book gave him a nightmare, which, as the play reviewer said about sleeping in the theatre, is a form of criticism, too. The spectacle of the utter disintegration of a group of people, if it is believed at all, must be moving and saddening, and this is what Mr. Fitzgerald offers.

But there are other things to be said about the novel. Mr. Fitzgerald is a story teller of great skill, and he writes with consistent brilliance. In other words, the book is very definitely and consistently entertaining. There is much more that might be said for and against, which is the best proof that we are dealing with something of genuine importance; most novels do not offer the basis



for a mild disagreement, much less the kind of violent arguments that have been going on about *Tender Is the Night*.

It ought to be read, at any rate, otherwise the reader will miss a good and important piece of work, which, even though it is somewhat disappointing in that it shows little or no philosophical advance from *The Great Gatsby*, is still a book of rare talent. In other words, as anybody should have known from the earlier work of this author, he is a novelist and a writer, and Heaven knows few enough of the people who turn out fiction are either.

### *Others of Less Moment*

Some of the remaining novels and short stories by Americans are Fannie Hurst's *Anitra's Dance* (Harper); Philip Wylie's *Finnley Wren* (Farrar and Rinehart); Samuel Hopkins Adams's *The Gorgeous Hussy* (Houghton Mifflin); Louis Bromfield's *Here Today and Gone Tomorrow* (Harper); and William Faulkner's *Dr. Martino and Other Stories* (Smith and Haas).

Miss Hurst's novel deals with the fortunes of a musical family in New York; it is a characteristic work in every respect, style, plot and all the rest, and will give pleasure to those who like what its author has to offer. Philip Wylie's *Finnley Wren* is a self-conscious attempt to write a novel in the Sterne-Rabelais traditions—it has no trace of either—about a dissatisfied and unhappy American advertising man.

It is full of typographical tricks, such as printing AND and SO in letters that fill a page, a hand of bridge inserted in color, and so on. It is a talented *tour de force*, sometimes amusing, sometimes

shocking and horrifying, and sometimes annoying. It has been called a "great novel," which the Landscaper will swear it is not. Mr. Wylie might write a good novel if he could forget his tricks and also forget what a lot of rubbish is being written in this age; his word for the contemporary literary output is "myopic twaddle." Right or wrong, *Finnley Wren* will do little to lift the average.

Mr. Adams's long historical novel about Peggy O'Neale Eaton is full of color and movement and is very readable. The subject was made to order, the careless and lovely Peggy being one of the few really glamorous women in the history of this country.

### *Some Shorter Pieces*

Mr. Bromfield's four novelettes are out of the *Cosmopolitan*, which bit of information is a tabloid review in itself; they are slick and neat and empty, first-class potboilers that will disappoint any one who is looking for the Bromfield of *The Farm* and the earlier novels. Mr. Faulkner's collection of stories has some good ones in it, and some pretty poor ones; the average is hardly so high as in *Thirteen Tales*. But there are three or four that are good to read and also good as examples of the author's peculiar talents.

Of recent fiction from the outside world, the Landscaper's first choice would be a very odd book called *Seven Gothic Tales* (Smith and Haas), by a Danish woman who writes under the pseudonym of Isak Dinesen, but whose work is done in English. Here are seven novelettes whose flavor is finally their own, although it is possible to recognize some of the elements in the blend. They are in the Romantic tradition, with more than a dash of hardness and



sophistication; unicorns walk across lawns dappled with sunlight and ancient homosexuals carry on affairs with beautiful young boys, the abbess of a convent assists at a seduction and a cardinal turns out to be the cardinal's evil valet, and so on.

A difficult book to describe, which the publishers probably realized when they had Dorothy Canfield do an Introduction, which is not only a charming essay in itself, but which will serve admirably as a sample; that is, it catches the essential quality of the stories and lets you know whether the book is for you or not.

It is excellent story-telling, at any rate, which, if the reader is willing, has the power to transport to another world, both like and unlike our own. People who care for this book like it without many reservations, so the Landscaper insists that it deserves trying.

### *A Wide Variety*

Other good novels by foreigners include Lion Feuchtwanger's story of a German-Jewish family under the Nazi Terror, *The Oppermanns* (Viking), by far the best fictional treatment of this tragedy that has yet been published; D. L. Murray's *Trumpeter Sound!* (Knopf), frank and unashamed historical romance out of the Victorian period skilfully handled; Phyllis Bottome's *Private Worlds* (Houghton Mifflin), a quadrangular love story laid in a modern sanitarium for mental diseases, which involves two men psychiatrists and their woman assistant, and one woman outside the profession; and Stella Gibbons's *Bassett* (Longmans, Green), a delightfully satirical novel by a new writer who burst upon a waiting world last year with *Cold Comfort*

*Farm*, a perfectly devastating take-off on farm novels.

Miss Bottome's plot is conventional enough, but she sets out to show that psychiatrists' responses to life are different only qualitatively from those of the insane, which she does very well. Her book is both interesting and valuable as a picture of a mental hospital of this century; she writes with knowledge and understanding.

Miss Gibbons is a woman of wit who ought to be known about. The present book is not perfect in its structure by any means, but it is charmingly malicious, and keenly and subtly satirical. The portrait of the nature-writer, Christopher Mildmay, is more than worth the price of admission; Mildmay writes stories about badgers, which he calls "Brother Brock," and which bring him in large sums from the animalarian English public.

### *Overlooked Novels*

Not long ago Harper's brought out a new edition of Stanley Hopkins's remarkably fine novel of a family of decaying Southern women called *The Ladies*, which the Landscaper missed last autumn, but which he hereby takes great delight in recommending as heartily as possible. It belongs to a long list of good, but neglected books, among which, sad to relate, is the prize proletarian novel of the present season, the story of a textile strike, *The Shadow Before* (McBride) by William Rollins, Jr.

The Landscaper is not now recommending Mr. Rollins's book because it is proletarian, God forbid, but because it is a good novel in spite of some obvious flaws, and because it gives an excellent idea of what happens during a modern American strike.



Also, before we pass on to non-fiction, a word should be said for Henry Justin Smith's newspaper stories, *Deadlines* and *Josslyn*, which have been reissued in one volume by Sterling North of Chicago. These are the best stories about newspapers and newspaper men that have been written in America, and they have other merits besides their subject matter. The author is managing editor of the Chicago *Daily News*, a journalist who believes in his job, and loves it; if he had loved it less he would almost certainly have had a distinguished literary career.

### *About the New Deal*

Of most immediate interest to American readers among the new non-fiction books are three volumes which deal with the present Administration's plans, policies and personalities. These are: *The New Dealers*, by The Unofficial Observer (Simon and Schuster, \$2.75); *On Our Way*, by Franklin D. Roosevelt (John Day); and *The Roosevelt Year*, a book of photographs edited by Pare Lorentz (Funk and Wagnalls).

The first is a sort of *Mirrors of Washington*, made up of close looks at the people who are running the New Deal. The book is candid and critical, sometimes gossipy, but altogether friendly to President Roosevelt and to what he is trying to do. The author—or authors, since there is a good deal of evidence that the book is the work of a syndicate rather than of one person—believes we have had a revolution and are now on our way to something like collectivism on Christian principles.

It has been, says The Unofficial Observer, a "laughing revolution," that hasn't hurt a soul. Of course, there is usually a joke behind a laugh, and the

Observer seems to have failed to consider that the joke more or less has to be on somebody. As a matter of fact, whatever political philosophy there is in the book seems to the Landscaper pretty goofy, especially the praise ladled out to such politicians as Farley and Flynn, but this does not mean that the close-ups are any the less entertaining.

One gathers the impression from the book that Washington is at present the most magnificent three-ring circus in existence, and *The New Dealers* is a choice front-row seat. It is a delightful book to read, and filled with information as well.

### *A Gentle Revolution*

President Roosevelt agrees with the Observer about the revolution; in a brief introduction to *On Our Way*, which is a collection of messages, speeches, and other state papers covering the first year of the New Deal, he suggests that perhaps we have had a revolution, but that if anything of the kind has taken place, what we have now is neither communism nor fascism, but a safe middle ground of idealistic experimentation, with the laboratory work carried on well within the original principles of government of this country.

The President goes on to point out, as others have suggested, that the New Deal is a sort of combination of Theodore Roosevelt's Square Deal and Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom. Considering what happened to both the Square Deal and the New Freedom, this might better have been left unsaid; it is an indication of the extreme and unshakable optimism of the man who said it.

His book seems to this cynical ob-



server very far removed from reality more than once. He believes there has been a change in the general moral level of the country since the "revolution," and is sure we can go on in the same direction. It seems to the Landscaper that if there has been any permanent change for the better, we shall only know it after the emergency has passed. "The devil sick," etc., is perfect in its application; it is quite conceivable that we haven't had a revolution at all, merely a severe emergency. . . .

There is little or nothing new in *On Our Way*, but it is valuable for reference. It makes no clear picture of the New Deal, probably because no clear picture can be made of a series of constantly changing and shifting experiments. The President is cheered and hopeful and determined; at least we have this to console us.

### *Progress and Fan Dances*

The point of Mr. Lorentz's well-edited picture-book seems to be that while the New Deal was getting under way we were still acting in the main as if the Old Deal had never been abrogated. For example, that beautifully titled fair in Chicago, the Century of Progress, found Sally Rand's fan dance its most exciting exhibit. Eons of "progress," and the public still responds to the most ancient lure of all!

It was a most eventful period, from January, 1933, down to March of this year, a period of lynchings—remember San Jose and Governor Rolfe—of kidnappings, of closed banks and banks reopened, of labor struggles not of any gentle variety, of a rising stock market, of disaster in the air, the Akron and the army air-mail flyers, and so on, and all these things and many more are in *The Roosevelt Year*. The text is brief and

intelligently written, and the pictures are arranged with some respect for continuity and coherence. This is a book that will grow in interest and value with the passing years.

Norman Thomas's *The Choice Before Us* (Macmillan, \$2.50) would be a good book to read along with the three just reviewed. Mr. Thomas has many pertinent things to say upon a variety of topics, his main thesis being that the only thing which can prevent us from going Fascist is the establishment of a coöperative commonwealth. He thinks the choice must be made very quickly and then admits that a tremendous amount of education will have to be done before his mild type of socialism could be adopted, so that practically the plan seems doomed from the outset.

Nor is it necessary to agree with Mr. Thomas that the alternatives are so limited; it seems more likely to the Landscaper that we shall either go back to pure capitalism and therefore go bust again within a limited period, or what is more likely, that we shall have a state-regulated capitalism, with checks and balances that will make the system slightly more satisfactory and booms and depressions slightly less inevitable and less severe. This is an agreeable topic upon which it would be a pleasure to write at length, if space permitted, but the point is that Mr. Thomas is here, as always, a useful, intelligent, frank critic, who writes very well, and who can see very clearly what is wrong with the other fellow.

### *A Marxian Exegesis*

Readers who are interested in this question of what the future is likely to bring will find G. D. H. Cole's *What Marx Really Meant* (Knopf, \$2.50)



one of the most valuable books that has been published for a long time because it is realistic in its point of view, and because Mr. Cole sketches, without mentioning the United States at all, an intermediate phase of capitalism which Marx never dreamed of, and which at the same time sounds very much like the next form our own economic system is likely to take.

Mr. Cole is an unorthodox Marxist—his own philosophy is closer to that of the Fabian Socialists than to Moscow—because he does not believe that St. Karl was able to envisage the world as it is today and to lay down hard-and-fast rules about it. He prefers to take the dialectic and use it as a set of guiding principles. The result is a very clearly written and carefully thought-out book, which will not, one presumes, please the proletarians who believe the end of their deadly enemy is both inevitable and in sight. Mr. Cole suggests that neither is necessarily true.

### *Mr. Chase's Utopia*

Stuart Chase's *The Economy of Abundance* (Macmillan, \$2.50) gives a picture of what the economic future may be like, but refuses to realize that we can not have such profound changes in the economic system without equally sweeping alterations in the political structure. His would be an admirable book to read along with Thomas and Cole. For the Landscaper, Mr. Chase is welcome to his Utopia of Technocracy and Douglas-plan Social Credit; it sounds both impossible and disagreeable.

The Technocrats' famous guarantee of the equivalent of a minimum income of \$20,000 to every American family has been scaled down by Mr. Chase to

\$6,000, by exactly what process it is hard to say. Whenever the millennium dawns, the Landscaper will settle for twenty-five per cent of the \$6,000 and go to Spain, which is certain to remain old-fashioned the rest of this century. This would save money for the Utopians, and also remove an obnoxious and unhappy person from their Paradise.

But joking aside, despite Mr. Chase's tendency to string together other men's ideas, credited, of course, but not always digested, he writes vividly and entertainingly and his glimpses of the future have their fascination.

### *A Fine Biography*

Departing temporarily at least from these serious matters, there are a number of recent biographies that merit attention, the most attractive of the lot being Romola Nijinsky's life of her husband, called simply *Nijinsky* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.75), a remarkable book in every respect, and one that most people will find very moving.

When Madame Nijinsky first fell in love with the great star of the Russian Ballet, a dancing genius, whose body was the inheritance of generations of dancers, and whose mind worked in terms of the dance, he and Serge Diagheleff, the impresario of the Ballet, were enjoying a stable homosexual relationship. Nijinsky lived completely aloof from reality and thought only of his dancing, which, of course, had set the world afire.

How the woman won Nijinsky and had a child by him, whom he adored, and how Diagheleff used every means in his power to smash Nijinsky, makes up the plot of the story. The end, of course, was madness; Nijinsky lost his mind completely fourteen years ago,



and is now in a sanitarium in Switzerland still a young man, but no longer interested in the art to which he brought such perfection.

This curious story, told against the background of the Ballet during its greatest period, has been handled with a sort of intuitive skill by Madame Nijinsky. It is not only extraordinarily well done, but very exciting; no more striking piece of melodrama could be invented than the simple truth about the final appearance of Nijinsky, when he danced his fantastic "Marriage With God" under unforgettable circumstances.

### *A Happy Socialist*

An excellent autobiography which is at the same time a priceless history of American socialism for forty years is Morris Hillquit's *Loose Leaves from a Busy Life* (Macmillan, \$2.50), the life story of the New York leader who died two years ago. Mr. Hillquit arose from the workshops of the lower East Side, where he began as an immigrant boy of seventeen, to a commanding position at the New York Bar, and to the respect and admiration of his political enemies.

He has a story to tell, and tells it modestly and charmingly. In addition, as already mentioned, he has told the inside story of socialism in this country, and has sketched from first-hand observation all the outstanding personalities, from Eugene V. Debs on down. A man who gave his life to a cause in which he never lost faith even momentarily, Mr. Hillquit said not long before he died that socialism had been everything to him, and it is easy to see from his book what it meant to him, as it means to every man, to have something to believe in and to work for.

### *Other Good Biographies*

Other recent biographies of importance include Lyman Beecher Stowe's *Saints, Sinners and Beechers* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.75), a delightful study of an American family which included Harriet Beecher Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher and a number of other quite as entertaining members; Henry Baerlein's *Belmonte the Matador* (Smith and Haas, \$3.50), a fine and understanding life of Spain's greatest *torero* of this generation, who is an unusual man both in the arena and out of it; Liddell Hart's *Colonel Lawrence: The Man Behind the Legend* (Dodd, Mead, \$3.50), a definitive biography of Lawrence of Arabia, with a full account of his Arabian campaign, written by a British military authority who is also one of the best living biographers; and Hesketh Pearson's life of Sydney Smith, *The Smith of Smiths* (Harper, \$3), a book that is made appealing beyond words because Mr. Pearson has filled it with quotations from the witty parson.

It is a pity to have to pass these books by without more extended comment, for they are every one good, and the Landscaper would have a very hard time picking his favorite from the lot. Would it be Belmonte, for love of Spain, or Sydney Smith, for love of honesty, courage and wit? Or Lawrence, because the man is a genius?

Then, too, there is a rare autobiography of especial appeal to older Americans, Dr. Helen MacKnight's *A Child Went Forth* (Gotham House, \$3.00), with an introduction by Mary Austin, the story of the long life of a woman whose memory goes back to the days of the last spinning wheels, and who knew what homesteading in South



Dakota was like, a full, rich chronicle of useful and enjoyable life that deserves more space than can be allotted to it.

### *The Worst Racket*

To return to world questions, the most striking exposure of a part of our general madness that has taken place in a long time lies in the field of armament-making and selling. An article in *Fortune* not long ago seems to have set off the bomb; at any rate there are two long books and one short one available, and what they show up is enough to make angels weep and devils split their sides.

*Merchants of Death* by H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen (Dodd, Mead, \$3.50) is a book club choice and will be the most widely read of the books; it is adorned with handsome photographs of the latest instruments of death, and it exposes the interlacing armament trust completely and satisfactorily.

George Seldes's *Iron, Blood and Profits* (Harper, \$2.50) is another book on the same subject, also well done, and shocking beyond measure, and there is also a small volume originally published last year, and just now reissued, Otto Lehmann-Russbüld's *War for Profits* (King, \$1.50), translated from the German by Pierre Loving and giving many of the essential facts.

Miscellaneous books the Landscaper has enjoyed include two fine bits of Americana, George D. Lyman's *The Saga of the Comstock Lode* (Scribner, \$3.50), a stirring chronicle of one of the most colorful episodes in our history; and Alvin F. Harlow's *Old Waybills*:

*The Romance of the Express Companies* (Appleton-Century, \$5), a book of 500 pages, well illustrated, that completes Mr. Harlow's trilogy on transportation, the other two covering canals and the mails.

And there is also Dr. Wilfred Grenfell's *The Romance of Labrador* (Macmillan, \$4.00), which Dr. Grenfell calls a pageant, and which is one of those books that will prove irresistibly fascinating to any one who likes to find out not only what far-away places look like, but what life and the people are like. All this and much more is in this volume, history, geography, geology, bird-life. . . .

### *A Bedside Book*

Also one of the best bedside books the Landscaper has seen for years, *Designed for Reading* (Macmillan, \$3), an anthology of six hundred closely printed pages of selections from the first ten years of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, including essays, poems, humorous articles and reviews. The quality is high, and there is just enough of each for a quick read before dropping off to sleep.

Ideal for guest-rooms, if the guests are at all literary; it ought to do for a whole summer of week-ends.

William Ellery Leonard's English version of the Babylonian epic, *Gilgamesh* (Viking, \$2.50), a free-verse rendering of a four-thousand-year-old story, is very much worth reading, both as poetry and for the sake of its content. People were worrying about the eternal mystery of death in those days, and about most of the other things that make our lives anxious and attractive.















